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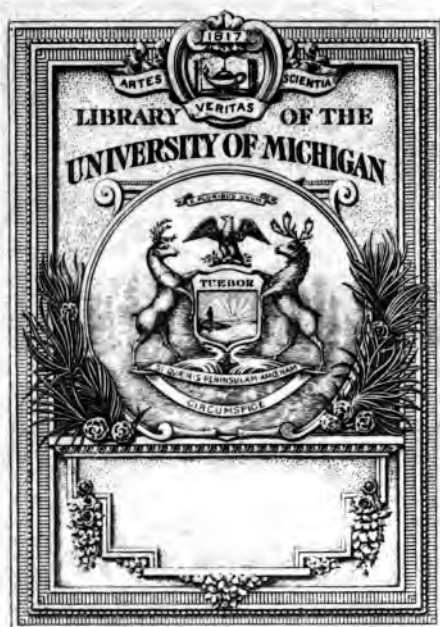
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1847



Eng^d by W. Warner Philad.^a

J. H. Green



GAMBLING UNMASKED!

OR THE

Personal Experience

OF

J. H. G R E E N,

THE REFORMED GAMBLER;

**DESIGNED AS A WARNING TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THIS
COUNTRY.**

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

~~~~~  
Some woful man—or wherefore clasp his hands  
And shriek in tones despair alone demands?  
Some fearful pains upon his heart-strings prey,—  
Or wherefore beat his breast, and curse the day  
His mother bore him!—wherefore lift his eyes  
And court destruction from the holy skies?  
“Oh cursed thirst to gain unhallow’d gold!  
Oh fool!” he cries, “to seek the gambler’s hold!  
How bright the hope, yet how complete the snare  
That caught my feet, and brought me to despair!”

~~~~~  
MACKELLAR.

PHILADELPHIA:

G. B. ZIEBER & CO.

LEDGER BUILDINGS.

1847.

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1847

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JOHN A. GALL, Esq.

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

TO WHOM I AM IN DEBT FOR THE FAVOR OF A
NOTE.

ARTHUR J. GALL, Esq.

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

WHO, WHEN FIRST I WAS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
AND, AFTER THAT, IN THE DISTRICT OF MARYLAND,
WAS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, AND
GIVEN ME A NOTE FOR THE FAVOR OF A
NOTE.

AND

THOMAS W. GALL, Esq.

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

THE NOTE GAVE ME IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
WITH EIGHT DOLLARS WORTH OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
ANY AGE, WAS THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
REFORM IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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PREFACE.

THE design of the author, in laying before the public this record of the misfortunes of his early life, and of the numerous impositions practised upon him, is to warn the young of the snares and temptations that beset their path. He shows, that the lures to gaming are numerous; that in all its forms it is a scheme to defraud; that it is never an innocent amusement, for even in its incipient stages it is associated with or leads to guilt, and if persisted in tends to irretrievable ruin. These facts he wishes especially to impress upon the young. Having had no parental eye to watch over him, he feels how in youth he was led astray; and he knows no better amends for a mis-spent life, than by endeavouring to deter others from the same course.

To parents, also, he has lifted a warning voice; and has proved that in many cases, the habits which worked the ruin of their children were fostered under the paternal roof. In this book there is something for the consideration of all; and the author thinks that no one can read it without coming to the conclusion, that there is no safety for the morals of the community but in the total suppression of gambling.

Many of the incidents are thrilling, startling, and awful. He feels no pleasure in the recital of his own crimes or those of others. They are related not to please, but to alarm ; not simply to interest the reader, but, by showing the consequences of crime, to deter from its commission. They are therefore given naturally, and as they occurred to the memory, without any attempt at embellishment. Some are of a more amusing character, which few can peruse without pleasure.

If this book shall be the means of deterring any one from the paths of vice, by showing how "hard are the ways of the transgressor," and that there is no real happiness but in the practice of virtue, it will have attained the object of

THE AUTHOR.

GAMBLING UNMASKED.

Such was the cause that turned so many off,
Rebelligiously from God, and led them on
From vain to vainer still, in endless chase.
And such the cause that made so many cheeks
Pale, and so many knees to shake, when men
Rose from the grave ; as thou shalt hear anon.

POLLOCK.

UNTIL sixteen years of age, I lived in the town of Lawrenceburg, Indiana. When some seven years old, my mother died, and I was left to the care of a dissipated father, whose evil habits had rendered him incapable of acting toward me a father's part. Thus early in life was I deprived of proper parental instruction, and set afloat upon the troubled waters of this wicked and alluring world. I was first bound to a man who treated me so inhumanly that I was soon taken from him and placed under the care of a kind old man, a citizen highly respected by all who knew him. At the expiration of three years I was apprenticed to the house carpenter trade. I lived with my third master about one year and six months, during which time I was treated with the greatest kindness. My father resided with his children, all of whom lived near Lawrenceburg, Indiana, with the exception of my elder brother, who lived near Athens, Ohio. For eight years after the death of my mother, I

had the pleasure of seeing my father every few weeks, which was a great gratification to me in my lonesome, and, in many respects, destitute situation. Although he was a dissipated parent, my youthful affections clung to him, and I was always glad to see him; and perhaps the more so, because I had no mother to sympathize with me in my affliction, or to direct my erring feet in the path of virtue and piety. Every disadvantage which childhood could suffer under in a Christian land, was mine. There was no kind hand to lead me to the Sabbath school, where might have been instilled into my youthful mind those lessons of religion and morality, which, if properly attended to, would have preserved me from many of the evils of my after life.

I had continued but a brief time at the carpenter business, when my father left us to visit my elder brother, with a promise that he would return at the end of six months. Six months rolled away—a twelve-month passed—yet he did not return. Desirous of seeing him, I wrote to him, but received no answer; and my young heart was filled with anxiety; for that parent, when not under the influence of the intoxicating draught, was toward me tenderly affectionate. So great was my love for my father, that I concluded to leave my home in search of him, notwithstanding I was well satisfied that no boy could have a better home than was mine; yet the deep and abiding anxiety which I felt to see my father, and to enjoy his society once more, made me lose all control over myself, and sacrifice my interest to my passion.

In January, 1829, I ran away. In Cincinnati I soon parted with my money, and was obliged to seek employment. I secured the situation of shopkeeper with a gentleman, with whom I remained some four months, when one of my brothers hearing where I was, came to me

and prevailed on me to return to Lawrenceburg, and go to work with my old master, assuring me that my father would be home in a few days. I returned, and my master gave me employment and treated me kindly; yet my father still remained absent, nor could I learn that he had it in contemplation to return. Becoming more and more dissatisfied, I finally resolved at all hazards to seek him out. Again I set off, and arrived at Cincinnati once more. Here I tarried for the purpose of making money sufficient to enable me to reach my father. Shortly after reaching the city I found employment, and although my wages were small, yet I labored industriously and was saving. But, unfortunately for me, I became acquainted with a bad set of boys, who visited a ten-pin alley (kept by one Shibley, at that time living near Fly Market, on Sixth street). Of week day nights and leisure hours, I would frequent this den of iniquity, this school of folly and crime for the unwary youth; and on Sabbath days I would unite with rakish boys to visit a place familiarly known by the name of Wade's Woods.

The bad company with whom I there mingled, in a brief time soon almost erased from my mind those tender affections which previously ever had been uppermost in my youthful bosom. Yes, the spoiler came—and snatching from my heart its innocent affections, filled my imagination with strange delusions. To my mind I often recalled the image of my aged and greyheaded father, and wept over it; but I soon accustomed myself to banishing such melancholy reflections, and fixing my thoughts upon some object to relieve my troubled mind.

It so happened that on one of my Sabbaths of evil doings, I fell in with a very rough set of lawless boys. We got into a fight, and during the fray the city marshal

came up—his name was Doty—and caught one of the boys, while I with the remainder, made my escape.

The following morning, while at my boarding house, enquiries were made of me by a stranger in relation to the different places of amusement in the city. I satisfied his curiosity so far as I could, telling him among other things of the ten-pin alley which Mr. Shibley kept. He pressed me to visit this alley with him, but I could not accede to his desire, until I obtained leave of absence from my employer, who was in the habit of extending to me such privileges, when not thronged with work. I consequently made application to him, and on this occasion he did not refuse me. I accompanied the stranger to the ten-pin alley. Shortly after we commenced rolling, a man came staggering in, to all appearance in a state of intoxication. He pulled out three thimbles, and sought some person to play with him for glasses. Mr. Shibley, the landlord, played and won.*

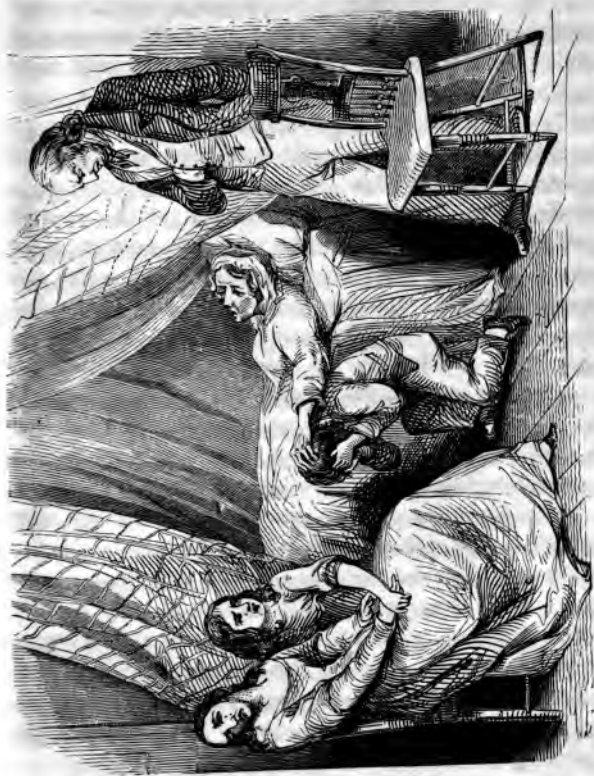
The affected drunkard appeared very angry. He worked the thimbles once more, and then offered to bet one hundred dollars that no person could tell where the ball was. The *modus operandi* of this game is as follows: A man will set three thimbles on his knee; he then takes a small piece of sponge or paper and works it about from one to the other, endeavoring to conceal it from the person he wishes to swindle; he will finally lead you to suppose you know which thimble the ball is under. Yet great is your mistake; for when you raise the thimble, you discover too late that you are deceived, and the money staked in all confidence of success, is coolly pocketed by the sharper.

* This same Mr. Shibley, for like offences, was once sent to the Ohio State's prison.

Mr. Shibley, the landlord, was acting the stool-pigeon, or, in plain words, he was the thimble's partner. Mr. Shibley said he had not the money to bet, or he would soon win the hundred dollars above named. The man then told Shibley, he would bet him one hundred to fifty, but Shibley replied again he had not the money. By this time the stranger and myself had become somewhat interested in the conversation. The thimble then proposed to bet with us. I had two dollars, which, at that time, was every cent of money I possessed on earth ; but had it been two thousand, I would freely have bet that I could have told in which thimble was the ball.

The drunken man bantered us once more for a wager, and said he would bet one hundred to twenty-five dollars, that at the first guess no one could tell where the ball was. My companion pulled out twenty-five dollars, and I my two dollars ; we lost. The most powerful shock I ever experienced, probably, was, when realizing the fact, that I had lost my all, at the same time to make the discovery that my friend and self had been basely deceived by the affected drunkard, and Mr. Shibley, who kept the ten-pin alley. We left the place, and after walking about two squares, consulting in what way we might get our money back, finally concluded to return, and ascertain, if possible, who the gambler was that won the money. On returning, we made enquiry of Mr. Shibley, who told us he knew nothing about the man, and if he did, we should be none the wiser by his knowledge. We walked to our boarding house, and were advised by the landlord to endeavor to find out at least the name of the villain. Once more we visited this den of iniquity, but we could find out nothing satisfactory in reference to the swindler. Night came on, and I retired, but sleep was not for me. Thou-

sands of strange phantoms presented themselves to my youthful mind. I could fancy that my sainted mother's spirit was hovering over me, and that I had disturbed her when in the quietude of the tomb, and in the sleep of death. Again I fancied my aged father bending his way toward my native village, while imagination would frequently lead me to suppose I could hear his feeble steps approach me, and his mild voice ask, why had I not kept my little money to assist an aged parent the balance of his days in this wicked world. And then I would say to myself, why had I not learned the dreadful consequences of gambling, without having to pay so dear for my information? Although the amount I had lost was comparatively small, yet when it is considered that I was a helpless orphan, and that it was all I had in the world, with gloomy prospects before me, no one will think strange that I should have been distressed at its loss. At that time, could I have anticipated but one twentieth part of what was before me, I could not have endured it. My feelings were indescribable. It appeared to me as if I could see numbers of my acquaintances, whom I could justly censure for my misfortune; and this was the way I reasoned. You all lived before me; "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." I could then look back, and call to mind a tender mother, who had watched over my infant and childhood days, with great solicitude and care, bathing my cheek with many tears of sweet affection. But I could recollect, that with all her care and solicitude, she had forgotten one duty, and that was to warn me against the evils of gambling. I felt, however, that she was not blameable; ten long years she had lain in her grave, and when she bade me farewell and departed, I was not quite seven years old. But I believe, as firmly as I believe we



are ruled by Omnipotence, that if on the day of her death, she had bade me beware of the black art called gambling, I should never have become a votary of that abominable vice. Here I desire giving my reason for thus believing so firmly, that had such warning been given me, its result would have been a shunning of the vice through the whole course of my life. On the morning before my mother bade adieu to this world, she called me to her bed-side, and with tears in her eyes, said: "My son, your mother is going to die; you are young; your father is dissipated, and I will have to leave you for one of your sisters to raise. Your father has no means to support you, and I fear you will have to shift for yourself. She then said the cause of our poverty was owing to my father's dissipation, and asked me to promise her one thing, the sole request she would make of me. I replied that anything in my power at her request I should do. She then begged me never to use ardent spirits in the way of a beverage. This promise I made. More than twenty years have passed, and now I am thirty years of age, yet I have never broken that promise to a dying mother. In the same manner had she impressed upon my mind the evils of gambling, and asked of me a similar promise, in reference to abstaining from its practice, I never should have been the cause, probably, of sorrow on this earth. But I have digressed, and must return to my experience.

I arose in the morning after a night of great anxiety, and went to my work as usual. When I returned to my breakfast, I found my companion of the day previous, still very anxious to obtain some clue to the man who had won his money. He had been advised to get counsel from the Mayor, and requested me to go with him to the Mayor's

office. I replied that I could not leave my work, so he went without me. Mr. Isaac G. Burnet was Mayor, and Mr. William Doty, Marshal of Cincinnati at that time, both of which gentlemen are still living in the city. This man related his case to them, and was asked in return, who had accompanied him to the ten-pin alley. He told them a young man named Green. In reply to their questions, he then related to them in what manner he had formed my acquaintance. The Mayor then told him that he thought Mr. Green was connected with the gamblers, and that the best plan would be to arrest him, and see if thus they could not find out the nest of swindlers; consequently a warrant was issued, and I was arrested. At first, I thought I was only subpoenaed as a witness to swear against the man who had won our money; but oh, how sadly was I disappointed, when I discovered that I was arrested as a party concerned. In vain did I plead my innocence. Mr. D., the Marshal, said he had seen me the Sabbath previous fighting with bad boys, and insisted that I was guilty.

The Mayor assured me I should be free if I would inform on the man who had won the money. I begged of him not to accuse me of so base an act; not to believe that I was connected with gamblers. He finally said if I did not tell, he would fine me and send me to jail. I replied that if death were the punishment I could not tell, as I knew not the man.

Mr. Doty then unfeelingly caught me by the collar, and remarked—"Sir, you will have to go to prison for your sullen actions." The Mayor then said he would fine me seventy dollars, and asked me if I could pay the fine. I answered of course, that I could not. He then asked me if I had not some friends who would pay it for me, to which

"I replied in the negative. With that Mr. D. remarked—
* Well, then, you had better be in jail than out."

I begged them not to send me to jail, and my swindled companion himself told the Marshal he did not think it right to send me to prison; yet that unfeeling and unprincipled officer still insisted that it was right. Mr. D. then took me by the arm and led me toward the jail.

Although I had heard the Mayor pronounce the sentence upon me, yet, conscious of my innocence, I could not believe that he had an idea of executing it, until I heard the grating of the huge door of the prison, as it swung upon its hinges to receive me. The feelings of horror that crossed my mind when the jailor bade me walk in, and the mental agony I then suffered, are beyond the power of my pen to describe, or my tongue to express; and what added to my anguish was, the unfeeling course pursued by the marshal towards me. I asked him to try and get me released; his reply was, that he should not wonder if they would send me to the penitentiary.

All hope for me now appeared to have fled, yet how could I persuade myself that they intended to keep me in jail even for a short time, for I was as innocent of the alleged crime that had brought me within those gloomy walls, as was the tyrant who sent me there. The Mayor treated me as if I had been an old offender. But it was undoubtedly owing to the representations of Mr. D. about my case, and the circumstance of my having been in bad company on the Sabbath before.

The door was closed upon me: For what crime? For having been caught in bad company by an officer who had but little feeling, sympathy or character.

Oh! the feelings of horror that I endured within those gloomy walls; the thoughts of incarceration, and the more

dreadful thought, that when I was freed it would ever be known among my companions that I had been in prison. Reader, let me assure you that the horrors and agonies of my mind at this time, would defy all attempts at description, especially under the reflection, that this act of cruelty toward me would have an important bearing on my future destiny in life.

I was imprisoned as a debtor, and was permitted to run at large all day within the prison yard. When I found myself thus confined, I felt as if death would be an acceptable visitor to me. Yet a faint hope still buoyed me up, that the next day I should be released. I possessed not sufficient courage to inform my late employer of my situation, and death would have been preferable to sending my poor old father word.

Day after day rolled away, and all my hopes of release appeared to be disappointment and delusion. Mr. B. would sometimes call at the grate, and tell me that unless I would inform who had won the money, the Mayor would keep me in jail a year. Such was the consolation that I received. Days, weeks, and months rolled away, and no kind friend paid me a visit to talk with me, or to administer any kind of comfort in my distress.

The jail committee visited me occasionally; but they had either gathered unfavorable news from my enemies, or thought a jail the most suitable place for me; as they generally consoled me when leaving the prison, by saying that they would see about my case the next week.

During day time, the prisoners were all let out in the yard for six hours. In this crowd there were debtors, counterfeiters, murderers, highwaymen, and gamblers, and their principal amusement through the day was card playing. There it was I learned the names of the different

cards ; there it was likewise, I learned the trick of the thimbles, the very game that led me into this confinement.

Here were men confined for all manner of crimes, and as soon as the doors were thrown open, the inexperienced, young and old, hovered in groups around some of those most desperate veterans in crime, to learn from their conversation the narratives of their lives. I soon became pleased in listening, with the rest of the uninitiated in acts of villany and deception, to these heroes in crime. This was a daily entertainment for us.

The prisoners were permitted to play cards all day on Sabbaths, and the officers who had charge of the jail when I was first confined, would generally join them.*

Such was the condition of the Cincinnati prison in 1829.

During my confinement there, I became acquainted with men who had been guilty of every offence, from murder down to city rioting. And could I but impress upon the reader of these pages, the sin that is incurred by the imprisonment of youths, for slight offences, among such a dreadful set of outlaws, all would at once agree unhesitatingly with me, that if a place on earth is calculated to make a *villain* out of a boy, it is in a city jail, especially where the prisoners are permitted to mix with one another, as they were at the time of my imprisonment in Cincinnati. The feelings that are excited within the breast of an innocent youth, by such base men, are indescribable.

Some two or three weeks after my imprisonment, a man

* I would here remark that, when I was first confined, the jail was superintended by one John Golden, but afterwards was changed to the hands of Mr. Byington, who conducted the prison in a more Christian-like manner.

by the name of Henry Hyman, *alias* Hugh H. Sparkman, was brought to jail. He was about forty years old; a man of fine countenance, dark complexion, about six feet high, weighing about 200 pounds, and much of a gentleman in his address.

He kept aloof from the prisoners in general. One day he called me to him, and asked me what I was confined for. I related to him the particulars of my false imprisonment. He said that he was sorry to see so fine a boy as I appeared to be, in jail. He said he felt a sympathy for me, and that, when released, if I would come to Louisville, Ky., he would take me and raise me; that he would be out in a few days; that he had been imprisoned on charge of being connected with a band of counterfeiters; but that he was innocent. He said he was a man of wealth, and kept one of the principal hotels in Louisville.

In a few days, this man was discharged. The prison had received a new keeper, Mr. Byington, who treated his prisoners with much feeling.

I was sick for several weeks, during which time he and his family treated me kindly. The fare of the prison had been horrible until he came in possession of it; after which time he changed it as much for the better as the price he received from the city for boarding the prisoners would permit. All that the prisoners were allowed (unless they paid for it extra) was bread and boiled beef twice a day: but Mr. Byington, during my sickness, gave me tea and other refreshments extra. Praise be ever given to his benevolent family!

Winter came, and found me still within the gloomy walls of the prison. Cold and horrible was my situation, with scarcely clothing sufficient to hide my nakedness. I made an application to the jail committee for a pair of

shoes, but was told by them, that they had heard such bad accounts of me when I was taken up, that they did not think it due me to receive any favor from them.

On the 4th day of March, 1830, I was called down to the prison door by Mr. Byington, who told me that he had received an order for my discharge. Indescribable was my anxiety and joy, mingled with hope and fear: but the few glimmering rays of hope that then lighted my youthful bosom, were only like the deceptive calm that allures the mariner to repose, while the hurricane which follows in its path comes upon him in the plenitude of its fury,—hurling with irresistible might his frail bark to sudden destruction.

It was true, I was once more at liberty; once more permitted to walk abroad on the earth. But how cruel did it seem to me, to be thus turned out of prison upon a cold, bleak March morning, without shoes to my feet, or clothing sufficient to cover me. Here sad reflections came; my young heart was wrung with anguish; turned out of prison without clothing, without home or character, and without a friend to speak a kind word to me, in a city where I had been arrested and confined for a crime that I knew no more about than a child. I was free in body, but my mind was lacerated and tortured beyond description; cast out of prison to be pointed at as a "prison-bird," for such the unfortunate man was termed by the people, after having escaped the walls of a prison.

The jailor asked me to take breakfast with his family, but I told him I could not eat. He then requested me to stay some time about his house, and said he would go out and endeavor to procure me some clothing. In a few minutes Mr. Doty, the marshal, came in; he and the jailor had some conversation, after which the jailor told me that I

might as well leave, and he did not know that he could get me any clothing. Mr. D. looked upon me as I passed, but made no remarks in my hearing.

The day was cold and chilly, and I crept along through the back alleys and made my way to the river. I soon found myself on the banks of the Ohio, in the lower part of the city of Cincinnati, chilled to the very soul, yet not cold from the inclemency of the weather alone, but from the want of some one to speak a kind, affectionate word to me. What was I to do? I knew not a person to whom I dare address myself. I was not cold only, but hunger began to pinch me. I finally summoned sufficient resolution to venture on board of a keel boat, which was taking in loading, and asked the captain for employment. He made a bargain with me at the rate of twelve dollars per month, to go with him up the Arkansas river. I worked hard all day, and at dinner time he asked me to dine with him, but I told him that I did not wish any dinner. My reason for telling him this falsehood, will easily be accounted for, when it is recollected that during four months and four days imprisonment, I had but one change of under-clothes, and the same clothing otherwise that I wore into prison I wore out again. At supper I thought I would venture. I waited until the boarders were chiefly through with their suppers, then I went to the table, but had scarcely seated myself, when I saw the landlord commence talking with my employer, and I perceived that their conversation was about me. Without eating, I arose from the table and went out. My employer followed me and said he was sorry to tell me he had just learned from the landlord, that I was a youth of bad character, and that I would not suit him. I replied all I could in my own defence, which was, that I had been badly imposed upon.

He asked me why I did not eat. I told him I could not. He then put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a dollar, which he gave me. I then left him with my heart ready to burst with grief. I wandered up to the steamboat wharf, where I found a small steamer by the name of "Sylph," bound for Louisville.

I asked the captain what he would charge me for my passage; he replied one dollar. I went on board, and arrived at Louisville the next evening about eight o'clock, having been detained several hours on the way by a break of the engine. I had now been fifty-one hours without anything to eat, although surrounded by abundance; in good health, yet near unto starvation.

I soon found the hotel kept by Mr. Hyman, known by the name of the "Jackson" hotel, on Water street. Mr. Hyman received and treated me with much kindness, gave me a home in his family, purchased new clothing for me, and gave me a situation as bar-keeper, with wages.

I lived with Mr. H. some three months, and was well satisfied. His boarders all appeared to be gentlemen, yet they played cards almost constantly. I was, however, assured by Mr. H. that they were all gentlemen of the first order. During the fourth month of my residence in the "Jackson" hotel, the city officers came down and arrested some ten or fifteen of the boarders, together with the landlord and myself. I knew nothing of the character of my arrest until I was searched with the others, when they told me it was for counterfeit money. I was, however, immediately released, and was cautioned by many respectable citizens not to have anything to do with Mr. H. nor his respectable looking boarders.*

*These boarders were professional blacklegs, counterfeiters and robbers, as was afterwards discovered.

Mr. H. was searched, but nothing like counterfeit coin or notes were found upon him : he was consequently discharged with the majority of the men who had been arrested with him. This movement began to make me suspicious that these gentlemen were not so honest as they might be. I therefore concluded I would endeavor to get employment at some other place. I went on board of a steamboat and hired as bar-keeper, but after making two trips to St. Louis and back, the boat laid up. Mr. H. was still keeping the "Jackson" hotel, but it was under the superintendence of a Mr. Wallsworth. I found the same bad set of gamblers about the house, and I did not frequent it as I had done before.

Mr. H. asked me whether if he should start a coffee house in the back part of the city, I would keep it for him. To this proposal I could make no objections. He bought out a house and started me ; shortly after we commenced operations, a serious difficulty occurred in the house, which caused great excitement throughout the city. I left the coffee house, and was again without regular employment. Soon after I went on board of a steamboat as bar-keeper again. Here I remained for about two months, during which time I was much exposed to bad company, as gamblers are generally the best customers to bar-keepers.

In the fall of 1831, I returned to Louisville. I found that the citizens were much prejudiced against me for my associations during the previous summer ; yet at no one time had I intentionally been in bad company, but had been forced into wicked companionship by a train of circumstances which appeared beyond my power to control. Yet the citizens thought that I must certainly know more than I really did about this dreadful class of skulking

thieves, who go prowling about in good society, covering their deeds of darkness with fine wearing apparel and soft words ; so soft that no person would be so cruel as to accuse them of dishonesty, while the lowest handed villainy on earth is the kind they practice.

I was noticed by some of the best citizens of Louisville, who endeavored to bribe me by rich inducements, to reveal the secrets of the gamblers with whom they had seen me associating. They thought that I certainly must be acquainted with these secrets, as I appeared to be intimate with the gamblers. But I would here remark, that when people suppose they know all about gamblers, I assure them that they know generally but little about their wicked doings. No : they keep them hidden from the novice. When a man tells you he knows all about a gambler, ask him if ever he followed the business ; if he never did, his conjectures will not reach one tenth part of their evil doings ; and the supposition, that because a youth or inexperienced man associates with these black art men, that he must of necessity know all about their doings, is incorrect, for as soon as the gambler finds his victim ripe, he will filch him.

Although a man may associate with one who follows sporting, and may even see him practice his deeds of darkness upon the unwary, still things will be so managed by the black-leg, as to leave him ignorant that his works of ruin are unjust. He will show you every feature of his perfectly fair game, while his partners in villainy are all working like bees on their intended victim ; and when they place him in their sliding scale of moral degradation, all see the fallen youth's dreadful situation, but none are so kind as to rescue him from the vortex beneath him ; each gives him another push downwards, and thus he is

precipitated to the bottom of the abyss, and becomes an Ishmaelite indeed, for every man's hand is against him. It is plainly to be seen, that at the time of my first and second difficulties at Louisville, the villainies of these men were unknown to me. Yet some of the officers of Louisville urged me to reveal the hidden mysteries of this base set of midnight thieves, promising me great rewards, and the United States Bank even held out inducements to have these men brought to justice. I felt perfectly willing in this to lend my aid so far as possible. Yet through me they could not be betrayed, as they, knowing I was a novice, concealed their worst features from me: and, indeed, if I had been sworn to give my evidence against them, it would have been as chaff before the wind. I knew they were considered sportsmen and gamblers of the first water, and would challenge the man to honorable combat who dared touch with rude hand their refined honor; yet their midnight revelings loudly proclaimed that their deeds were dark.

Mr. A. Coke was at this time high sheriff of Louisville; he was a very efficient officer. I made him frequent promises to assist in ferreting out this den of thieves and villainy. Mr. C. gave me clothing and money to aid me. I went among them as he instructed me, but they appeared perfectly apprised of my intentions, yet offered no violence toward me.* They treated me with every respect, and even solicited me to spend many of my leisure hours with them. It was certainly managed with

* After I became acquainted with their hidden mysteries, I was informed by many of the fraternity, that they were apprised of my intentions at the offset, but that they then made use of me to serve their own purposes.

great ingenuity by them ; for never could I make a report that would give any clue to their villainy.

They dealt *Faro*,* sported fine horses, yet I have no doubt they were engaged in all manner of crimes. The city was nearly flooded with counterfeit money, yet this shrewd class of villains could not be found out in their tricks.

Mr. Coke and many of the bank officers thought they would perhaps stand a better chance of breaking them up, if they could discover their fountain head. They united upon the following plan : that they would get some person to travel into the country, where the gambling fraternity held forth without much restraint. It was evident that they had a place of general rendezvous, and that this was no other than "Ford's Ferry," better known by the name of "Rock in Cave." This was a resort for all classes of men, with the exception of those who made pretensions to good character and honesty. It was, in fact, the gambler's den.

This place is situated about three hundred miles below Louisville, and twenty miles below Shawneetown. Ford, the man after whom the ferry was named, lived about three miles above the cave, on the Kentucky side. The cave is situated on the Illinois side, immediately on the bank of the river. The entrance is from a hole in a perpendicular rock. This cave, in the early settlement of the country, is said to have been inhabited by a band of gamblers, refugees from some of our elder states.

The plan to detect the inhabitants of this cave and to rout them, was thought to be a good one, and the following measures were adopted by Mr. A. Coke and other

* For particulars of this game, see Green on Gambling, page 117.

gentlemen of Louisville. They proposed to me that they would fit me out with a fine stock of books, about one hundred dollars worth, and an assortment of playing cards, also fine paper of different kinds, among which was some bank note paper. Their object in getting the different papers was this : I had cards, which of course would draw the attention of the crowd when presented, and the different kinds of paper would afford a reasonable excuse for keeping the bank note paper to fill out my assortment. Taking every thing into consideration, the arrangement was quite ingenious. Thus equipped, I left Louisville July the 18th, 1830, the day I was seventeen years old.

I went on board a steamer, bound for St. Louis, which had many passengers. I sat down and pondered over my situation, and the work I had taken upon myself, and upon the consequences, should I be detected by the men whom I had undertaken to expose. I also began to reflect upon my career of the last few years. I thought of the forlorn condition in which I had been placed while a boy ; also, my troubles in the Cincinnati jail, subject to the hatred of an unprincipled officer. I thought of my sad condition the night I was first set at liberty from the Cincinnati prison, without shoes to my feet or a coat to call my own ; and of my narrow escape while a bar-keeper for Mr. Hyman, and exposed to all manner of wickedness reigning among gamblers.

Then I would recall the bright-scenes of my childhood, when protected by a kind mother. I could recollect no period while that sainted mother lived and was in health, that I was unhappy. But from the 2d day of July, 1821, until the 18th of the same month, 1831, I never knew what it was to be happy, with the exception of the four and a half years I lived with Mr. John Bullock, an old

quaker, near Lawrenceburg, Ia., and one year and six months with Mr. J. Finney, a citizen of the same town.

The reflection of the past always embittered my youthful memory; the death-bed scene of my mother, her last words to me, the care she had exercised over me, and the solicitude she felt for my welfare; all these, and a thousand similar reflections, passed through my mind while descending the river on my adventurous undertaking.

When the boat arrived at the ferry, I had my trunks taken to the hotel, which was kept by Mr. Ford. He was a man about 55 or 60 years of age. His family was small, consisting of his wife and one son, and some ten or fifteen blacks. This son's name was William, then about 24 years old, a fine looking man.

On arriving at the house, the old man began to interrogate me about my business. It was plainly to be seen by him that I was a novice in the enterprise I had undertaken. I showed my books, cards, &c.; the cards I found saleable. Mr. F., sen., asked me how long I had been peddling. I told him this was my first stock. I saw him look at his son and wink. He asked me if I intended to purchase other stock and continue the business. I replied that I would not; but that when I sold what I had on hand, I intended returning to Louisville. He asked me if I knew any of the sporting men in Louisville. I told him I did. He said they were considered a bad class of men; I agreed with him. He then asked me if I knew Hyman; to which question I replied in the affirmative. He said he was considered a great villain, and asked me my opinion about him. I told him he had always treated me well, which was strictly true.

After the old man got through with his inquiries, the

old lady commenced, and asked me many questions about the people in Louisville and other places.

The young man then preferred his queries,—all in reference to the different gamblers in Louisville. He then told me he had seen me at the "Jackson" hotel, which fact I was a stranger to. He then said I was the last person he thought would turn out to peddle books.

While engaged in this conversation, some four or five coarsely dressed men came in, with their guns on their shoulders. The young man called them in, and said, here is a young pedlar; do you want to trade; at the same time winking to them. I found these men, from their talk, were no strangers to the Ford family. They asked me if I had ever played cards. I replied in the negative. One of them then remarked, that I had mixed him many a glass of liquor at the "Jackson" hotel. He then asked me if I knew him; I told him I did not. He said I did, if I knew where to place him. His name, he said, was Redman. I immediately recognized him as one of the gamblers taken up on suspicion of passing counterfeit money at Louisville. He inquired whether the others were released from their difficulties. I answered, that I thought they had been. He remarked, that times were hard when he left the sporting fraternity.

At night, some twenty men came in to their supper, some of whom were finely dressed, and others very common. They sat up till late in the night, playing cards and carousing. During the night, I heard men talking under my window. I could not gather the thread of their discourse, but frequently heard the name of "Jackson" hotel, and once my name was called distinctly. I did not rest well during the night, and rose very early in the morning. When I walked out, there were several men

asleep in the entry, and the house appeared crowded with different men from those I had seen the evening previous. After breakfast, several men whom I had seen at Louisville, about the "Jackson" hotel, but who had left there at the time so many of their fraternity had been arrested, gathered around me, asking different questions; such as, whether card-playing was fashionable, as when they left the hotel, &c.

About 10 o'clock, there was not a man to be seen at Ford's ferry, excepting the two Fords. I was down by the ferry, when a rough-looking man, by the name of Shouse,* a red-headed, desperate-looking wretch, came across from the Illinois side. I noticed young Ford point to where I was sitting; when he came near me, he reached out his hand and asked me how I came on, at the same time saying, perhaps you don't know me; my name is Shouse; do you not know when I was interested in a fashionable gambling house, called the "Jackson" hotel? I then recollected having seen him dealing faro at the hotel in Louisville. But while there, he dressed so fine, and had kept himself so clean, that I could scarcely believe this was the same man. His hair was sun-burnt, and his beard long; and his wearing apparel was nothing more than a blue linsey hunting shirt, an old rough cap, a pair of large coarse shoes, and coarse linen pantaloons. I asked him his reason for so dressing; to which he replied, that he had come down to the neighborhood for a spree, and he thought he would rough it awhile for his health. He said he lived on the Illinois side, and that I should go

* This Shouse was executed, I think, in 1834, in Golconda, Ill., for the murder of Simpson. He told me while there in prison, that he had been sent by Ford to kill me, at the time above referred to.

over, as I could sell my books to good advantage. He then told me that Simpson lived about one mile from the ferry, on the opposite side.

This man, Simpson, was a large man, sandy complexion, and had lived near Cincinnati two years previous; about eight miles below the city, he married a wealthy widow lady. He was there suspected of being at the head of a band of counterfeiters; his house was searched, and plates and money found; but he escaped, and settled in Illinois.

I had frequently seen him at the "Jackson" hotel, and was told he was nothing but a wealthy farmer, fond of sport. Yet I had heard Mr. Coke relate of Simpson, that he had run off from Cincinnati, and that he was a desperately bad man. But at that time, I had no idea the man Mr. C. spoke of was then at the "Jackson" hotel passing as a gentleman.*

I told Shouse I would accompany him. He said he should not return until evening, but about dark would be back and accompany me. To this I agreed, and he then left me.

In about one hour from the time he left me, a man drove up in a carriage. The carriage appeared to have been constructed for the purpose of peddling clocks. The driver wished to cross the Ohio river, and said he was going some fifteen or twenty miles to a small place, the name of which I have forgotten, but which was somewhere near the salt works, in the state of Illinois.

I made an engagement with him, to take me and my

* I will here remark, that the Simpson I am now speaking of, went by the name of Nathaniel Simpson, and was not the man murdered by Shouse.

trunk as far as Mr. Simpson's, and then I went to Mr. Ford, told him what I had done, and paid my bill. He made strict inquiry as to where I was going, &c. I related the conversation which had taken place between Shouse and myself, and that I had discovered an old acquaintance lived over the river, whom I thought of calling upon. He said I had better let the gentleman take my trunk, and stay myself to accompany Shouse, as he thought in the cool of the evening the walk would be pleasant, and perhaps Shouse would put himself to some inconvenience to wait on me, and would be disappointed.

I however had put my trunk in the carriage, and the ferry boat was then on the Illinois side. I finally concluded to go myself, which did not please either of the Fords'.

I soon arrived at Simpson's. The old lady came out of the house, which was a log cabin, invited me in, and appeared glad to see me. I asked after her husband and family. She said that another lady, and herself with three children, were all that were at home, her husband having that day left home for Tennessee, and would not return for months, as he had went to settle up a large estate left him by a deceased relative. I asked permission to remain two days at her house, as I had made an engagement with the pedlar, who was to return at the end of that time, to take me to Hopkinsville, Kentucky, which place I had contemplated visiting. My desire was granted.

Mrs. Simpson treated me kindly, and gave me a good plain dinner and supper. After supper, some ten men came to spend the evening, apparently the same that had been at Ford's the night previous. I noticed one or two of the gang. About nine o'clock in the evening, Shouse

came, and soon afterward, two men rode up and called for lodgings. There were strong indications of a storm. Mrs. S. told them that she had no place for them to sleep, unless they would sleep on blankets on the floor ; to this they agreed and alighted. Mrs. Simpson's guests, who up to that time had been merrily passing away their time, suddenly disappeared upon the arrival of the two strangers. The storm soon commenced, the wind blew violently, and peal after peal of thunder was heard, while the vivid flashes of lightning, following each other in quick succession, added terror to the scene. The inmates of the house were exceedingly alarmed. All the visitors had left, excepting Shouse. The storm soon passed over, yet the thunder and lightning continued all night long. Never before had I passed through such a night of deep and painful anxiety, as I had every reason to believe that these gamblers or highland pirates, had found out the object of my visit among them, and were contemplating my death.*

I felt thankful when daylight appeared. I walked out with the two strangers before breakfast, and on inquiry, found that they were bound for the interior of the state of Illinois. One went by the name of Noble, from Kentucky, the name of the other I do not remember ; however, they

* This same Shouse told me afterwards, when I visited him in the Golconda prison, he then being under sentence of death, that he had agreed with N. Simpson and old Mr. Ford, to murder me ; and for committing the crime, they promised him my books and little means, and that, had I waited for him the day we made the engagement to go together, he would have murdered me on our way to Simpson's ; and also that the two strangers who came to Simpson's that night saved me ; but he believed that if it had not stormed and lightened so through the cracks of the log-cabin, he would have strangled me in my sleep.

appeared to have a good knowledge of the part of the country they were in at present. They said they should have gone five miles further, had it not been for the storm. They both declared they had never closed their eyes to sleep during the whole night. They also said they had heard me turn in my bed a great deal, and that the man who slept with me appeared very restless. When they learned that I was accidentally thrown among these people, they advised me to leave those parts as soon as possible, for, said they, if a man lives in the neighborhood of "Cave in the Rock" or "Ford's ferry," he cannot be respected, because the whole settlement is made up of the blackest hearted villains of the land; I make not this remark from mere rumor, added he, but the calendar of crime will show for itself.

I wandered about during the fore part of the day. The two strangers had left, and death appeared staring me in the face from all directions. I was well aware that the object of my visit was now fully known, and I reproached myself for being thus placed in such a hazardous position. I derived some consolation from the reflection, that I had engaged in this enterprise from no evil motive, but rather to vindicate my own character, and to convince the world that I had no connection with these highland pirates. Those men whom I spoke of as leaving the house on the arrival of the two strangers, returned the next day about one o'clock, and purchased some cards and one or two trifling books. Shouse was not very courteous to me during the fore part of the day, but in the afternoon he requested me to go with him on a hunting excursion. I excused myself by saying that I was no hunter. He said he would show me the cave if I would accompany him, but I feigned myself unwell, so he went without me.

Among the band who visited Simpson's that day, I noticed some four or five whom I had seen at the "Jackson" hotel, passing for men of respectability, excepting that they played cards a little, as they said, merely to pay expenses. But here I saw them all the same, brother ruffians, who, as Shouse told me,* had been regularly trained from social card playing, to the darkest deeds that man could be guilty of: and, said he, watch all those easy and apparently ignorant and honest gamblers, who expect to accomplish their designs by making people believe they were not intended for gamblers, but, said he, nature never intended a man to be base enough to follow gambling for a living; and when he practices this vice, it is from his own wicked propensity and free choice.

These words, although uttered by one under sentence of death, are nevertheless as true as if they had been proclaimed from the sacred desk.

I felt the perils of my situation increasing, yet did not know how I should get away. Mrs. S. did not appear to like Shouse, and told me that neither the cave nor the hunt would be agreeable to me. Her words rested with much weight upon my mind. I was harrassed with a view of my dangerous situation, and my reflections again ran back to Cincinnati; my difficulties there once more passed in review before me. And upon comparison, I found my situation at this time even worse than then. Though oppressed by an unprincipled officer on the former occasion, I was not in danger of being assassinated, as at present. While thus musing, I heard a carriage drive up. To my joy it was the pedlar, who had changed his arrangements from what

* This, S. told me afterwards, when in prison under sentence of death, at Golconda, Ill.

he had contemplated, and intended leaving his horse there, and going by steamboat to Louisville. I immediately made up my mind to go with him, overjoyed at the prospect of getting away from this place. I packed up my trunk, and had it removed to a trading boat on the wharf.

I now determined to take the first boat that came along, whether it went up or down the river. While waiting for a boat, I was astonished to see Mr. Shouse and N. Simpson, the latter of whom I thought on his road to Tennessee, and also many of those other rough looking customers whom I had seen at Ford's and Simpson's during my stay. I was soon relieved by the arrival of the steamer "Thomas Yeatman." She sent her yawl to the shore with several finely dressed men, two of whom I had known as genteel gamblers in Louisville. They looked suspiciously at me, as my trunk was passed into the boat. Once on board the steamboat, I felt like a freed bird.

I then concluded to return my stock of books to Mr. Coke and Mr. Maxwell, of Kentucky. From the latter I had taken some fifty dollars worth on my own responsibility. My idea was to return the books and the money, and if I had not sufficient left to pay all my debts, to give my due-bill for the balance, and then return to my home, and never leave again until I was master of my trade.

These reflections within themselves were strengthening to me. I fancied myself once more at home, with my aged and gray-headed father comforted at my return, and my sisters rejoicing over the return of their prodigal brother. With these sweet reflections I went to cast my eye over my invoice of goods; but ah! how suddenly did my feelings change. My prospects were again blasted; for upon opening and examining my trunk, I discovered that it had been clandestinely opened, and robbed of three

dozen playing cards, and some of my most valuable books, together with the bank note paper, amounting in all to about forty dollars. The act could only have been committed while waiting for a boat at "Ford's Ferry." Again I was confused. If I dared venture back to recover my property, I knew that death would be my portion. What was I to do? If I returned to Messrs. Coke and Maxwell so much a defaulter, they might believe I had acted dishonestly.

When we arrived at Shawneetown, I determined to stop and sell the remainder to the best possible advantage, and return with the money, and tell how I had been robbed by those Ford Ferry gamblers. I found that there was a tolerable good demand for books in Shawneetown, and by the advice of one of the citizens, I put them up at night auction, and received about first cost for them. This, including my traveling expenses, left me about seventy dollars minus in only two weeks' business.

I felt as if I could not return until I had made sufficient to pay Messrs. Coke and Maxwell, and even then, what excuse was I to make about the bank note paper, which had been furnished me with particular orders, to dispose of it to no one until I found out where they printed their money, and where the principal den of the gambling gentlemen was; and when this discovery was made, I was immediately to have written to the officers in Louisville, who expected to come down upon the counterfeiters unexpectedly, break up their den, and bring them to justice.

Without any other possible chance of escape, many gamblers* of the present day, by contradictory testimony,

* The sporting black-legs are so sustained by some of our good meaning, ignorant, as well as wicked class of men, that the communi-

which would be sufficient to convict them, if the jury could be satisfied that the offence was sufficient to call for the infliction of a punishment upon the transgressor, puzzle the minds of the jurors, who, esteeming the men liberal, and their offence light, prefer in their perplexity to acquit rather than to condemn. And in this case there is no doubt but that Mr. Hyman, and every man with whom he was connected, were guilty of offences sufficient to hang them; yet so cunningly can a gambler manage his rascality, that, if you give him an opportunity, he will make a tool out of one honest man to ruin another, and he will never be caught in his trickery. Many will say, they always knew that counterfeiters would rob, murder, and steal, rather than be detected, but they did not know that these genteel Faro black-legs were men who had any thing to do with such wretches, for they are so liberal, giving more to the poor* than any other class of men. I will freely admit, that they often give liberally to keep up appearances, and to gain the confidence of a virtuous community; but we may also add, that they destroy the peace and happiness of more families and individuals, than any other class of men, in proportion to their number. Yes, we may safely estimate, that one gambler does more

ty has lost sight of the real character of him who calls himself a gentlemanly sportsman or "Faro dealer," and you will frequently hear it said that the laws must not be too hard upon men for small offences, such as dealing the honorable game of Faro! It is an offence, that he who carries out his principles to sustain him in his clandestine designs will have to carry along with it the principle of murder in the first degree. Hear this, ye professed moralists! and say whether this vice shall continue to exist, or to receive any countenance from a community professing morality.

* They give to the widow in public, and murder the orphan in the dead of night, when honest men sleep.

harm to society than any five men can do, addicted to any of the other vices of the day. Indeed, all other evils are trifling, when compared with this vice, with the exception of intemperance; and this I will except, for we cannot well separate the two vices, intemperance and gambling. They go together as a general thing, for nearly all gamblers are given to intoxication. But where they are separated, gambling is certainly the worse of the two. I will here offer my reasons for believing thus. Although intemperance is a more common vice, yet it is not so deadly in its consequences as gambling.

More fully to express my views, let me ask the reader the following questions: Have you not known an habitual drunkard who, in his sober moments, was considered honest by his neighbors, and who, when he died, according to the judgment of honest men, died honest? I think there are many such cases. But have you ever known an habitual gambler, who was considered honest in his life and death, by honest men? I venture to say not one: and one gambler, though he may be temperate, will make more intemperate men than any other man on earth. His very principles lead him to ruin and destroy his fellow man, and to accomplish his work of death he shuns no crime. Dreadful is the condition of that being in whom both these vices meet. He is a dangerous man in the community, and should be shunned like a viper by all who wish to keep clear of his contaminating influence.

But I have digressed, and must return to my narrative.

I concluded I would get on board of a steamboat and return to St. Louis, where I might get employment at my trade. This, I thought, would be the best plan to refund the money that had been stolen from me.

I left Shawneetown about the first of August, and in

three days arrived at St. Louis, downcast and oppressed in my feelings, yet I knew that however much I might be blamed by my employers, I had not intentionally disobeyed their orders.

Soon after my arrival in St. Louis I was taken sick, and found my expenses fast running away with my money. I therefore concluded to return to Lawrenceburg, Ia., and not to stop at Louisville, nor let my employers know any thing about me. I got on board the steamboat "Victor," commanded by a young Mr. McAlister, of Louisville. I soon discovered that the Captain and some of the passengers knew me, especially a Mr. Donne, who was at that time, or had been but a few months before, a city officer in Louisville.

His father owned the house that the "Jackson" hotel was kept in.* I frequently noticed Mr. Donne talking with the passengers, and I felt as if he was talking about me. After traveling some fifty or a hundred miles down the Mississippi, cards were introduced. I did not pay any attention to the game until they had been playing for some time. There was a dispute raised among the passengers playing, not so much about the cards as in relation to a duel that had been fought a few days before, between two men by the names of Pettus and Biddle, both of whom were killed on "Bloody Island," nearly opposite St. Louis.

The dispute caused some hard feelings between the parties; two of whom came out on the guard after supper and talked it over. One of them remarked, that if the

* I do not wish to be understood that Mr. Donne had any connexion with the villainous Hyman, for he was violently opposed to him, and lived and died an honest man.

man not present had been satisfied as to the character of him whom he was then addressing, he thought another duel would have to settle the affair. At this remark the other replied: My character!—indeed I should like to see the man that dare doubt it. This caused me to pay some attention to the man who was launching out such strong language in favor of himself. I thought I had seen him previously, but did not know where to place him. The next morning I asked him where we had met before; he hesitated some time, but finally said he had seen me at Louisville, at the "Jackson" hotel, and also at "Ford's Ferry," the first night after my arrival there, and that he was at Simpson's the night the strangers came in during the storm, but his disguise prevented me from recognising him. I told him that he had altered in appearance; he said he had, for, when he saw me at the Ferry, his whiskers were long, but he had shaved them off,* and that his clothing was different. After he had finished his conversation with me, learning that the passenger who had fallen out with him knew something of his private character, I asked him who this man was. He said he was one of the greatest villains in the land, and that he went about doing all manner of mischief. I asked him where he lived. He said he believed he was an itinerant; his name was Goodrich, and that he had accumulated some wealth by gambling, and was strongly suspected of being connected with a band of counterfeiters, as he was frequently seen with men who had been convicted of such offences, but that they could never produce any thing positive against him. I afterwards found out that the man who gave me

* The whiskers here spoken of, were false. For particulars of Goodrich, see the "Secret Band of Brothers."

this information about Mr. G., was a merchant at Mills' Point, and I asked him if he thought I could get employment there, if I were to go with him. He asked me what I wished to do. I answered, to work at the Joiner's trade. He said there was but little building going on at the Point, but during the coming fall he expected to build, and if I would accompany him, he would give me employment sufficient to pay my board, and then in the fall he would pay me wages. I concluded to accept his offer.

When we arrived at the mouth of the Ohio river, he and myself stopped. We found there was but little chance of securing an immediate passage by steamboat down the Mississippi. The season was very unhealthy and water low. We purchased a canoe and started for the Point, where we soon landed, after a journey of some thirty-five miles in the canoe. When we arrived, Mr. Darby introduced me to the landlord, whose name was Powell, and father-in-law to Darby. Nothing of importance occurred for several weeks. Mr. Darby paid my boarding for what little I done for him.

About the first of September, a man by the name of Hunter came to the Point, stating that he was a traveling agent for some eastern houses. He remained some time in the village, appearing to be a man of some importance, and fascinating in his manners. He was kind in his conversation with me, and very inquisitive about my situation. When I made it known to him in part, he appeared to feel great sympathy for me. I had at this time about seventy-five dollars of the money belonging to Messrs. Coke and Maxwell. I told Hunter the amount I had, and what my intentions were when Darby gave me wages; to return, and pay up all. He advised me to do so.

He would frequently advise me what to do, and set me

copies to write after, that I might learn to write a better hand than I did. And I must own that the few weeks' instruction he gave me, proved of great advantage to me, so far as respects my education.

One day I took out my pocket-book to see if all was right, when to my great surprise I found fifty dollars had been abstracted, which induced me to call on the landlord. He said he could not suspect any person, and asked me if I did. I told him no person save himself, Mr. Darby, and Mr. Hunter knew that I had the money, and I thought that as Mr. Hunter was so intimate with me, perhaps he had taken it to plague me.

Mr. P. told Mr. H. of my misfortune. Mr. H. remarked that it was doubtful to him whether I had possessed that much. Mr. Powell said I had that amount, for he had given me a fifty dollar bill for small notes. Mr. P. then came to me and related what Mr. H. had said. The thought then struck me forcibly that Mr. H. must be the thief, for I had shown him the fifty dollar note and asked him if it was good money,—and he said it was. I then went to Hunter and accused him of having my money, and asked him how he dared say he did not believe that I had that amount, when I had counted it over to him. He appeared insulted, threatened to take my ears off, and said if I was not a boy he would cow-hide me. He then said I was a refugee, and that he had written to Louisville, and if there was a reward offered he would take me back,* and deliver me; he believed he would do it any how; and that he would go to Clinton, which is the county seat of Hickman county, Ky., being in the same county with

* I afterwards learned that he had written to Coke where I was, but in another name.

Mills' Point. He concluded he would act to suit himself. He took his saddle-bags, leaving a few shirt collars, and a pair of socks or so in wash. He then told the landlord to see that his washing was completed, by the next day, as he expected to return.

He left for Clinton on foot, and although it would have been very unpleasant to have been taken back, yet I did not fear such treatment from him; not but that he was villain enough to have even sworn that I was a refugee, or any thing else, if he could have made a dollar by it. He, however, did not return; and I believe Mr. Powell, and all who were acquainted with the circumstance, were under the impression that he stole my money.

I was taken sick shortly after I was robbed, and lay for some time dangerously ill; and, indeed, came near dying during my sickness. What little money I was possessed of went fast, which caused me much mental anxiety.

I also learned that Mr. Darby's building was all idle talk, and that I had no right to put any dependence in what he said about it.

As soon as I recovered, I sought to return to Louisville, with the idea of passing through a further apprenticeship of three years, in which time I would finish my trade.

I got on board of a boat bound for St. Louis, and on the 1st of October, about midnight, I arrived at the mouth of the Ohio, and immediately went to bed. Shortly after I had lain down, some person rapped at my door. I arose and let him in. It was Mr. Bird, the landlord, who told me to lie still, for he was endeavoring to discover whether any of the travelers or boarders had left their rooms; for, said he, some one has robbed my store; I heard the robber, and arrived at the room just as he got out, and I saw him run towards the woods. He examined the different

rooms, and finally came to one the door of which he could not open. He rapped, but no one answered: he then put his foot against the door and pushed it open. The late occupant of the room was missing; but his hat, shoes, and clothing were all there. Mr. Bird closed the door, and went out and rang the bell, kept to awaken passengers when steamboats arrived. It appeared that this missing man was very anxious to go up the river, and had left a special request to have the bell rung in case a steamboat arrived. While Mr. Bird was ringing the bell, the door of the room, which he had entered by force but a few moments before, was opened, and the gentleman from within inquired if a boat was coming. Mr. B. told him there was not, and that he only rung the bell for him, and then asked him where had been. The man appeared astonished, and asked Mr. B. to give him an explanation. Mr. B. told him that was an easy matter. He then asked him what he had been doing out of his room. He swore by all that was good and bad, that he had not been out of his room during the night. His manner of denial made it evident that he was guilty of the robbery.

He had managed his card well, yet not so cunningly but that he was caught. He had fastened his door, crawled out of the window on to a roof, and then dropped from the roof to the ground, broke open the store, when he heard the landlord in pursuit, and he ran to the woods, and then went around, crawled upon the porch and in at the window again.

Bird signified to him, that if he did not give up every dollar of the stolen money, he would tie him to a tree in the morning and whip him to death. With this threat he became frightened, and told where the money was, beg-

ging Mr. B. not to expose him. He stated that he was a man of fine family, and such an exposure would ruin him. Bird asked him what he followed: he said he was a faro dealer, but had got out of money, and did not know of any other way to get along; and that his partner would give him (Bird) a thousand dollars to let him off. Bird then asked his partner's name. He replied, Goodrich of Tennessee, who traveled about a great deal, and was at that time somewhere not far from Ford's ferry.*

Mr. Bird asked him what Mr. G. followed. He answered, that he lived by playing the honest game of faro, staking or putting up money for sportsmen to gamble on; and sometimes he purchased negroes if he could get them cheap, and bet high on almost anything that gave him a fair prospect of winning. Mr. Bird then told him to say no more about Mr. G., as he knew him well, for he had stolen two of his negroes; and, added Mr. B., if I could lay my hands on him, I would make him pull hemp. This hushed up the unfortunate rogue, and induced him to say no more about his friend G.; but he wept over his own misfortunes.

I did not go into the room that night, although it was the next room to mine. His weeping made me feel melancholy, and I could not sleep.

In the morning, there was considerable excitement among the people of the house about the prisoner. I went and looked at him; and you may anticipate my surprise, when I beheld that same young man, Hunter, who, I had every reason to believe, robbed me at Mills' Point.

When he saw me, he appeared convulsed, as if he could

* I found out from his discourse, that this was the same notorious Goodrich mentioned before in these pages.

not live ten minutes, and his countenance changed. I turned away from him, and never felt more sorry for a poor unfortunate wretch, than I did for him at that time.

After breakfast, Mr. B. took him to a small village, six miles above the mouth, where he was tried before a magistrate, and, in default of security, was sent to jail, where he remained some three months, and then escaped from prison.*

Once more I became satisfied, that if I was a poor off-cast, there were others in as bad a condition as myself; and although it appeared to me that my doom was sealed for misfortunes, for I had been followed from my childhood with "*bad luck*," yet I could not see that I had acted very differently from other boys, permitted to run at large without restraint. But here was the difference: I was an orphan, without friends of wealth, or education—had been caught up as a fox when young, and let loose for the hunter to practice his cur, in order to make him more valuable to his master. Yes, the community seemed willing that I should be run down, hunted and hated, by the unfeeling and unprincipled gamblers. It was, indeed, hard to be thus treated, when I was not the transgressor. Mine had, it is true, been a zig-zag course, and I had been guilty of many imprudencies and improprieties; but I had not as yet fallen into those evil habits for which gamblers are so notorious.

I left the mouth of the Ohio with the determination to face my creditors, to tell them the truth, and abide the

* After I became a gambler, he told me that he did take my money at Mills' Point, but that he had followed me there to find out my intentions, and not to permit me to return, if my intentions remained hostile to the gamblers; that he had been sent by Goodrich, Ford and Simpson.

consequences; which, at the worst, could not make me more unhappy than I was.

When I arrived, I went to Mr. Coke, and told him that I had come back without money, books, paper, or any of the stock I had taken away with me. He said he believed I would pay him. I promised that I would; which promise I fulfilled six years afterward.

Mr Maxwell made some dolorous complaints, and said if I did not pay him he would be ruined; but I could not help him, and, from his actions, could not even yield him much of my sympathy.

During my absence, Mr. Coke had arrested Hyman, and several others. I remained about Louisville several days, looking for employment, but found none. I could not summon sufficient courage to return to Lawrenceburg, or even to write;* indeed, I could not sufficiently contain my feelings to write a satisfactory account of all my troubles, and I did not wish my aged father and affectionate sisters to know the difficulties in which I had become involved. After remaining in Louisville some three weeks, Messrs. Coke and Maxwell began to think my intentions towards them were false; and about the latter part of October, I was arrested and taken before a magistrate by the name of Grayson. He did not delay to hear much testimony, but soon sent me off to jail. I saw clearly that the thing had been fixed with the old "honest justice," before I arrived. I was committed as a man of evil fame, having no honest calling for my support; and if I had, as the justice would reason, was guilty for not attending to it. I found myself once more locked up in prison, and by men who acted thus in my behalf, not al-

* I did not write home for three years after I left, in 1829.

together for the love they had for me, or for the good of the community, but to satisfy their thirst for revenge.— Again was the tyrant's sceptre swayed over me. Here I would record the kindness that I received from Major Oldham and family; it was such as will induce me ever to respect them, and to speak the praise due them for their humane treatment.

But the turnkey, one James Martin, acted like a cut-throat toward all over whom he was placed. When I found myself in prison I did not know what to do or who to apply to for help. I was thrown into the same room with Hyman, a gambler well known by the name of Samuel Dowler, and a pickpocket gambler by the name of William Smith, a man who had been respectable until he colleagued with the gambling fraternity, who robbed him of his money and reputation. He finally became one of those high-headed, honorable, genteel faro-dealers, too lazy to work, but not too honest to steal. It is too true that Smith, on rising from the faro table one night, was sufficiently absent minded to put his hand into another man's pocket who was listening to an auctioneer crying off his goods on Fourth street, in Louisville. Turner, the Louisville marshal, or some of his deputies, helped him along, and lodged him in safe keeping with Major Oldham.

There was another individual of the same stripe in the room, by the name of Thomas Minor, who kept a respectable gambling house, of variegated color; that is, he accommodated both white and black. His house was well supported by the Louisville gamblers No. 1, it being situated in a very conspicuous place, on the corner of Fourth and Water streets, lower side, in the basement. The landlord and his sporting gentry, had several times been accused of acts of an infamous character; and it was thought

proper to bring the honorable landlord before his betters. Minor appeared to console himself with the idea, that his character was good, and that no one dare doubt it, and his dependence, he said, was not alone on the physical strength he possessed, although he was about six feet seven inches high, and weighed over two hundred pounds. He was about thirty years old. He said the sporting gentlemen who visited his fine establishment, would challenge any man to honorable combat, who dared say that their landlord was not a gentleman sportsman of the first order.* Yet Tom could not be considered such from his own actions, and for want of bail he was sent down to board with Major Oldham until court.

The grand jury found a true bill against him, and he was brought to trial. The evidence was not so indisputable as the jury required, to prove him a man of evil fame, and the judge, in giving his charge to the jury, spoke rather flattering to Tom's hopes. He said that he had been some months in prison, and he did not doubt, from all appearances, but that he was guilty. Yet the evidence appeared rather doubtful as to the real character of the offence, and it was not yet proved that he had previously been guilty of similar offences.

With the above remark, Minor arose, and asked his honor, if he might have the privilege of introducing any evidence before the jury retired. The judge said that certainly he might. Minor then pointed to an honest looking countryman, and calling him by name, asked the court to have him sworn. The stranger appeared much confused when sworn. Minor told him to speak boldly, and tell

* There is no reason to doubt but that Minor was a fair sample of Louisville No. 1.

how long he had known him. The man replied, some twenty years. M. then asked him: When you first became acquainted with me, was I not considered respectable? Somewhat so, replied the man, with some hesitation, but that was twenty years ago. Your honor, said M., this man knew me, and says I was respectable. The judge then asked the stranger if he ever heard any body speak to the detriment of Minor's character, and if he was, when he knew him, a man of good character. The countryman replied, that he was considered a great gambler. Here the stranger was interrupted by M., who responded, may it please your honor, that was before I came to Louisville. The judge then asked the witness if M. was considered a bad man in society, and by his acquaintances who had known him from his childhood. The man answered that he was so viewed, and that he had been accused of horse-stealing, and if he had stood his trial, would undoubtedly have been convicted, as he had been caught riding the stolen horse.

Here M. again interrupted the speaker, and said: Your honor, that was ten years ago, and before I came to Louisville. The judge bade him be seated, and ordered the jury to act according to their views of the evidence. The jury soon pronounced Minor guilty, and he was fined and remanded.*

There were two more confined, of whom I shall say a few words, viz: James Black and Benjamin Rutherford. The former was a man almost too low for the companionship of any class of society. He was one of the black-leg tribe No. 2, in distress. My meaning is this: he was one of those penurious, industrious little narrow-hearted,

* This same Minor was afterwards murdered in Louisville.

thieving Faro dealers, who, like Smith, of whom I have spoken, not being able to make what he wanted by honest card playing, had become so absent minded as to be discovered one day with his hand in the wrong man's pocket. For his impudence they sent him to jail.

Benjamin Rutherford, his partner, was one of the strangest looking beings ever brought into existence; yet he was a fine, liberal fellow among the sportsmen. Even No. 1 were at times known to look up to him. Yet, whether it was for his superior talent in gambling, or for his facility in acts of a similar character with those the commission of which caused him and his partner to be incarcerated, I knew not. I will here give a description of his personal appearance. He was about twenty-seven years old, stout built, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, about five feet six inches high, light hair, long white eyebrows, high cheek bones, small gray eyes very much sunken, skin deeply marked with the small pox, his hair was bushy and sun-burnt, and from appearance, it would be natural to conclude it had not been combed for six months.* It was common among the sportsmen of Louisville, to say you had a worse countenance, when you committed such a deed, than Ben. Rutherford. Yet Ben. could claim his respectability among them as well as the smoothest and most plain-faced Faro dealers of the present day; and he had the best claims, although he was so mean in his outward appearance. The inward principle of R. was just as good as theirs, and founded on the same basis as that upon which our Calvert street club-house keeper supports his honorable title, his associates

* For particulars see Louisville Journal of January 16th, 1831, description of R. among the prisoners who broke jail.

and colleagues, and who are ever ready to trumpet his benevolent acts to conceal his acts of villainy. Yet Baltimore is not the only city in the Union in which are to be found such base rooms as the one alluded to, which is on Calvert street, between Baltimore and Lombard streets, west side, up stairs. The city of New York has many on Barclay, Park Row and Vesey street, and in other places. Washington city supports some twenty of these fashionable dens of murder and robbery, and almost every city in the Union contains more or less of them. The stool pigeons, or partners, of these men, who are in disguise, are more to be shunned and dreaded than those who carry on these houses. They may be known by the company they keep, and the arguments they use in support of their course. But I caution the young men of this country, to shun not only the gambler, as he would a viper, but also to beware of the man who is low enough to associate with him.

I will return to my description of the Louisville jail. Besides the men spoken of above, there were numerous others of a similar character; and with these desperate beings I was doomed to dwell, and for how long, the pleasure of the court only could decide. I was guilty of no crime—and for that alone, it appeared, I was confined.

Hyman was indicted for counterfeiting, and the State wished to use my evidence in the case. I was brought out during his trial, and remanded again. There appeared to be a general belief that I knew more about him than I was willing to tell. But H. is now dead, and I do not hesitate to assert, that he was one of the worst men of his day, yet I never knew him to be guilty of one of those base acts with which he was accused; but since then, I have been told by Mr. Goodrich, and others of

the gambling fraternity, that he was guilty of more than he had ever been accused. He was not himself a gambler, properly speaking, but he supported all of the fraternity who made application to him for support. Yet when he was on a race course, he thought the calling in itself so low, that he would not permit even the most respectable gamblers to approach him on that subject. Yet he was not above stooping to almost every other act of villainy. He was convicted, but was awarded a new trial.

Smith was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State's prison for four years; Rutherford and Black were remanded to await the next term. My prospect of being released soon, was small, and all from the fact of my not telling, what every body thought I must know. I would not, however, violate my conscience to favor either party, by testifying to a falsehood.

From the time I was remanded to prison, Martin, the turn-key, commenced using me very harshly. Cursing me, he would order me about as if I was one of the basest convicts, or a slave. One of the first orders Mr. M. imposed upon me, I met in a somewhat repulsive manner. He threatened to strike me with the jail-key, and used other violent threats towards me. He left the room, went down and brought up a pair of hand-cuffs, and ordered me to hold still while the blacksmith fastened them on; I obeyed. Major Oldham soon came up and ordered them off. In the course of the day, my young tyrant made his appearance, quite angry at the idea of the head jailor overruling his cruelty. He swore he would yet have satisfaction. It so happened that day the major had to leave home. He had scarcely left before the brave deputy made his appearance, with a pair of hand-cuffs, and ordered them to be put on me; he then left me. I discovered

that the hand-cuffs were large enough to be slipped over my hand. So soon as I made this discovery I took them off, and broke the cross bar between two rocks, and straightened out the ring. He came up at night, called me to the grate, and commenced talking in a tantalizing manner to me, without noticing that I was free from the hand-cuffs. He said he would watch my movements, and when he thought I was deserving, he would take them off. I told him to be certain not to do it until he was ready. He left the jail without being any the wiser of my freedom. The next day he came to the door and called me a d—d rascal, and ordered me to come up and have ~~my~~ hand-cuffs taken off. I felt indignant toward him for ~~his~~ insulting language, yet I was somewhat gratified with the idea of having taken them off myself, and broken them to pieces. I said nothing, but came forward. On discovering that the hand-cuffs were off, he was enraged, and asked where they were? He was shown the pieces, and one would have thought that the prison, though built of stone, could scarcely have held him. He swore he would put one hundred weight of iron on me, chain me to the floor, and then give me one hundred lashes. The latter threat I replied to, though mildly. I told him if he did, and if I ever was liberated, I would make a roach of him: that is, I would cut off both his ears. And here I would remark, that, just so certain as were the fulfilment of his threats, and I had lived, so certain would mine have been fulfilled. He went down stairs foaming; in about twenty minutes I heard him returning, with several female voices, which appeared urging him not to deal harshly with me. I had prepared myself with two large pieces of rock, and was determined to knock him down. However, every thing appeared to grow calm on a sudden, and I heard

nothing more of the difficulty until next morning. Major O. then came up, and asked me what Martin and I meant by such quarreling. I told him of M's. treatment of me from the time we quarreled. I now felt a double anxiety to get my liberty.

One day happening to be looking at the situation of the prison locks, I remarked to Hyman that if he would get me some pewter spoons, I would manufacture a key that would open the doors of the prison. He at first laughed at me. I assured him I could; and he said, at all events, there was nothing like trying. I felt if I did not break out, that probably I never would be released. I had been in from the first of November to the first of January, and had not committed any crime.

Hyman bade his wife, when she brought his dinner, always to bring him a pewter spoon; this she did, and in a short time we had about two pounds of pewter. We had an old eight plate stove in the room, and for a shovel a piece of old stove pipe. Our furniture consisted of one wooden bottom chair. I had a small penknife. With this penknife, the piece of stove pipe, the chair bottom, one iron spoon, and a piece of twine, we made our escape from the gloomy walls of this prison. I will explain how we managed this. Three doors were all that opposed us. The first was our room door, made of solid iron, and fastening with bolts on the outside. These bolts were large, and bolted from the bottom and top. When in the room, and the door shut and bolted, it would seem impossible for a man to open the door from the inside. The only place to look out, was through the crevice of a small trap door in the centre of the main door, made for the purpose of passing dishes in to men who were confined for murder, &c., as this room was intended for men of that grade.

This little trap door fastened by a bolt on the outside. This bolt could be discovered through the crevice, as the door did not fit very closely. I worked a spoon handle through this crevice, and soon shot the little bolt back, and thus was enabled to open the trap door; then, by protruding my arm, I could unbolt the large door. The first night of my experiments, I succeeded in opening the main door, but the other prisoners were fearful that I could not fasten it again, and thus our attempts would be detected the next day, and we should be made more secure. But after opening it, I saw plainly that from the inside I could bolt the little door so that there would be no suspicion. This I managed to do by means of a string which I doubled and put around the end of the bolt where it turned up, then taking hold of each end, pulled the bolt to its place, and no one person from the outside would be any the wiser of it.

Having thus gained access to the outside, we had but two more locks to contend with. I particularly marked the key, when the jailor came in the next day, and obtained a correct view of it. I copied the pattern, and the next night cut the mould in the bottom of our old chair, and cast the pewter key, having made a ladle of the old piece of stove pipe. I then opened the door to the entrance, and went out and fitted my key. Our arrangements thus perfected, we concluded the next night we should be ready to leave Major Oldham's hotel. When the time came, every thing was in readiness. I went out, tried my keys, and found for new keys that they worked smoothly. I went up again and told the prisoners the news. This was about eleven o'clock on the ninth night of January, 1831. Black then sat down and addressed a letter to Major Oldham, and intreated him not to think hard of his boarders for

thus abruptly leaving him ; for, said he, circumstances alter cases, and he hoped the Major would make some allowance for the course they had pursued. We then came to the conclusion that as I had made the keys, and knew best how the land lay, that I should unlock the doors, and then draw lots who should go out first ; the lot fell on me. I did not feel any apprehensions of danger at that hour of the night, and was as willing to go first as last. We signed the letter to the Major, and made the start. I went down and opened the doors, or at least unlocked them, then returned to our room, where each armed himself with a stick of round wood, with which we resolved to fight, if necessary.

We then walked out in single file. I opened the doors, and put the keys in my pocket. When opposite the office door of the jail, we heard Martin's voice at the card table. He was seated at a card table, and slapping his hand down, he swore that it was his trick. I recollect the thought ran across my mind at that time, that it was the prisoners' trick. We walked quietly around, and immediately under the office window into the jail alley, leading from Fifth to Sixth street, and landing immediately at the old jail ; so we were free from prison. But what were my feelings ! I knew that I was innocent of every thing worthy of imprisonment, and it was very natural that I should desire and seek my freedom.

We marched through to Fifth street, and there we concluded to separate. Hyman desired me to go with him ; but I refused to accompany any one of them, as I thought that in all probability, out of some seventeen who made their escape, I would perhaps be the only one not advertised. We parted. I did not know where to go. The river was crowded with ice from shore to shore, and

twenty-five cents was all the money I had on earth. I wandered about the city an hour. The clock struck one, and I felt more unhappy than I ever had before. I concluded I would return and give myself up to the jailor, and tell him the prisoners were free. I walked back within one square of the jail, when the thought came across my mind, that should I return and call to Martin, would he not shoot me down on the spot. I knew he hated me, and that he also carried weapons, and would as soon shoot a man as not, particularly when the man had no opportunity of defending himself; and he might easily have found a pretext for such an act in my case.

I finally concluded to leave the city by the Salt River road. I had wandered about two miles from the city when I was hailed by the well known voice of Smith. He begged me not to leave him, saying that he knew nothing of the manners and customs of the western people, and had no money, but possessed some fine wearing apparel. He said he would give me a suit of clothes, if I would go with him. So far as the clothing was concerned, I felt anxious to accept; yet I hesitated to accompany a man who was then under sentence of four years in the state prison for stealing. However, I told him, if he would not act dishonestly, I would go with him. The next morning found us about seven miles from Louisville, on the banks of the Ohio river. As the regular navigation was closed by ice, Smith proposed that we should steal a skiff, to descend the river in it. I then reminded him of his promise, that he was to give up stealing when he proposed to go with me. Although I had been six months in the Louisville and Cincinnati jails, yet I was shocked at the proposal to steal, and would not for a moment listen to it. I thought, in my reflections, of the officers in Cincinnati,

who first threw me into prison, without a just cause, among thieves and outlaws. This act of cruelty, I viewed as the beginning of my misfortunes, and I rightly conceived, that I could justly blame those officers, especially the unprincipled Doty, for their cruel treatment.

I agreed with Smith, if he could borrow the skiff from the man, with a promise to pay for it if not returned, I would be satisfied.* He went to the house, and manufactured a lie of the following character. He told the gentleman that the young man, meaning me, had ~~lost~~ a valuable boat in the ice at Louisville, and that we had started in pursuit of it in a skiff, which leaked so badly, that we were compelled to leave it, and progress on foot. The gentleman, Smith told him, lay some distance up the river, and if he would let us have his skiff, we would soon return it, or send him its value in money.

The gentleman told him we should be welcome to it. Smith, then, acting on the principle that one good turn deserves another, said we would take breakfast with him, it being about that time of day. After breakfast, Smith made some arrangement for a ham of bacon and a loaf of bread. We then got on board of our craft, and had not proceeded far, when the ice crowded us into a fearful position, driving us from one cake to another, and we were in imminent danger of being crushed between huge masses, pushing upon us from every side. We thus drifted along with the current for four days and nights; and the reader may imagine how much we suffered during that time from the inclemency of the weather, as our situation was not exactly suitable for indulging in the comforts of a fire.

On the morning of the fifth day, we went to a flat boat

* I paid for this skiff in 1836.

to procure some provisions. The boat had no skiff. S. proposed to its owner to take our skiff, and we would go with him as passengers, and work for our boarding. The boat belonged to a Mr. Reynolds, who lived near Marietta, Ohio. Smith said that we had started from Louisville on a flat-boat, and that our boat sinking, we had concluded to proceed down the river in our small boat. Reynolds and Smith soon made a bargain; and as S. was a good waterman, he suited R. very well. From this time we fared well, and nothing extraordinary happened until we arrived at Memphis. Here I stopped, with a determination to work at my trade again. I was offered fifteen dollars per month, and my boarding. I left Mr. Smith with the captain of the flat-boat, and went to work for a man by the name of Stogdon.

A few days after I had commenced work, I cast my eyes over a newspaper, and saw an advertisement for those who had escaped with me, offering the following rewards, viz: for Henry Hyman alias Hugh H. Sparkman, fifty dollars; for Smith, ten dollars; for Black, ten dollars; for Rutherford, ten dollars; and nothing for myself and the balance, yet the idea of being advertised was very disagreeable to me, although I did not believe that Stogdon knew any thing of my difficulties. Hyman was retaken,* and the rest of the prisoners made their escape.

Although I had been so much exposed to the wickedness of the gamblers, and had been taught the different games, yet I felt no inclination to follow so mean a calling, and to devote my life to a practice so despicable. Minor and Rutherford had shown me all kinds of tricks; and I discovered, while in prison, that I was quite an adept at

* Hyman had a new trial granted him and was acquitted, and died of cholera in Louisville, in the fall of 1832.

the business, yet I had an aversion to it, because the greatest villains that ever I had become acquainted with, were what are called "honorable gamblers," and "high-minded sportsmen." Before their late difficulties, Smith and Black were of this character. After I had been a short time at Memphis, I was one day standing upon the wharf, when I saw two faces very familiar to me. The names of the gentlemen were Daniel and James Brown. I was acquainted with the former while I resided at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, when I was quite young. Mr. B. did not recognise me until after I had spoken to him, and told him where I had known him. He appeared very glad to see me, and inquired when I had been last at Lawrenceburg. I replied, better than eighteen months had passed since I left, and that I had not heard any news from there since. He said that he did not then reside at Lawrenceburg, but had lately visited the town, and was then on his way to New Orleans, to commence an extensive wholesale grocery, and that he wished me to go and live with him. I immediately agreed to do so, and thought the opportunity an excellent one, and hoped to do well, as I knew that Mr. Brown had carried on merchandizing to a large extent in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and in other places through Dearborn county. He was also considered wealthy by all who knew him.

I went to Mr. Stegdon and made known to him my intentions. He paid me my dues, and I went on board of the boat with the two Mr. Browns; the wife of James Brown was also on board. After I got on board, Mr. B. noticed that I had no trunk, and took me back into the cabin, and pointed to a trunk, giving me the key, remarking that I would find some packages in the bottom, which I need not disturb, as there would be sufficient room for

my clothing without moving them. When we arrived at Natchez, the two Mr. Browns went ashore, and told me to go on to Orleans, and they would be there in the course of a few days. When we arrived at Orleans, we engaged boarding at a private house, and, according to promise, the Browns soon came, and commenced making preparations for business. Some two days after their arrival, they took the trunk from me they had left in my care, and gave me another.

I noticed that Daniel B. had many calls from different individuals, and one day, who should I see with Mr. B. but the notorious gambler, Goodrich. I asked Mr. B. whether he was acquainted with the man with whom he had been talking. He said he was a gentleman from Tennessee, a negro-trader, and that he was no farther acquainted with him than in business transactions. I told him that I had heard him spoken of as a bad man. He said he had nothing to do with him, excepting that he expected to purchase five or ten negroes of him. I asked him if he was not a gambler? He said he believed he was. The next day I was sitting in the parlor, when about twenty men came in, and closed the door of the house. I could plainly see, from their uniform, that they were police officers.* They commenced searching, but found nothing. I did not think for a moment, that they searched for anything in reference to the Mr. Browns, but in the course of twenty minutes a note came requesting Mrs. Brown to send a certain package of letters by the bearer of the note. She sent the papers; they were letters of recommendation which the Browns had brought with them. I was suspicious that all was not right, and

* The city police officers at that day dressed in uniform.

left the room. The landlady told me that both of the Browns had been arrested, and forty two thousand dollars of counterfeit money were taken from them. I could not believe the report, until I went and satisfied myself. I went to the office where they were under arrest, and to my great surprise, I beheld the very trunk which Mr. Brown had given me to pack my clothes in, and the very packages that were in the trunk and which he told me not to disturb, were those that contained this immense quantity of counterfeit money; and no doubt remained upon my mind but that Mr. Brown was perfectly aware of the fact of its being counterfeit. He was very particular indeed in providing room for my use, without removing the packages referred to. I felt almost sure that imposition had been practiced upon him by that notorious villain Goodrich,* in whose company I had seen him. The Browns were unable to give the bail required, and consequently were committed to prison. The plea which they made, was that they had received the money from Wm. G. Taylor, who was arrested and held to bail in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. Tremendous excitement prevailed in the community, overflowed as it was with spurious money. Some thirty or forty gamblers of different grades were arrested—I however, was not disturbed.

Day after day did I go to the prison to carry the Browns their meals, and to perform any other errand that was in my power. The Browns, as well as Taylor, were making every preparation for trial. Two or three hundred witnesses for and against them had been sum-

* Goodrich, the man referred to, is yet living in Louisiana, a short distance from New Orleans, and boasts that he made his immense wealth by gambling.

moned, and several attorneys employed. I still boarded at the same house where Mrs. Brown did, and being under such continual excitement, I began to lose the respect I once possessed for my relatives, and to think that the course pursued by the two Browns was right. Yet my heart would revolt at the thought that I ever should become a participant in the guilt which led to their present condition. Even after I became so imbued with the spirit of gaming, as to find amusement for my evenings at the card table, a greater insult could not have been offered me, than for one to have said, "Sir, you will become a gambler." But the infatuation strengthened with the habit which I was not aware I was forming—alas ! my sad experience, which I must now ever review with sorrow and regret, is but a faithful picture of that warning, which, as I have said, would once have been the greatest insult to my feelings. My increasing fondness for a game of pleasure *did* sometimes of itself suggest the idea to my mind, that perchance, I might become what I most feared, a gambler. I felt my principles gradually giving way, and the gamester's character, to my distorted moral vision, seemed not so deeply shaded with disgrace as once it had appeared. Virtuous purposes are quickly overcome by vicious practices. I found it so—well had I learned the use of the cards, and now I felt myself prepared for a contest with the most expert of this class of men. They soon became my constant associates. One indulgence in this desperate vice, but prepares the way for a greater. On and on I went, till from the lofty pinnacle whence I had looked down with horror into the depths of infamy to which its victims were sunk, I had descended step after step, and at last saw myself upon the very brink of everlasting ruin. Oh, how awful are the feelings called to

mind as I trace these pages! My soul trembles at the retrospect! God only knows how I would impress upon the youthful mind, the inevitable disgrace into which this vice of the present age, plunges its deluded votary. And it is a prayer which rises from the bleeding heart of one who has known and felt the loss of character—of one who has the mortification to feel that he shall never be able to discharge the debt he owes to the community, arising from his awful guilt while a slave to this soul-destroying sin,—that all who read these pages may take timely warning by his example, and beware of gambling. Think of it not as a pleasure—it is vice, and only vice. Think not, I beseech you, to go so far and no further. Human purpose has not strength enough to say, when once the habit is formed, “here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

Nature, as well as education, had done much for Daniel Brown. He was fitted for the gentleman, and possessed the elements of a good man, and a fine personal appearance. The love of money, which truly is the root of all evil, carried him astray. His brother was the reverse of him in disposition. The Browns knew that it would take all their means to procure their freedom. They were acquainted with a class of men on whom they could depend to do any thing for money,—the American black-legs, whom they determined to enlist. The reason for selecting them in preference to foreigners, was this—they knew more about the geography of our country, and also more about the manners and customs of the land. As soon as they arrived at New Orleans, some of the low contemptible lawyers whom the Browns had employed, tried every means to enlist them in their favor. One of those base perverters of justice sought to make me perjure myself. One day after I had taken Brown his meal, he called me

by name, and said he had business of a particular and important character with me, which, as he stated, it was D. Brown's wish I should attend to. He introduced it thus—"Green, you have known me for a long time—you have also known D. Brown, and I believe he is innocent of the charge of knowing the money to be spurious. But if he cannot prove that he received that money from Taylor, he will be sent to the penitentiary for life. He wishes therefore to procure evidence to establish that fact. He could get every friend he has to testify to this, but says he wants evidence of youthful age"—i. e. he wanted my evidence. I told him I knew nothing about Wm. G. Taylor. "Well," said he, "you know that he has been arrested on the oath of the Browns, as the man that let them have the spurious money found in their possession." I replied I did. "Green, if you will now act up to the proposition I have to make for the benefit of D. Brown, he will make you a rich man." I asked him in what way he wished me to act. "Well," said he, "I will get you five one hundred dollar notes* of the spurious money, which, at the request of Brown, you are to swear Taylor let you have." I replied I had never received such notes from T., and that I did not know him. "I am aware of that," said he, "but if Brown could produce this evidence, he would then be able to prove Taylor guilty, and by that means get clear." I felt so perfectly shocked, that I knew not what to say or to do. To hear a man who was the father of sons older than myself, ask me to come forward, and in the presence of Almighty God, raise my hand and testify to a falsehood of the basest nature! And for what!

* The spurious money in Brown's possession was chiefly in \$100 bills.

merely to answer the purposes of so black a hearted wretch as this attorney must have been, who would advise a poor helpless orphan to swear even his soul (if possible) away, and Taylor's reputation. I asked him why he did not request this of Goodrich, the gambler, as he was a rich man, and his testimony would have weight of a different character. He said that Goodrich had left for Memphis, Tennessee, and would not return, and that he was a man of infamous character. I told him that he should receive my answer the next morning. He then cautioned me to say nothing to any person in relation to what he had said to me. We parted. I never had experienced the same feelings before in my life. Oh! that every youth could but sympathize with me, without having to pay for their sympathetic feeling, with the loss of that which riches cannot restore, that is, a good character. I knew that the request was dishonorable, illiberal, and unfeeling, and felt contempt for the cruel villain, who could ask such a one of me. I came to the conclusion, that I would go and find out who were Mr. Taylor's attorneys, and tell them and get their advice. I went to one of the United States' Deputy Marshals, by the name of Munger, and asked him who were the attorneys of Mr. Taylor. He told me J. R. Grimes and Preston were the principal ones. Mr. Munger asked me if I wished particularly to see them; I told him I did. He asked me the nature of my case, as he perceived I made considerable inquiry as to their being men of responsible character. He said undoubtedly they were responsible men. I then told him the proposition the infamous lawyer had made me. He told me to say nothing about it to any one, and that he would ask the prosecuting attorney, and he would give me the necessary advice. I promised to meet

him in a few hours. In the mean time he was to see the attorney, and let me know the result of their interview. I called on him at the appointed time, and he was there according to promise. He said he had asked the district attorney, who was no other than John Slidell, the present representative in Congress, and that he had told him to instruct me to take the money, and promise to swear it on Taylor, and as soon as the money was given to me, to bring it to him, and he would give me further orders what to do. I met my man at the time appointed, and told him I would ~~take the~~ money and do whatever was right for Mr. Brown. The attorney told me I was a fine, brave young man, and he had no doubt but that Brown would make a wealthy man of me. The lawyer furnished me with the money, cautioning me not to tell any one where I had obtained it, and requesting me not to carry it about my person, but to be ready, when called upon, to testify to the facts as he requested.

When I returned with the money to Mr. Munger, he sat down and talked with me. I told him my situation, and he wept over my misfortunes, and requested me to call on him, and he would take pleasure in giving me advice; he also told me that he would have me subpoenaed, and then I would get wages during the time I was waiting for further orders; but that I must not tell, even my most confidential friend, the business I had been transacting with him, and that I must pay the same attention to the affairs of the Browns I always had done, and when the lawyer asked me any questions relative to the arrangements I had entered into, to talk to ~~sent~~ his purpose. I acted as Mr. Munger instructed me, and every thing appeared to pass off without the slightest suspicion of either of the parties, but that all was right.

Daniel Brown was taken very ill, and required a great deal of attention. The wife of James Brown and myself were kept constantly on the run to and from the prison. One morning when we had taken their breakfasts to them, we were standing at the door. After James Brown had received his breakfast dishes in at the prison door, he called to Mrs. Brown, and told her not to go till he could see her. At the same time, the attorney* who had bargained with me to swear falsely, came in the passage and called Mrs. Brown into the prison office. While she was absent, Brown came to the window (the shutter being closed) and called his wife. I answered to the call. He told her to take a note, at the same time presenting it at the window. I extended my hand and received the note. It was unsealed, and I read it, thinking perhaps it was a recipe for medicine. But, upon opening it, what was my surprise to find that it contained matter of a very interesting character. It stated, that at the corner of Canal and Old Levee streets, stood a tree, and by that tree a stone, under which, rolled up in a piece of sheet lead and oil-cloth, and packed in one of those large sized blacking boxes, were twenty-two hundred dollars, belonging to one Sandford, who had been arrested about the time that the two Browns were, for having passed counterfeit money. The note stated, that Sandford was then dead in prison, and that before his death he had revealed to Daniel Brown where this treasure was hidden; that having every reason to expect his arrest, the night before it occurred, he had made this deposit; that eleven hundred were counterfeit, the balance good money. I hastened to the spot, where it was said the treasure was concealed. When I came to

* I would expose this man, but he has a large and respectable family, therefore I withhold his name for the present.

the place, I found by the description of the spot, that all must be true. I soon removed the stone and found the box. I did not know what to do; I ran first one way, then the other, perfectly crazy. I opened the box, and found that it contained the amount, but I could not tell which was the good money or the bad. I concluded that I would go and tell my friend, Mr. Munger.* I found him, and gave him the note and the money: he appeared very much surprised, examined the money, and said every thing was just as it had been described. He then asked me what I intended doing with the good money as well as the counterfeit. I replied that I would act in conformity with his views. He told me he knew Sandford by character, and that he was a very bad man, being a partner of the notorious Goodrich, and he would try and find out who Sandford's relatives were. So he made inquiry, but could not trace him any farther than Ford's Ferry, where this now respectable black-leg Goodrich had resorted, and that he had once been accused, together with Goodrich, of stealing negroes from Bird, at the mouth of the Ohio; and from what he could learn, Sandford was a fictitious name, and he thought I was entitled to the good money, and the spurious he would take charge of, with my consent. During this time I had seen Mrs. Brown, who did not ask me any thing in relation to the treasure. I, however, knew that she was watching me closely. Mr. M., the Deputy Marshal, told me I had better leave the good money with him, until I learned what was said, and whether Mrs. Brown inquired of me about the money, as there was not the least doubt but Mr. Brown would suspect me of receiving the note at the door, and when my

* I will not be confident that the Deputy's name was not Mungrell.

hand came in contact with the note, (it being small) he mistook it for his wife's. Days and weeks passed, and not one word was breathed about the money. Daniel Brown fell dangerously ill, and was sent to the Marine Hospital by order of the physician, and placed under a strong guard as well as lock and key. I went regularly to see him, and sat up with him during his illness. Late one night he questioned me relative to my family, their situation in life, and several questions of a like nature, and finally asked me if I had not received five hundred dollars from a certain lawyer, to testify on Taylor's* trial, as having been received from Taylor. I told him I had. He said I ought not to have accepted it; that it was an entire arrangement of his brother James and the lawyer; and that I had best not go farther, but give the money back to the lawyer, but not to say that he had given such advice. In a few days after this he died. All things appeared to take a sudden change in the affairs of the Browns. The principal offender was dead, yet the other was equally guilty with his brother; but there was not so much anxiety in his behalf as in his brother's, on account of the respectable situation the latter held in society, previous to his being connected with the counterfeiters. The time for Taylor's trial was drawing near, and suspicion had somewhat fallen upon me, by J. Brown saying that all would not be right with me when Taylor's trial came on. Taylor, by some means, had discovered that means of a foul nature had been taken against him, (through me) by the Browns. This he must have learned from the sentinel at the hospital, from the conversations held between Brown and myself.

* Taylor's trial had been put first on docket, so as to use the Browns as evidences against him.

Mr. Munger came to me one day, and said—"Green, we do not want to use your evidence in behalf of Taylor, and we should like you to leave and go up the coast." I readily agreed; he then gave me an order, which he had procured, for the money that I was entitled to for my services as a witness, which amounted to thirty-five dollars; he also gave me one hundred dollars of the money I had found, and told me to go to Bayou Sarah, which is situated one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, in the state of Louisiana, and there remain until he wrote for me to return. I went on board of the "Lady of the Lake," and had a pleasant trip of about twenty-five hours, as the boat was detained by frequent stoppages. I arrived at Bayou Sarah, where I found much evil work, both in gambling and licentiousness. I kept aloof as well as I possibly could, situated as I was for several days, without receiving any particular news from the trial, more than that it was in progress. About ten days had elapsed, when I was surprised to find Mr. Munger in my bed room. He had just arrived, and ascertained I was at the City Hotel, kept by Mr. Manfield. He told me he was glad to find me, and to learn that I had been at Bayou Sarah since the time I had left him nearly a fortnight before. He said he had come after me; that the whole city was in an uproar about a robbery of the Custom House, and that all of the most suspicious men of the city had been arrested, among whom was a man by the name of Jack King, a notorious villain, and that the offence for which they had been committed, was of the most daring character. He said that while Taylor's trial was in progress, and the jury out, some villains had entered the Custom House through a window blind which was opened by a crow bar, and entered the Clerk's Office, where lay the plates which

were abstracted, some ten different sizes, and had been found with the Browns, and they had sworn them on Taylor, together with some forty thousand dollars of spurious money, which had been placed in the Clerk's Office for safe keeping. The office was near the Marshal's Office, where two Marshals and some five guards were with Taylor, the jury being out in a room immediately over the Clerk's Office. The villains entered upon the outside, by prying open the large blind, and raising the window, and stole from the room the tin chest, with all of the above mentioned articles, and indictments. It was a remarkably light night, the moon shining brightly. About twelve o'clock, one of the jurors happened to walk to the window, when he saw the figure of a man upon a large bank of sand, which had been thrown there for city purposes, and upon the news reaching the jury next morning, they were of opinion that the robbers had hid their treasures in the sand. Search was made, and a crow-bar two feet long, was found. It was a new one, and, on inquiry, a man came forward and said he made it for a gambler by the name of King. He was immediately found and arrested, and some days after had an examination. He then acknowledged he had the crow-bar made for a man by the name of Green. There being no other man of this name, it was thought I was the person referred to. Inquiry being made, and I having been missed from my boarding house some days before the robbery, there appeared a strong probability of my guilt. Yet Munger having examined the docket of the steamer, found it impossible for me to have been in the city the night of the robbery. Mr. Munger said to the Court he could have me there in three days; he was despatched, and came to Bayou Sarah, and found that I had been there ever

since my arrival. I accompanied him to New Orleans (though not as a prisoner). We arrived in the city on Sabbath evening, and Munger was obliged to put me in prison. I was confined among all classes, for at that time the city convicts were placed in chained gangs, confined at night in the cells, and taken out to work in the day time. The next morning, without the knowledge of King that I was taken, they took me in the jail office, and then brought King in, and asked him if he knew me. He said he did not; that he had never seen me before. They asked him if I might not have been dressed differently, and if he might not be deceived. He said no, he was very certain he had not.

They then asked him how he came to say that Green had got him to procure the crow-bar. He acknowledged having done me injustice, but it was through the persuasion of James Brown; and it was plainly to be seen, that he (Brown) was at the head of the villainy which had been transacted, although the State was making him an evidence against Taylor. They felt deeply incensed against him for his conduct towards me. King was told that his case was desperate, and unless he told where the counterfeit plates and indictments were, Taylor would be acquitted, as the jury could not agree; and unless they could procure the plates, it was evident that the case would have to be dismissed, for the want of sufficient testimony to convict him. Brown's previous arrangements were as follows: that King should secure the box wherein the testimony of the State against him was placed, and also that of Taylor's; yet he was certain Taylor would be convicted, and then he thought he himself would be set at liberty, for the want of testimony sufficient to convict him; and also that the blame of the robbery of the clerk's office

of its plates would be attached to Taylor ; and that when free, he would have the same opportunity to make and pass as much spurious money, as he had been in the habit of doing in former days. But his villainy was destroyed in its bud; Taylor's jury could not agree, and he was bound over to a new trial. King had been arrested, and acknowledged that Brown was accessory to the robbery. King was taken out a second time. I had been remanded, I knew not for what reason. I knew that the officers were aware that I was innocent. When King went on trial, they made a proposition to him, that if he would tell where the plates and money were concealed, they would give him three hundred dollars, and set him at liberty ; to which he agreed, provided they would send him to Natchez. They accordingly sent him to that city, in charge of the marshal. The day after he left, Mr. Munger visited me, and remarked, that he was afraid I would not get out of prison soon. I asked him why. He said that the State had determined to prosecute Brown, and wanted me for part evidence ; and that if I could not give an enormous bail, that I would, he feared, have to stay. Oh! the horror of that prison was too great for me to think of enduring. I begged him to get me bail. I told him that I was willing to give the thousand dollars to any body who would bail me. He said that no person knew anything about my having that money save himself, and that he wanted me to keep that a secret; for, said he, "they perhaps would take it from you;" but he would endeavor to get some person—that a friend of his might go my bail. He came that evening, and told me he had procured bail for an enormous amount. The gentleman that went my bail, he said, was with him. I discovered a man standing by his side, apparently about fifty years old,

of dark complexion, about six feet high. He said he had entered into bail bonds for me, and that he would expect me to be forthcoming.

There appeared to be a mystery hanging over this man's conduct towards me, that I could not account for;—his entering into such enormous bail bonds for me, and without my knowing why he had done so; and still the mystery remains unsolved. I thanked him for his kindness, when I found myself at liberty. I asked Mr. Munger who this man was. He said he could not tell me more, than that he had got some of the best citizens to go my bail with him. Munger told me that King and the United States marshal had found the plates, which were concealed in a constable's house, in Natchez, by the name of Armstrong; that the money had been found concealed in Armstrong's book-case, and that Armstrong had escaped. King returned to the city, and was put on small bail, which was given. Taylor was again put on trial. Munger came to me, and told me that Taylor would have me summoned as a witness, to prove that Brown's attorney had tried to bribe me; but that the court did not care about getting me into difficulty; and when Taylor's trial was over, Brown would have to stand trial, and then they would wish my testimony; and, said he, if you will go to Mobile, I will give you your money when you start. I told him I would do so; he gave me my money, which was one thousand and seventy dollars; told me to hold myself in readiness, and he would let me know when to go.

I felt uneasy in mind; every thing appeared to work so as to give me trouble. I had frequented a house in the city, where some young men used to meet and play cards. I had joined, and we played for cakes, wine, theatre

tickets, &c. Cards began to fascinate me, as I found this company to be young men of good morals, with the exception, that they played cards for amusement. One day, I noticed a stranger among the company, who appeared very courteous to me. After we had been playing for oysters, and I had won them, he asked me to take a walk, it being in the cool of the evening. I did not object. Our walk was up to the flat-boat landing. We were walking along slowly, when he commenced talking to me about a trick called the "Big hand at seven up."* I told him I had seen it. We had now got near the sign of the "Bull's Head," when he told me to hold on a minute, until he spoke to a man. I accordingly stopped. I discovered the man he was talking to, to be the notorious Goodrich, so often spoken of in these pages. He soon came out. I asked who the man was, he spoke to. He replied, that he was the gentlemanly landlord of the "honorable house" called the "Bull's Head." We then had reached the flat-boats. He remarked, that here was a boat belonging to him, and asked me to go on board; it was a flat-boat loaded with sand. He told me, he had loaded the boat at Elias's cliffs, a sand bank on the Mississippi river, about fifteen miles below Natchez. After we got aboard, he pulled out a pack of cards, and tried to explain this "big hand of seven up" to me. I told him again, that I knew all about it. He still insisted that I was mistaken. I told him I was not. He put the hand down, and it was evident to me he was mistaken. I told him I thought so; to which he replied, he would bet me oysters that he was not mistaken. He then pulled out about \$100, and said, he would bet that, if I felt so sanguine he

* See "Green on Gambling," page 178.

laboured under a mistake, and that I would win. I said I would bet him five. He replied, that he was not so chicken-hearted himself, and thus tantalized me to bet seventy dollars. I won. He got up abruptly, and went into the "Bull's head" tavern, while I walked out of sight. The shades of night soon covered the earth, and I found myself deeply soliloquizing thus: I have made seventy dollars to-day, and would have given it back, but the gambler that lost it acted so independently that I kept it. I had, for the first time in my life, won to the amount of five dollars. I had by this time got near the licensed gambling-houses, when I was called by a well-known voice, which I recognised to be no other than my man Smith, who had escaped from the Louisville jail at the same time I did. Smith was finely dressed, and assured me that he had won a great deal of money since he had seen me, playing the game of faro, and asked me if I did not want to go and try my luck. I told him I would give him fifty dollars to play for him and myself. I was to have half if he won, and if he lost, he was to owe me twenty-five dollars. This he consented to. I gave him the money, and he commenced. There were many players around the table. Although Smith won, all appeared to lose around the table except him. The bankers were large winners. Smith was over two thousand dollars winner, and drunk at that. I wanted him to quit; he told me to take my money and quit; but he would win all the money the dealers or game-keepers had. I drew out all the money, over one thousand dollars for my part. I left Smith at play; but from all appearances he would soon be out of money. I went to my boarding-house, and laid down on my bed with upwards of two thousand dollars. I felt rich, and a thought came over me that

I should never want money again ; and as soon as I could escape from the city of New Orleans, with the assurance that I would not have to return, how happy I would be. I anticipated all the enjoyments that a vain man could. I thought my happiness on earth would be endless. I counted my money over and over, and never expected to play any more. I felt that every thing was accidental, yet that my happiness had commenced. What a poor, simple young man I was ! My troubles had been great, yet they had scarcely begun. Oh ! had I seen the dark, dismal cloud that was then hovering over me, could I have endured the dread of its approach ? No ; yet my vain lucre had banished all the fear that once overshadowed my youthful breast. But my tale of trouble has yet to be told. Oh ! that I had the eloquence of a Paul to impress the feelings of this bleeding heart upon the mind of every young man of this heaven-favoured land, and all Christian society ! Could I but prevail on all men to view this soul-destroying, damning vice, in a correct light, then, indeed, might I be happy ; but, until this be accomplished, I shall feel it a duty, which I owe to God and to my fellow men, to proclaim, in every allowable way, the great and universal sin of gambling.

The whole livelong night was I troubled by the excitement of the faro bank. In the morning, without telling any one of my success, I left my boarding-house, and went to Mr. Munger's room. I told him, that, with his permission, I would leave for Mobile that day. He said he would, if he were in my place, and that, when I was wanted, he would write for me. I made inquiry as to the boat's starting, and found that she left for Pascagola, which was the port she ran to, and from that place the mail-stage took the passengers to Mobile. I had made my prepara-

tions to depart. It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the third Monday in May, 1832. All who are acquainted with the southern climate, will recollect that the heat during the middle of the day is oppressive in New Orleans during the month of May.* At this hour of the day I was standing not far from the foot of Girard street, thinking how glad I would be of the privilege of stepping on board the steamer "Walk-in-the-Water," at that time commanded by Capt. J. W. Russel, and destined for the Ohio.

I felt as if I would give all I then possessed, to see my frail old sire and beloved sisters: yet I was destined to go another way from that I wished. While standing here, I discovered the man, whose name I never knew, from whom I won the seventy dollars the night before. As he approached me, I was cutting my finger-nails with a small penknife. He came up to me and spoke, bidding me "Good morning." I noticed at the same time the notorious Goodrich dodge his head out of a barber's shop, and as quickly withdraw it, upon perceiving that he was noticed. I bid him good morning:

He said, "Mr. Green, I want the money back you got from me last night."

A thought crossed my mind of this nature: "Poor fellow! perhaps the money I won was his all, and as I have plenty, I will give it back to him." I went to pull the money out, at the same time asking him the amount. He answered, three hundred dollars. I could see from his very countenance that his intentions were bad. I asked him again how much. He said three hundred dollars. I told him I would not give him one dollar. He laughed

* New Orleans is in 30° N. latitude.

in my face, and then said, I will arrest you for playing a swindling game on me.* The word *arrest* turned my heart from that of a lamb to a lion. "Arrest me!" said I to him.

"Yes, villain," said he.

I told him I would die before so great a scoundrel as he should put a hand on me. Upon this he pulled out a warrant; and two city guards, who carried their swords by their sides, being near us, he called for their assistance. They turned, and I thought I would run. I never, from that time to the present, could assign any reason for acting in the way I did: unless it was, that I had been so badly imposed on that I had become timid.

I ran, and the cry of "stop thief" rang in my ears. The impulse of the moment bade me sound the same notes, as if I too were pursuing a thief. It ran like wildfire, and in a few seconds, the eye could have witnessed hundreds, perhaps, crying "stop thief." Being somewhat fleetier than my pursuers, I found myself getting rapidly in advance; so much so, that I thought it more expedient to make my escape, by turning off the levee, by way of a street that leads from the river to the back part of the city. I changed my course, ran out to Tchptoulas street, up which I turned with the fleetness of a deer. I came to the cotton-house, and concluded to run to the back part of the yard and get to the next street. After entering the yard, I found it was enclosed by a high fence, and when within a few feet of it, the horrible sound of "stop thief" pierced my ear. I was then seventy-

* When a game is played, in which the principals are all one-sided, the one who plays can be punished as a criminal for the act of theft.

five yards in advance of my pursuers. I made a spring for the fence, and as I reached the top, one of the negroes employed in the yard caught my foot, and pulled my shoe off. Yet my pursuers knew the situation of the city better than I. They had taken out another street, and I was running into the jaws of the enemy. Unaware of my imminent danger, I still ran with my small knife open in my hand. I ran to the corner first in my course, and directly into the arms of the guards, when a brisk fight commenced between them and myself. I soon found myself dispossessed of a round jacket and hat, and once more running in the street with a mob at my heels. The rascal with the writ made one bold charge on me; but his second charge was urged with much more caution. I broke my little knife, and was a dreadful picture to behold. I was covered with blood from head to foot, from some few scratches which I had exchanged with the mob. I pulled out a longer knife, and about the same time two blacks rushed upon me, when an Irish drayman raised his dray-pin and struck one of them over the head; with my knife I made the other glad to release me. The crowd following looked infuriated at me. I was a perfect maniac; and the sound from the mob to "stop thief" made me forget I was nothing more than a weak youth. It was singular, yet true, that whenever I turned, by throwing rocks I was generally successful in marking some of their pates. This made the ringleaders somewhat fearful; especially as the first of my pursuers had fared so badly, particularly the two French guards, the man who had sworn out the writ, and the two negroes who held me until relieved by my friend, the son of Hibernia—to whom be ever honor and good luck, and if I knew where his ashes were, the green sod should not be the only emblem to point

where the body of so generous a man is laid. Firmly do I believe that he, by the mercy of God, was made the instrument to assist me out of my difficulty. It was singular that I escaped from such a band of men, yet sometimes I am forced to believe that, among my numerous pursuers, there were many delighted to witness my escape. I ran about one mile from the place where I was first attacked on the wharf, fighting during my progress. I made my way towards the swamp, or pine woods, immediately back of the city, and was within about four hundred yards of the place, when I discovered some hundreds of men, who were digging out the present canal basin. The thought struck me, that here I would have to encounter something worse than the mob at my heels; yet, I advanced with the infuriated men crowding after me. But I was agreeably surprised to witness that large body divide and let me pass, and then in one solid body close up against the wharf-rat Frenchmen who pursued me. I ran into the water, which was about breast deep, for some hundred and fifty yards, when a *brave* Frenchman rode up and fired at me; the shot fell harmless around me.

I hope the reader will not consider this an exaggerated picture. It is indeed a true narrative, and can convey but an inadequate idea of my real condition at that time; yet I hope that this unvarnished statement will serve, in a great degree, to illustrate the wretchedness into which our unrestrained passion may lead us, and also how desperate a man may be made by those of his own class.

I continued wading on for some two hundred and fifty yards through the water toward the woods, where I knew I could find some dry earth. My situation was horrible. The first object that met my view, when I reached the

mole of dry earth, was one of those large cotton-mouth snakes.* He was coiled up, and was so poisonous that ~~he~~ was perfectly helpless and blind. He moved no more than if he had been dead. I walked quietly around him. Conceive, then, the situation in which I was placed—without shoes or socks to my feet, having lost one of my shoes at the first offset from the river, and the other in running through the mud. Yet even this did not cause me to think of the imminent danger I was in. Walking around the large snake, I came near stepping on another of equal size, besides numerous small ones. I then concluded to walk on and pay no attention to them, when I suddenly encountered another, which I kicked with my bare foot about a rod. I walked some forty yards without any fear. Had the ground been carpeted with snakes, my poor sinful heart was too much hardened to have been sensible of my situation. However, I felt that if one of those snakes had bitten me, death would certainly have been my portion, for our dreaded rattle-snakes are not considered more poisonous. I climbed a pine-tree, to cover myself from the burning sun, and to insure protection from the poisonous reptiles. Oh! the sad reflections, as I recall to memory the events of that dreadful day. My horrible situation was that of a man who had been hunted down like the deer of the forest. And for what? I had that day committed more sin than in my whole life previous. I leave you to judge of my dreadful situation at that time. Let me attempt to describe it. I was fifteen hundred miles from any one whom I could consider my

* These are the most poisonous snakes of the country, and are very much like our copper-heads. They are called cotton-mouth from their white mouths.

friend, except Mr. Munger. I was upon a tree in a pine-forest, and only protected from the scorching rays of the sun by a few branches of a pine-tree, and without hat, shoes, or coat; yes, and worse than all, I had that day lost all feeling for Him who died to save sinful man. Oh! it is dreadful even now to reflect upon; and what must be the comparison at this time, when I am living in a land of plenty, blessed with health, and have a bright prospect of eternal happiness! But there I was, perched in a tree, yet with over two thousand dollars in my possession. I had plenty to make me comfortable in body, but not in mind; an exhibition of the folly of man, who wears out his days in seeking for that which cannot purchase one hour of real happiness. Behold my dreadful situation! with two thousand dollars in my pocket, yet not able to procure a drink of cold water to cool my parched tongue. True, I was surrounded by water, yet it was of a brackish, saline nature. That morning, I had wrought enough crime to secure my eternal destruction, unless followed by sincere repentance. Yet there I sat, reflecting only upon the probable chance of again reaching the city alive, over the nests of poisonous snakes,* with not a shoe to my foot. I thought of my sainted mother, and rejoiced that the misfortunes of her son could never wring her heart with anguish. I thought of my aged father, at that time eighty-eight years of age, and asked myself if that head, silvered o'er with the frosts of eighty odd years, could have lain down contented, with the knowledge of his son's errors and troubles? And those sisters, who had bathed my cheeks with many tears of sweet affection!

* Reflect what must have been my situation, when, in the winter, you can go out any day and kill a snake of the most venomous kind.

What would have been their feelings, could they have conceived my situation? Yet no one will ever live to tell the sorrow and sufferings that I endured; such was the anguish of my mind, that it is utterly vain for me to attempt a description of my misery on that dreadful day. And should not these facts put both young and old on their guard? I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts that this brief sketch is not told to create sympathy, nor is it intended to excite feeling, but merely to lay before the rising generation the works of sinful man. All people of feeling will admit, that not many men can be induced to publish to the world their faults, either to have their villany trumpeted abroad, or for the sake of procuring wealth, with which no man can be happy, if obtained by dishonest means, and which does not belong to him, if justice should be done between man and man.

Thus borne down by the events of the day, and with reflection upon the future, did I pass hours of wretchedness, such as no man can describe. Yet as my pulse beat with increasing anxiety in fear of the troubles yet to come, why did I not think of Him who could have been the most essential help to me? Of Him, whom the winds obey, and at whose breath the mountains melt and the rocks crumble? Yet I did not put my trust in Him to guard me through that dreadful night. I came down from the tree, got a stick, and made my way to the bank of the canal, about one mile from the place where I had entered the woods. I wandered along until I came to an old French negro washing cotton. From him I procured some old clothing and a hat. I thus disguised myself, and went to the upper part of the city, where lived a man by the name of Watkins. This Watkins was a hard-working, honest man. I told him I was in need of a

friend ; that I wanted him to accompany me to a place where I could get some wearing apparel. He went ; and I soon was rigged in a sailor's suit, out and out. I then purchased a brace of large pistols, and another knife, and felt determined to die before I would be taken. Thus equipped, I left my kind friend Mr. Watkins. He insisted that I should go and stay all night at his house. I thanked him, and we parted. Never had I felt more fatigued than on that night ; yet hunger had not been so ravaging upon my system as might have been expected. Where was there a place that I dare lay my head ? I wandered about for some time, and finally found myself opposite a fine mansion, about two miles above the city. I thought how happy the inmates of that fine palace must be. While thus soliloquizing, I met an old negro man. I asked him who lived in that splendid mansion. He replied, that white folks said the devil. I then asked him his meaning. He said his meaning was this, that the people called it the "Haunted House," and that no person had lived in it for twelve years. I then recollected having passed this splendid mansion in the day-time, when it was pointed to me as the "Haunted House." I felt so fatigued that I could scarcely stand. I knew of no other place that the officers would not expect to find me sooner than in this "Haunted House ;" so I thought if I could only obtain entrance, I cared not what kind of devils inhabited it. They certainly would not be worse than the one with whom I had contended during the day. After the old negro passed, I walked through the beautiful orange grove to the house, and found the doors all thrown open. I went in with the full intention that if any thing made its appearance in human shape that night, to try my new fire-locks on it.

I laid myself down upon a large stone step, the foot of a flight of stairs. My bed was hard. I had not reflected long about the past events of the day, when sleep stole away my senses; and when I awoke, it was about seven o'clock in the morning, and the sun shining brightly. My past day's work was horrible to reflect upon. I tried to fancy it all a dream, yet too true was it to me. What was I to think of myself? I had lain down and enjoyed a sweet night's rest under all of those trying circumstances. But I had something yet to dread in the thought of having yet to contend with similar difficulties. I arose and took a look at this beautiful mansion, then vacant. It must, with its costly orange groves and other improvements, have cost an immense amount. I then considered how much superstition yet remained in this enlightened land. As I have heard people reason strongly that this splendid edifice was a place where devils incarnate dwell, I came to the conclusion that the supposition had as strong testimony in its favor the night I took up my abode in it, as it would ever have. To think that I could lie down and sleep under such circumstances, appears improbable, yet 'tis true as strange.

I felt myself sore and stiff, and without appetite: I concluded I would try and reach the lake whence the steamer left every day for Pascagola. I was rigged off in a sailor's suite, and did not think that any person would recognise me; but I knew the officers would be on the look-out for me, and the supposition was not at all agreeable that my friend Watkins might betray me, by telling the officers my disguise. All those horrible feelings would burst forth in my bosom and nearly suffocate me. I wandered to the Pontchartrain railroad. At that time the cars were drawn by horses. I concluded I had better

walk out, it being only about four miles. I came to a stand where an old lady sold coffee and other refreshments. I refreshed myself, and then bought a bottle of whisky, which was of no service to me, any further than to act the sailor. I walked on, and about half-past nine came to the lake. There my courage was somewhat tried ; for the guard on duty was one of my pursuers of the day previous. He was standing with two other officers. I think one was named Richardson, a marshal, yet I do not recollect his name distinctly. I then determined not to be taken alive by them. As I drew near, I found they paid no attention to me. I walked on the boat unharmed ; yet there was no doubt in my mind, but that the officers were there watching for me. I walked on board, went up on deck and laid down. In some twenty minutes after my arrival, the sound of the engine-bell proclaimed that we were about to leave the place where so much trouble had crossed my path the day before. Oh ! how relieved did I feel, when I saw her lines cast off from that dreadful wicked place. I thanked God for his kindness ; yet how wicked must I have been, when the mere formation of the words, as articulated by my lips, was satisfactory, yet unaccompanied by one feeling of thankfulness. Oh ! how unthankful sinful man can be ! When I viewed the situation in which I was then placed, and compared it with that of the previous day, I dared scarcely believe at first that any strength of mind would be sufficient to carry me through. No ; nothing but the hand of the Almighty could have conducted and brought me through those dreadful trials.

The boat touched at several points between Orleans and Pascagola ; nothing of importance transpired on our passage. After eating a fine dinner on board of the boat,

I laid down to sleep ; but, unfortunately, did not awake until the stage had left for Mobile. I was compelled to wait for another stage twenty-four hours, or go on foot. I concluded I would go on foot, having no baggage. I started about eight o'clock in the morning. I had walked about one mile from Pascagola, when I perceived two rough-looking men approaching me from a pine thicket. They came up, and asked me for my money. It so happened that I had it secured around my body, with the exception of thirty-three dollars which I had received on board the steamboat in exchange for a fifty dollar bill. Before I had time to make any reply or resistance, one of them had his hands in my pocket, and the other my pistols in his possession. "Well, Jack," said one, as he looked at the pistols, "are you certain that these bull-dogs do not belong to your captain?" I told him they were mine. "Then why the devil did you not use them, when you saw us approach you unarmed?" I told him I had no idea that they intended to molest me. "Nor do we intend to," said the customer, as he rifled my pocket of the thirty-three dollars.—"What have you got there?" said the one that held the pistols. "Thirty-three in change!" replied the other. This is all, I suppose," said one of them. I answered in the affirmative. "Oh! well," said the one, "we will have to make out with the thirty Here Jack," continued he, "this will do you first-rate to spree on; as for these pistols, we will keep them; as you would not use them if you had them. So, Jack, you can travel on." For my part, the last of his discourse suited me much the best; while they sat down on a log as unconcerned as a toll-gate keeper. I left the gentlemen without passing more compliments with them. Nothing of importance happened me until I arrived at Mobile. I

stopped at a sailor's boarding-house, but I soon found, from the run of the discourse, that clothes would not fool Jack Tar, and the next morning I paid my bill and left for another house, which was a very pleasant place to board. I was taken sick shortly after I arrived, and confined to my room. Soon as I was able, I went to the post-office, and received a letter from the deputy marshal, Mr. Munger. He said in his letter that the excitement in the city of Orleans had been very great; that the general supposition was that I was dead, from the situation in which I had been placed; that the city had been searched high and low for me, and that he himself had concluded from what he had learned of my case, that perhaps I was no more, and if he did not receive an answer soon, would be very uneasy. This letter was dated three days prior to the time of my receiving it. I sat down and wrote him a brief answer, and desired him to write me the particulars of the times in his city of ruin. In about seven days I received an answer to my letter. The answer was indeed flattering in the extreme. He wrote me, that the city had been full of excitement. Taylor had been tried and acquitted; Brown had also been acquitted, and that there was considerable excitement prevailing during the first few days of my absence, but all had subsided. He also related to me in part the reasons of my difficulty in Orleans the day before I left. He said that King was his author, and had told him that Brown had found out satisfactorily that I had let the officers know that the five hundred dollars of counterfeit money had been placed in my hands to swear falsely on Taylor; and that Brown thought if he could get me into this difficulty, he might destroy my evidence. He also said that Brown had made other charges against me, but King did not

give him to understand what they were; yet from what he could infer, it was relative to the eleven hundred dollars. He said, the gambler, Goodrich, was the man who pointed me out to the desperate villain who tried to ruin me, and that Brown and Goodrich had left the city together. He thought their intentions were, if they could possibly get me back to Orleans, to have me prosecuted for the damage I had done while under such a fit of excitement, and advised me to proceed immediately home. This last sentence sent chills through me. I was then very anxious to return home and settle down, and give my wanderings over. I had then over two thousand dollars, which would have been sufficient to give me a good start in some business. After I had answered this letter from my kind friend, I left Mobile on a steamboat bound for Montgomery, and went as far as Salem. Here I left the boat and took stage for Tuscaloosa. When I arrived at that place I took stage again and went to Huntsville, Alabama, where I concluded to remain for some time.

Here I soon became acquainted with a number of young men, some of whom were gay, and played cards, high-billiards, &c. I played cards the same as the rest, at every opportunity, and soon became a great votary to this vice. Yet if any one had told me some time before, that this would be the case, I should have been as ready to resent it as any man in the state. But now, day after day, did I find the infatuating vice chaining me down to my ruin. I was spending my money fast, yet no person knew what amount I had.

Mr. Gaston, the bar-keeper, told me one day, while sitting in the Bell tavern, then kept by Messrs. Oty & Robinson, that a man by the name of Blevins wished to play the game of "poker." He said Mr. B. was a planter,

and gave me an introduction to him. He appeared to be a gentleman in his manners, and honourable in his general deportment. Mr. B. asked me if I would play, and I assented. We commenced, and played for small amounts for some time ; finally he commenced betting unusually high. I still thought I understood the game as well as he, yet I lost some hundreds of dollars with him, and finally, after my losses, concluded to quit him.

A few days after, a man came to the hotel by the name of Biram. He was a gentleman in his appearance. He visited my room, and he and I commenced the little game of "twenty-one." I won some money from him at the first sitting, perhaps fifty dollars, but at the second he won from me eight hundred dollars. The losing of so large an amount at one time made me feel bad, and I found that this, with what I had lost before, and spent in various ways, made me scarce of funds, and yet I had bought but few articles of clothing. A short time afterward Mr. John Blevins came to town, and the last dollar I had in the world went, which left me desolate and destitute—once more penniless—among strangers. I saw my folly, and could say,

"I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and still the wrong pursue."

Messrs. Oty & Robinson treated me kindly, yet I had not paid them one dollar for my board.

I began to want clothing, when I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Beverly Pryor. Young Pryor was generous to me ; he took me to a tailor's shop and gave me a fine suit of clothes.

I will here remark, that those who are acquainted with the character of Mr. P. might censure me for speaking of his good acts, but I love to record his deeds

of kindness to me, for they were done from charitable motives.

He was a poor youth like myself, who had taken many a wrong step ; but he has now gone to the land whence no traveller returns, and I see no good reason for publishing that which could not benefit the community, and would only be a grief to surviving friends. But where I find dangerous characters abroad in the land, spreading death and destruction by their deeds of darkness, I intend to expose them fearlessly and fully ; yes, while I can hold my pen to write, or raise my voice to speak, I will hold up such characters to public view, well aware that they need only to be seen in their real character, to make them odious in the sight of a virtuous people.

But to my narrative. When all my money was gone, and having no employment, I felt desperate. The thoughts of my imprudence threw a damper over all my enjoyments. While I had money, I thought I should never want again ; but now how changed, and I could say, in the language of the poet,

“ Then think how few the joys allowed by fate,
How mixed their cup, how short their longest date.”

But the reflection that this reverse of fortune had been brought about by my own folly in yielding to the solicitations of the gambler, added to my grief, yet I still kept up appearances, and that too at the expense of my acquaintances. I played cards every day for pastime.

One day I became acquainted with a young man, who told me he was a stranger in Huntsville. He said he had come down on business for his mother, who was a widow lady. In my conversation with him, I asked him to accompany me to Mr. Collins's billiard-room. We went there together, and commenced playing, but did not

bet. He finally said he would rather play cards. I went with him to his room—he furnished some cards. We sat down to play for twelve and a-half cents a game, and I beat him some eight games. We were playing the game of "eucure." He appeared much excited, and wanted to bet higher. I then doubled the amount, and still beat him. He insisted on my betting higher, but I declined, and in the height of his excitement and ambition to raise his bets, a gambler came into the room, and asked me why I did not bet larger amounts. I told him that I did not wish to win the young man's money. With this remark the youth became exasperated, and told me that I dare not bet. I calmly replied, that he should not excite me to bet. The gambler then took him up, and a bet of five dollars was made, which the young man lost; but not discouraged at this, he doubled the amount for the next game, and continued to do so for some time, losing every time, until the gambler had taken one hundred and twenty-five dollars from him. I felt bad for him all through the play, and frequently urged him to quit, but he would not do so. The gambler pocketed the cash, and the young man appeared very much dejected, telling the gambler that he had won every dollar from him that he possessed, and added, if the money had been his own he would not have cared, but it belonged to his widowed mother and her helpless orphans, who would be the principal sufferers. He then asked the heartless wretch who had won his money, to give him back only three dollars and fifty cents to pay his bill, but to this small request he turned a deaf ear.

I would give this gambler's name, but the desperate deeds of his past life might injure the feelings of his living relatives.

I took out the money that I had won, which appeared to me as if it were not my own, amounting to about six dollars, and gave it to him, when he left the city.

In about one hour after he left, an uncle of his came in search of him. He had taken another road from that which led home, and his uncle had missed him. The uncle made some inquiries, and returned home. A few days after the return of the uncle, I was called on by an old lady, decrepit with age. Her business with me, she said, was to ascertain something about her poor son. Said she, "I sent him to this town the other day to receive some money granted me as an annuity for the services of my husband, who died fighting for his country." The sum she mentioned as coming to her, told too truly that it was the same money the unfeeling gambler had won. She said she had understood that I was intimate with him during his stay in the city. I told her it was true I had been intimate with him. She then desired knowing something about his card-playing. It was horrible to me in the extreme to reveal the misfortunes of her son, yet I did so. Her countenance fell,—her aged heart was wrung with anguish—grief, it appeared, had dried up the fountain of tears—her feelings could not be uttered by words—she said no more, but turned aside, and bid me good day. She sought to find the place of her son's destination, but could find no one able to give her any information about him than that he had lost all his money. In a few days after this, the news came to the ears of the gambler who had won his money, that this ruined young man, in one of the villages not far from Huntsville, lost his horse, saddle and bridle, and left the place on foot without settling his bill.

The gambler then remarked to me, "Now you see what

fools we were, or we would have won his horse and all." Some ten days from the time he lost his horse, we heard that he had committed a robbery, and being pursued and fearful of being taken, he laid violent hands upon himself, and put an end to his own existence by suspending himself to the limb of a tree. The body was found and recognised as that of the unfortunate youth led away by the gambler.

I asked the villain who had obtained the principal part of his money, what he thought of it. He replied, "It is all right; had not I have gotten it, some one else would." Here we see another evidence of the dreadful nature of the vice of gambling; it hardens the heart of man against his fellow man, and blunts all his moral sensibilities, so that he can rob and plunder and ruin another, in soul and body, without feeling the least compunction; and when he has ruined and murdered his deluded victim, he will curse him because he had no more to lose.

Look at this evil, ye that fear God and love your country! And then say whether this crying sin shall continue to waste some of the fairest portions of our moral world. It remains for the virtuous portion of our community, to say whether this great evil shall continue, not only to skulk about in dark and hidden places, but also to stalk abroad at noon-day. The evil has been winked at full long enough, but who will even now come forward against this class of evil-doers?

Let no one say that gamblers are so few in number, and so secluded from society in general, that it is not worth while to meddle with them or their profession. They are far more numerous than people are generally aware; and in every possible way they are constantly laying snares to entrap the unwary youth; or to seize the

fortunes of those who blindly swallow the bait that is laid for them.

We should therefore use all our influence against this vice, and endeavour to put it down in every allowable way.

I have, however, wandered from the thread of my narrative, and will now proceed to remark, that the incident above related shocked me much—it recalled to my mind other scenes of by-gone days.

I began to think of the horrible condition in which I would be placed, provided the difficulties in which I had become involved in New Orleans should be brought forward against me and prosecuted by my enemies. Being thus depressed in mind, I showed but too plainly that I was troubled. One day Gaston, the bar-keeper, asked me what was the matter with me. I told him all my troubles. He told me not to fear, and said that if he was as good a card-player as I, he would make as much money as he wanted.* He told me that he would assist me into games, and that he would get Messrs. Oty & Robinson to credit me for my board. This intelligence cheered me up considerably. One day Gaston came to my room and rapped at the door. I asked who was there. He told me, and requested me to open the door quickly. I did so, being much agitated. He said that there was a young man down stairs, apparently a stranger, who had inquired if Mr. Green boarded there, and said he wished to see me. On being told by Gaston that I would be in during the course of an hour, he expressed much anxiety to see

* This same Gaston was the man who introduced me to John Blevins, the "planter," who beat me so easily.

me at once. Gaston told him to be seated, and he would see if I was in. He asked Gaston to accompany him. He took him into another room, and pretended that I was out. Gaston told me that he was seated below, and in what manner he had acted. I felt desperate, and, priming my pistols, told Gaston to show him up. I thought it was the notorious Goodrich, or some of that class of wandering gamblers, who had assisted me into my previous difficulties. I heard their footsteps as they approached, and, as they drew near, I clenched my pistols with the intention, if it were any of that desperate gang, to be the occasion of their death. The door opened, and what were my feelings, when, instead of seeing an enemy, I found myself embraced by a nephew. Oh! how relieved I was. I had then been nearly three years from home, without seeing any person, in the mean time, who was truly attached to me. This relative and I had both been fed from the same breast; our childish sports had been mingled in harmony; my sister, his mother, had breathed forth many anxious prayers both for her son and her brother in one breath, and how sweet was the thought, that two, who had been united, not only by the tie of kindred affection, but by that of youthful friendship, should be thus thrown together. We talked and wept over the past events of our lives the whole day, and again at night, until sleep wrapped our senses in forgetfulness. When talking of my situation, he told me he thought it would be more prudent for me to remain where I was till he found out whether there was danger of being arrested, for the difficulty I had been in at New Orleans. He then concluded to return to his home in Edmonson county, Ky. I will give no more particulars about this young man, as it would consume too much of my time. I felt somewhat

relieved, yet my situation was not agreeable; time passed off slowly till September. I concluded to go to Nashville, Tenn., and there work, if I could get employment; I mentioned my desire to Mr. J. Oty, and he offered me money to pay my passage. I accepted this kindness, and soon arrived at Nashville, where I met with Mr. Beverly Pryor, who gave me some money, and told me to play cards with a young man, named Cabler.* I sat down and won from him eighty odd dollars, half of which he paid me. This gave me a new impulse towards card-playing. I saw young men, apparently respectable, playing with professed blacklegs. The gamblers at that day were not forced to resort to so much low villany as at present. The citizens were duped by them; their young men were ruined, and both fortune and character stolen from them; old grey-headed sires would play with boys of fifteen, and never think of the consequences. This gave the gambler a chance to get his money without running his hands into their pockets and stealing it from them, yet the villany was as great and the result as direful. Thus it is that you find so many blacklegs in respectable families. Trace them up, and you will find that they have either insinuated themselves among them by robbing some of their friends, or they have been made gamblers by having been first ruined by the gambling fraternity. Whenever you find a gambler of respectable family, it is a good evidence that he is one of the worst characters. Look whence he obtains his money! Does it come from gamblers? No! it comes from the helpless

* This was the same man who began the difficulty at Vicksburg, in 1835, and was lynched and compelled to leave; this occurred the day before the five men were hung, who had all received orders to leave on account of Cabler's bad conduct.

orphan and unprotected widow; he steals their purse, brings it home and divides it among his offspring, who are to be pitied. They are taught that gambling is a great sin, when committed by any but wicked fathers or unfortunate brothers. They dress fine and live sumptuously on the blood of the poor orphan. But let that father or brother be taken from them, and see the change. That wealth which flowed so abundantly has ceased its stream; the fawning flatterers have disappeared, and the family left unprotected and without good society. Thus a whole family is rendered miserable. It is surprising to see parents permit their children to associate with the family of a gambler, for even if he be rich, it is a stronger reason why he should be shunned. Many think the gambler will not permit his children to know his character. Reader, if you think so, you are mistaken. He teaches them, both male and female, the awful consequences of this vice just so soon as they are old enough to know that one vice is worse than another. They are taught by their father, and watched by their mother, that they do not disclose his secrets, and they must be the last to admit that he obtains his money dishonestly.

The day after I had my game with Cabler, I attended the races, and won sixty dollars more. I came to town, feeling as if I possessed a thousand. Some one asked how much money I had made. I said five hundred dollars. This opened the eyes of some of the adepts, and they soon set a man who won every dollar I had, which was only ninety, instead of five hundred dollars. After I lost my money, I wandered down to a faro-bank, kept by one McGowan.*

* For particulars, see "Green on Gambling."

I had not a dollar. I had become very much attached to the game of faro. I discovered that the dealer was playing, apparently, fairly; though the game could have been played by many players unfair; yet he was beating them all. Some appeared dissatisfied with his success, and acted in a manner I did not think right, particularly toward the dealer, one whom I knew was acting out his meanness, because he had the law in his favor. The dealer's name was Whitesides, a man whom nature had made free-hearted and noble-minded, although he had now become a gambler. I will here remark that the term *dealer* is a name used by the gambler to designate the one who plays faro for the balance to bet upon. Whitesides sat still and took their abuse; several others joined, and Whitesides made no reply, as there were so many against him. I thought they acted badly towards him, and I manifested a disposition to befriend him. This appeared to settle the matter; in fact, it was "diamond cut diamond," for the very men who were brawling with the dealer were those who made their living by gambling, and by seducing others by their false doings; indeed you will find that class a hundred per cent. more oppressive than the man who has wealth and honor both to risk. After the game broke up, I discovered a black-eyed youth talking to an elderly-looking gentleman, who appeared to be watching me. When Whitesides quit, they approached me, and expressing a desire to be intimate with me, asked me to sup with them.* The rest of the company having dispersed, we sat down. I soon discovered that the youth was a brother of Whitesides; the old gentleman I found

* Gamblers are in the habit of taking their suppers in their gambling rooms about twelve o'clock at night.

to be McGowan himself, the keeper of the house. They soon learned from my discourse that I had seen something of the world. After supper, the younger of the Whitesides went to bed, as he was in delicate health. The elder one, McGowan and myself, sat down and talked till nearly daylight. I told them how badly I had been treated by the Orleans gamblers. They were both affected by my history, though they had heard before of my difficulties. They advised me to go home. I told them I had none. They also advised me to go and serve out my trade. This I said I would do. I left them about three o'clock, and went to my boarding-house; but finding I was locked out, I had to walk about till daylight. The next morning, after I had breakfasted, I went to a house-joiner, and asked him to give me work. He asked me if I was capable of taking a job and finishing it in a workmanlike manner. I told him I could. He said he would let me know in an hour. He was then working for Thomas Circuit, a gambler, who ran away from Virginia, for playing an advantage* faro-box, called the crank-box. Circuit and Goodrich, the notorious actor against me in my troubles at Orleans, were partners. Goodrich, at that time, travelled much through the southern states—gambling, counterfeiting, and negro-stealing. He was not such an adept at gambling as Circuit, and, at that time, he was shy of Nashville, but his money procured him different associates from those he had then. Circuit was about getting a room fixed up, and this was the job the carpenter wanted to give me. I did not know C. at that time;

* Advantage is a word used by gamblers, when they mean cheating, and this Circuit had been caught at his villany, and obliged to leave. For particulars in regard to this box, see "Green on Gambling."

but he was present when I applied for work; and when I left, told the carpenter that I was a man of bad character, and not to employ me. The carpenter offered this as the reason for not giving me work on my return. I inquired who C. was. He said he was a gentleman sportsman, and had a partner, named Goodrich, a negro-trader. As soon as I heard this, I knew that G. had told C. all about me, and had pointed me out to him at some previous time. I felt fearful, for it appeared, do what I would, I was to be hunted down by G., and for what, still remains a mystery to me. I went and told Whitesides and McGowan, I knew not what to do, that I was without friends and money. The cholera was raging at that time in Nashville. I told the elder Whitesides that I might as well gamble for a living, since I had such a character. He told me not to think of it, that I was young, and would soon outgrow the bad character which was imposed on me. McG. gave me the same fatherly advice, yet I must confess that this advice (coming from the source it did) rather won me over to the vice, though I believed it was given in sincerity. For they were wealthy, and making money at the business they warned me to shun, and then finding two such men as the Whitesides among this class of men, raised the profession considerably in my estimation. I was alarmed about the cholera, as it was making great ravages in all of our cities, and several cases had proved fatal in Nashville. I told McG. that if I had money, I would visit my nephew, who lived about one hundred miles from Nashville, in Kentucky. He advised me to do so, and pulling out his pocket-book, told me to help myself. I took out twenty dollars; he gave me twenty dollars more, telling me to take that as a favor from Mr. Whitesides. I did so, and having paid my bill,

left for Kentucky. I found my nephew married and well situated. I stayed with him a month. We went to several horse-races. He was fond of gambling, and was tolerably successful. He had won several horses, two of which he gave me. I did not feel satisfied to be living upon him, so I concluded I would take my horses and go to Nashville, which I did. Shortly after my arrival, I was taken sick, and sent for Dr. Jennings. For six weeks, I was unable to leave my room. During my sickness, I came to the conclusion to become a gambler, till fortune should prove enough in my favor to enable me to settle down at my ease. When Whitesides and McGowan discovered my intention, they gave me all the information they could.

I have now carried the reader through the scenes of three long years of my trials in a gambling life, tossed to and fro, to the period when I yielded. Oh! had I possessed the moral strength of a Paul, I might have withstood so many temptations. I will now change to incidental matters, that have since come within my knowledge. You will pardon me for not giving names, places, and every thing so definite as you might wish. I promise you that nothing fictitious shall come from my pen; and whenever names are concealed, judge for yourselves whether the author was concerned or not, as he will never speak in plainer terms of the acts of others than of his own.

The incidents now to be given are designed to deter every one from participating in games of *chance*, of any description, and are gleaned from the remaining nine

years of my gambling career. As I approach nearer to the present time, the events are necessarily less connected. It would have been much easier for myself, and more interesting to the reader, to have given a continuous narrative; and this I may do at a future day, if my life is prolonged, and I think it conducive to the best interests of society that it should be given. In the mean time, there are many reasons why it should not be published now. I here merely cull from a multiplicity of events those which I think it advisable to publish, not because they are the most remarkable, but because they can seldom wound the feelings of the innocent yet living, and are best calculated to exert a favourable influence on society. The gambling fraternity have accused me of not giving a true account of my sufferings and misfortunes. This charge I deny—what I have said is true to the letter; but I have given it only so far as I thought it beneficial. I believe, too, it has been said, that I have been concerned in affairs far more desperate than any I have given. This I acknowledge to be correct. Again, they say that I do not give myself credit for many good traits of character which, even when a gambler, I possessed. To this latter assertion I will simply remark, that though among them I had some reputation for benevolence, and did some actions that might be counted generous, yet this would sum up all the goodness to which I could make any claim. In many instances too I had a motive for my conduct, which would disentitle me to any merit; as I well knew that acts of generosity and benevolence can be made to veil the deeds and shield the character of the most abandoned villain. I do not suppose that I was worse than others of my profession; indeed I always endeavored to blend a little of the amenities of life even with my worst actions,

and when I ruined, strove never to ruin utterly. But I knew that the whole course of my life was wrong, yet I persisted in it. Every gambler knows this: he knows that he is doing wrong. I would not willingly speak harshly of any of my fellow-men; but so deep in crime do I know the gambler to be involved, that I believe that the highwayman is better entitled to the countenance of the community than many among the *sporting* and *gambling* fraternity. The highwayman is desperate and strikes: the gambler urges on and allures to ruin. The one meets the solitary traveller, and without reflection supplies his wants by force: the other calmly and calculatingly, by fraud, ruins all that come within his reach. He spares neither relative nor friend. A father or a brother may be the victim. He but laughs at their misfortunes, and strives to satisfy himself by the plea, "If I had not ruined them another would." Of the correctness of this assertion the following pages of this work give abundant testimony. All the incidents I have related came under my own notice. They are connected with every class of society. They show that neither a virtuous education, exalted station, nor great talents can preserve from the snares of the gambler; and that as soon as a man indulges in his arts, he becomes a participant in all his vices. He becomes selfish, cruel, and loses all sympathy with his fellow-men. He must study the art of the tempter, and be continually on the look-out for victims. Men do not naturally or willingly part with their fortunes; they must be goaded to it. They must be pent up to the issue—they must feel their situation desperate—they must see no alternative before them but a recurrence of fortunate chances or destruction, and the chances submitted to them must seemingly be so fair that they will cer-

tainly choose the latter. Gambling is a science that requires deep and patient study. It is a nursery for all the malignant feelings. He who would not deliberately choose the pangs of remorse, or to look back upon a mis-spent life, must abstain entirely from the vice of gambling. But I must proceed with my narrative.

ABOUT the first of November, 1832, I took passage on the steamer *Emigrant*, commanded by Capt. Ireland, and bound for Smithland. Among the crowd of passengers who had selected the *Emigrant* (because she was a light boat, built especially to run in times of low water, and they could thereby avoid the risk of detention to which large boats are subject,) were many gamblers and card players of every grade. Our boat glided swiftly along over the shoals and bars which would have been an insuperable barrier to one of larger dimensions. This was highly gratifying to the company on board. All were gladsome and merry: and as it was then, more than now, the common practice for the merry to resort to alcoholic drinks to increase their mirth, the sparkling wine and spirit-stirring brandy and water passed freely among the giddy circle. "Hale fellows well met," seemed to be the prevailing sentiment. Nor were absent friends forgotten, as the frequent toasts testified which were drunk to those that were left behind, and to those who were expected soon to be seen. Yet, in the midst of this general hilarity, I could discover that there were some to whom every allusion to absent friends was a source of pain rather than pleasure. Long and deep must be the course of dissipation and crime, entirely to deaden the moral sensibilities; and I saw in that company those

whose countenances indicated that they would, if they could, have been spared the recollections that were called up by the mention of the names of mother, sister, brother, or friend—whose looks betrayed a sense of sin and self-degradation, or a remembrance of the slighted admonitions of forsaken mothers, made disconsolate by the neglect of their profligate sons, who would have returned to their embrace in the spirit of the repenting prodigal, had not long practiced vice bound them in fetters too strong to be sundered. “Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots? Then may they who are *accustomed* to do evil, learn to do well.”

The passion of gaming for the purpose of gain, to be squandered in the gratification of sinful lusts, is stronger than death. None but those who have subjected themselves to its dominion, can know its soul-destroying power. Facts have proved that the drunkard may be reclaimed; but for the confirmed gambler there is but little, if any, hope.

In the scene of revelry on the Emigrant I took no active part. I was only a spectator; for I was never addicted, in the smallest degree, to the use of intoxicating drinks. And while I contemplated the scene before me, my heart sickened at the delusion to which so many yield themselves victims—the delusion of seeking happiness in the intoxicating bowl. The course I was then pursuing precluded any just pretension on my part to a strictly moral life; yet from childhood I had cherished an abhorrence of intemperate drinking that could not be surpassed by any one.

Among these who drank very freely was a young man by the name of Lawrence, whom I had often seen about the gambling houses in Nashville. He became intoxicated

to a degree that alarmed his comrades, and by common consent the proceedings in this bacchanalian scene were postponed until the next day. It was now night, and very dark, and the danger of running aground made it necessary to moor the boat until the returning light should enable her to proceed on her way with safety. After the company were scattered, some to their berths, and some to other parts of the boat, Lawrence, in attempting to walk about the deck, lost his balance, and fell into the river. The noise occasioned by his fall, and his cries for assistance were heard, and he was saved from a watery grave. But he lay for a long time insensible of his condition, and required much attention and constant watching. I sat by him the whole night. He was visited with frequent spasms, and when in them, he would call piteously to his mother for help, and entreat her to give him water. When it was given to him he would say: "I thank you, kind mother—forgive me—I will never drink any more—no, mother, I will not drink, nor gamble again—will you forgive me this once? * * * * * Yes, my mother, forgive me!—Bless you, mother." Towards morning he sank into a calm sleep, and remained quiet for a number of hours.

The sun had risen; but the boat still lay at her moorings, on account of a dense fog. About eight o'clock, Lawrence awoke from his sleep. The first sentence he uttered, was—"Where is mother?" On being informed that she was not aboard, he exclaimed—"Not aboard!—in the name of heaven, where am I?" I informed him that he was on the Cumberland river, some thirty miles below Nashville. "On the Cumberland river?—I did not know that I was on a steamboat!" said he, and springing from his berth, he hurried on his clothes, and went out

to see if he could find any of his companions in dissipation. He soon found one, a dissolute young southerner, who had been roving for some time in Nashville, but was now on his way home. Of him he enquired how he happened to be on the boat, and was told, in reply, that a short time previous to his leaving the city, he had been at McGowan's Faro room, and lost about one hundred dollars in money, and a patent lever watch, all of which belonged to his mother. This was all that was revealed to him of the circumstances to which his enquiry referred. He had an indistinct recollection of taking the money and watch from his mother; but no remembrance of the manner in which he lost them. Leaving his young associate in crime, and taking a seat at my side, he said: "You waited upon me last night?—was I troublesome?" I replied that he had needed constant attention and watching. He then enquired how his clothes became so damp. I related to him what had happened—that he had fallen overboard, and narrowly escaped from death. Of this he seemed entirely ignorant, and was much astonished; and when I spoke of the risk he had run, and of the danger he was still in of a protracted illness, he was much agitated; and rising from his seat, walked the cabin for some minutes, and then went to the clerk's office and paid his fare, and said he must return to Nashville, as he had neither money in his pocket to enable him to pursue his journey, nor friends on the boat to assist him, should he be in need of aid. Then turning to me, he thanked me for my kindness to him, and inviting me to call on him whenever I should visit Nashville, he left the boat, and I saw no more of him for four years.

My next meeting with him was in Vicksburgh, in 1836. He was then attached to a strolling theatrical company,

who were on a visit to that place. As I approached him, I said, "Lawrence, how are you doing now?" "Making money fast enough," was his reply. But when I spoke of his mother, his countenance changed, and his voice faltered. He informed me that she was "still living—happily! No, not happily; but she is still *living* in Nashville. Would that I could say she is happy; but I cannot. She is broken-hearted. But I will yet return to her rich, and never leave her again; and then all will be right." Deluded man, thought I, you will never awake from your dream of vice, to a reality of virtue! For I remembered well my own vain promises of future honesty and virtue, made in present deceptive dreams of future competency obtained by fraud.

I left him seeking riches in paths of vice, and in an employment ruinous to his own and the souls of others. In these circumstances, he was doubtless often led to try his fortune at the gaming table; for such a company as that in which he was found, is always a company of gamblers, whose skill in the diabolical art enables them to filch from the uninitiated who may happen to fall into their snares, all that he has in his possession.

In April, 1837, I was on the steamer Independence, Captain Meyers, of Cincinnati, from New Orleans, bound to Louisville. She stopped at Natchez to take in passengers. Among those who came on board was a young man, neatly dressed and of genteel appearance. But his haggard countenance, and weak, tremulous voice, gave evidence that he was the victim of a disease, he could only hope to mitigate, and not to remove. As he showed no signs of dissipation, it was generally supposed that he was afflicted with the consumption, and was respected and treated as an invalid gentleman, traveling for his health.

He had not, however, long been on board, before he manifested to me a propensity for playing cards, and I invited him to play. The invitation was accepted, and putting a small amount on the table, he soon became deeply engaged in the game.

Soon needing more money, and saying that he had nothing less than a thousand dollar note, I offered to supply him from my funds. He continued to lose, and in the course of two days I had furnished him with nearly two hundred dollars. He became indebted, also, to several other gamblers, beside myself. Owing me, however, the largest sum, they urged me to press him to a settlement. On my presenting our claims, he requested me not to feel uneasy, as he would certainly settle all accounts before leaving the boat. From his gentlemanly manner of replying to my request, I was induced not to press him to a payment: it would not be *polite* to press a gentleman. An incident occurred, however, the same day, at the dinner table, which had a tendency to undeceive the company on board, in regard to his true character, and to lead them to suspect his veracity generally.

Among the passengers was an aged and respectable gentleman, with his family. In accordance with a common custom on the boats, he selected, just before the dinner bell rang, seats at the table for himself and family, that they might sit together, and stood conversing with Captain Turner, Marshal of the city of Louisville. At the ringing of the bell he stepped forward to take his seat beside his family, but this would-be young gentleman seized his chair before he could reach it, and, regardless of his age, the feelings of his family, or good breeding on his own part, refused to give it up. Captain Turner politely offered the old gentleman his seat, but he declined

it, and retired from the table. Immediately after dinner, the Captain of the boat administered to him a severe rebuke for his incivility. He replied that in consequence of his poor health, he ~~was~~ often involuntarily petulant and inconsiderate, and hoped the offence would be forgiven. As he had not before been guilty of any marked impropriety, his apology was accepted, and the affair passed off without any farther notice. But I had witnessed such cases before, and having always cherished an abhorrence for incivility toward the aged, from that moment I lost all respect for him, and placed a low estimate upon his character. I now discovered what it really was. He had manifested great forwardness for card-playing, had become indebted to others through deceitful pretences, and declined settling his accounts in the same way. Under these circumstances, I resolved to bring the matter to an issue, and to know whether he could meet my claim against him or not. I accordingly demanded of him a settlement. He invited me into his stateroom. When we had entered and closed the door, he said—"Green, do you not know me?" I replied in the negative. "O yes, you *do* know me," he rejoined: "but I now bear a fictitious name." Then lifting from his eyes a pair of gold spectacles, said, "Now, do you not know me?" Not being yet able to recognize him, I answered accordingly. "Well, I know you," said he. "You once saved my life. Do you not recollect the man who fell overboard into the Cumberland river? My name is Lawrence. My home is in Nashville. My mother still lives there, and I am now on my way to her. I am," continued he, "destitute and without money. I am an impostor—I cannot help it. I know I am a wicked man, and that all my degradation and destitution has come upon me in consequence of rejecting the

kindest admonitions that were ever dictated by a mother's heart, or fell from a mother's tongue. I despised her reproof, set at nought her counsel, and scoffed at her prayers. I frequented the haunts of dissipation and vice, and became a gambler in heart and in deed. Five years I have like a prodigal son wandered from my mother's roof, knowing all the while that I was filling her heart with untold grief. Fancying that it might afford her some relief, I resolved to abandon the *business* of gambling, hoping that I might free myself from the opprobrious *name*. But this I found to be no easy task. A bad name is not easily removed. My next step was to assume a new name. But my heart was not changed; and I descended to a lower grade of character, and attached myself to a strolling theatrical company. I informed my mother of this step by letter. She wrote to me in reply, that the news of my death would have been preferred to this. She had hoped that I would never have degraded myself to any thing lower than gambling; and that I had now destroyed her last hope of my reformation. A gambler might possibly sometimes pass for a gentleman, and it was not impossible in that case for a reformation to take place; but the name of a strolling actor was an effectual bar to both the name and society of gentlemen—a stigma upon the character that could never be obliterated. When I received her letter, I was with a traveling menagerie company, and in very delicate health. I was too feeble to gamble at that time. Knowing the strength of a mother's affection, I wrote to her once more, giving her an account of my situation. This letter was answered by a new token of her kindness, in the sum of two hundred dollars. I immediately equipped myself as you now see me, and commenced my journey homeward. O,

that I had never wandered from that home. I cannot live long. But can my mother forgive a prodigal son like me? This is the last lingering hope of my heart. A pardoning word from her lips will smooth my passage to the grave, and afford me some relief when the cold dew drops of death gather on my brow."

I was too much affected with this recital, to listen longer to his tale of woe, and rose to leave him. He followed me. "Green!" said he, "do not let the captain set me ashore. I have no money. The gamblers have taken from me the little I had when I came aboard, and I am afraid the captain will not take my watch for my passage bill."

At this juncture, one of the gamblers came up and spoke to him very harshly, and threatened to throw him overboard, if he did not pay him immediately. Lawrence replied mildly, that he had not the money to pay him then. "You are a villain! Do you understand me?" said the gambler. "I understand you well," replied L., while his lips quivered, and a flush of anger came to his pallid cheeks. But his feeble condition prevented his resenting the insult. He however continued—"Yes! I know I am a villain, and that I am guilty of many crimes; but the fraternity of which you are a member are answerable for many of my misdeeds." The gambler replied in very harsh language, and threatened personal violence; but some of the other gamblers interfered, and prevented the execution of his design.

Capt. Meyers having learned the destitute situation of the young man, sent a request that he should call at the clerk's office, which was complied with. The Captain promised not to set him ashore, but at the same time reproved him for his conduct, and said he should be more

careful in future respecting the numerous gang of gamblers who were constantly prowling about, seeking to rob the ignorant and unwary. Lawrence received the Captain's admonition kindly, and seemed much affected. He requested the Captain to draw on his mother for the amount of his passage; and taking out his watch, pressed the Captain to receive and deposit it with Messrs. Smeadly & Co., of Smithland, Ky., as security for the payment of his bill. The Captain took the watch. But Lawrence was still without money. He therefore came to me, and asked for enough to bear his expenses home. I furnished him with enough to make the amount of his indebtedness to me about three hundred dollars. This sum he promised to remit to me at Louisville, by letter, as soon as he should reach home. About a month after this, I received a letter from him, in which he made every possible expression of gratitude for my kindness to him, but sent no money. He offered as an excuse, that he had beggared his poor mother, by his prodigality; and when he reached home, he found her destitute of the comforts of life. The following is the concluding part of his letter.

"I am not long for this wicked world; but accept from me as a friend, the little advice I here give for your welfare. God knows my friendship for you. Do forsake the horrible and nefarious calling which is hourly bringing so much desolation into the world—making widows and orphans, and causing parents to weep over the premature graves of their sinful sons. O, that I could have my mother in a situation that she would not be beholden to the charities of a wicked world for support. But I am destitute of hope; I am dying by inches, weighed down by the sad reflection, that soon I must leave this world, and in it my mother, without one kind hand to protect her from

the insults of a poor house. But may God avenge her sufferings, in a manner that to him shall seem proper, on the guilty heads of a fraternity which is constantly seducing sons from their duty, ruining them, and then casting them off to die of poverty and starvation. I was the gambler's victim at the age of sixteen, and have been led into all grades of dissipation. Once more let me entreat you to stop before it is too late—before you become as I now am.

Yours, truly,

WM. LAWRENCE."

It is impossible for me to describe my feelings on reading this letter. Every moral sentiment remaining in my heart, rose up in condemnation of the course I had been for some years and was then pursuing. I knew that I had brothers, sisters, and friends at home who lamented my absence, yet knew not where I was, nor even whether I were living; for I had intentionally neglected to give them any information respecting myself. I felt keenly the injustice of my conduct towards them, and the guilt of my mode of life.

I afterward learned that Lawrence died shortly after he reached his mother's house in Nashville. He was naturally a young man of fine qualities—of a generous heart and amiable disposition; and, had he escaped the seductive arts of the gambler, might have been universally respected and beloved; and instead of descending to a premature grave, might have lived long, the solace and support of his aged mother. "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, we shall find all precious substance; we shall fill our houses with spoil: Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse. My son, walk not thou in the

way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood." "The wicked shall not live out half their days."

To return to the Emigrant. As soon as the fog cleared up, she proceeded on her way to Smithland, where I left her, and took passage in another boat for Padyca, a village at that time of some promise, but a place of much gambling and dissipation. I stopped at a public house kept by Mr. James Hodge, a gentleman of integrity and noble sentiments, who never suspected evil of others until they were detected in disreputable acts. He had an amiable and lovely wife and family. From the time of my first acquaintance with them, they always treated me with great kindness, and took a deep interest in my welfare. Mrs. H. often, in the kindest manner, admonished me to change my course of life. Had she been a sister she could not have been more solioitous for my reformation. But my heart was then too much hardened in iniquity, to be benefited by her counsels. She sometimes expressed a wish to know the history of my life; but whenever I attempted to give her a sketch of my career, I was careful to divest it of its worst features, and hide the horrid deformity of a gambler's principles and practice. But my tale, partial as it was, and representing the character of the gambler in the most favorable light, that truth would admit, seemed too much for her to hear; and often, when I spoke of the temptations I had subjected myself to in wandering from my mother's house, and separating myself from my brothers and sisters, she said she would sooner see her children buried, than to have them taken from the watchful vigilance of their parents, and subjected to those corrupt influences which ruin so many of the rising generation. Theirs were highly favored children—theirs was a happy

family. And the hours I passed in its circle were among the best of my life. I shall ever cherish the memory and revere the names of Mr. and Mrs. Hodge. They are now no more; and I am happy to learn that their children have not slighted the counsels of such excellent parents, and that they are respected, and making an honorable living.

During the winter of 1832, while boarding with Mr. Hodge, having been, through his kindness, admitted to his family circle, and introduced to his friends, I formed many agreeable acquaintances, who acted towards me the part of true friends. Often, when the memory of the scenes I had passed through, and the total neglect of my father and relatives of which I was guilty—made more vivid by what I witnessed around me in this happy circle—depressed my spirits, and cast a gloom over my demeanor; they would endeavor to win me back to the path of honesty and virtue, and kindly endeavor to persuade me to abandon a course of life that must continue to be the cause of such sad reflections, while my heart remained susceptible to any moral impression. But that spirit of procrastination which ruins so many whose feet are found in the paths of vice, caused me to defer repentance to a more convenient season. Consequently, their kindness only served to augment my sufferings; for it always brought to mind endearments which I had forfeited—endearments of home and natural affection, of which I had proved myself unworthy, by a wilful absence of three and a half years, during which time I had not even written to my relatives, nor had they received any other than the most painful intelligence concerning me. I was at this time within three days' travel of them; but was ashamed to go and see them.

Finding, under the influence of this family, my thoughts often turned towards home and kindred, and learning that my youngest brother was at Louisville, Kentucky, I at length ventured to write to him, though with a trembling hand, knowing that when I last saw him, he entertained a perfect detestation of gamblers and their associates. I scarcely allowed myself to indulge the hope that he would take sufficient notice of my letter to answer it. But he did more than this—he came to see me; under circumstances, however, which I could not anticipate. In our youthful days we were each other's favorites, and our fraternal attachment could hardly be excelled. But our courses in after life were diverse. The last time I saw him he was engaged in a reputable and lucrative business, pursuing an honest course of life; and during our separation, I had always thought of him as a strictly moral man. Our meeting was indeed a joyous one; but I soon discovered that he was not what I once knew him to be. His cheek was flushed with the fire of intemperance—I felt in his hand the nervous grasp and feverish heat of the inebriate—and the calm lustre of his eye was changed to the wild stare of the drunkard. I was grieved, and wept that my favorite brother had become a victim of strong drink. He had become habitually intemperate; and his once sound constitution was much impaired. At my solicitation he consented to continue with me; and we made arrangements to go down the river. A short time after witnessed our departure from Paduca, on the steamer Andrew Jackson, for Memphis. Nothing worthy of especial notice occurred on our passage to that place; but soon after our arrival, I learned that my FRIEND Goodrich was there; and that while he avoided me, he was secretly endeavoring to prejudice the gambling frater-

nity against me. My brother, on learning this fact, became exceedingly indignant, and, I fear, would have taken Goodrich's life, had he not clandestinely left the place. I knew nothing of my brother's intentions, until after Goodrich had gone, and was then apprized of them through a third person. Knowing, as I did, the desperate character of a certain class—worse than high-waymen—who infested the place, and their friendship for Goodrich, I became alarmed for the safety of my brother. Fortunately, however, we were not disturbed; though we did not escape injury from any lack of evil purpose on the part of Goodrich, but rather from a frustration of what he intended to do, as will presently appear.

The gamblers of Memphis were men of intemperate habits—low bred—blustering bullies—desperadoes—degraded to any work of darkness—ready to stoop to any crime to attain their ends. Many of them were not only worthy of the assassin's name in themselves, but were willing to hire themselves to do the deeds of those who possessed assassin's hearts, but were too cowardly to do the work of their own devising.

Soon after Goodrich left Memphis, a man about sixty years of age, by the name of Hubbel, came to me and asked my name—how long I designed to stay in Memphis—where I intended to go—when I should leave the place, and many other questions, which led me to suppose that his intentions were not good. I accordingly asked him why he was so inquisitive. He replied, that his motives were those of friendship, and that he felt it to be his duty to warn me of the evil designs of Goodrich, who had threatened in his hearing that I should not die a natural death; and he believed that if an opportunity should offer, he would put his threat into execution. I

asked him why Goodrich was so much incensed against me. He replied, that he did not know. I then inquired where he had gone. He said that when he last saw him, he was about making a visit to a man called Captain H. residing at Randolph. In reply to my inquiries about Captain H. he informed me that nothing good could be said of him ; that he was a base counterfeiter, gambler, and kidnapper. He supposed him to be about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, and kept a hotel and grocery in Randolph. He was known among the counterfeiters and gamblers by the name of " Captain H." on account of his dealing largely in counterfeit money, and of always having on hand a supply of " coney,* and bogus ;†" and he was interested in an establishment in Arkansas, about twenty miles from Memphis, where these articles were manufactured. After this conversation with Hubbel, I concluded to leave Memphis and proceed farther south ; and accordingly, took passage on the steamer Powhattan, Captain Young, for New Orleans. As I stepped on board, I saw Goodrich with Shouse leaving the boat. A recollection of the injuries I had received from these vile men rushed upon my mind, and their present murderous designs superadded made me feel that any act of mine directed against them, however desperate, would be justifiable. My brother was with me ; and when we had selected our berths and paid our passage to Vicksburg, we went to the promenade deck to witness the unmooring of the boat. Just as she was fully cleared from the landing I saw Goodrich, followed by Shouse and another man, running with all speed towards the boat and making signs

* Counterfeit paper money, is called " Coney."

† Counterfeit coin, is called " Bogus."

for her to stop. But they were too late, the boat pursued her way, and they were left behind.

We soon retired to the cabin, when I seated myself to watch for an opportunity to engage in my wonted business, gaming. My brother, knowing the designs of Goodrich, was much alarmed, proposed that we should return to the "upper country," meaning Lawrenceburg, our native place. He believed Goodrich had gone south, where he would way-lay me—and feared that Hubbel had deceived me, wishing to hurry me off to the south, where Goodrich would have a better opportunity to carry into execution his evil purpose. I replied, that I apprehended no danger—that I had seen Goodrich leave the boat, and knew he was left behind. Upon this information, he expressed regret that he had not seen Goodrich, saying, that he should, had he met him, have run the risk of the consequences of avenging upon his head the injuries he had done me. I endeavored to dissuade my brother from harboring such feelings. While we were thus conversing together, we were interrupted by a coarse ruffian looking fellow, who inquired if we came on board at Memphis—how long we had been there, &c. After our answer to these questions, he inquired if we were river-speculators. My brother being acquainted with the business of trading on the river, replied to this question in the affirmative. He said he was engaged in the same employment, and also kept a boat store and grocery at Randolph. His manner and conversation excited my curiosity to learn his name, and on inquiry was told that it was H. He became more familiar and sociable, and finally proposed a game of poker, at twenty-five cents ante. My brother excused himself by saying that he never played; "my brother, however," said he, "has unfortunately, some knowledge

of gaming." H. then turning to me said, "'Tis a noble trait, young man. It shows that you are endowed with life and poetry. Come on," said he, "let us try our hand. Here, Steward, give us a table that we may take a social game of poker, just to pass away the time." The table was furnished, and we sat down to a game of twenty card poker, at twenty-five cents ante.* H. played brisk, bet high, and won about twenty-five dollars, before I gained or won an ante. My brother asked me, in a whisper, if I had not better stop, and requested me to inform him, if H. cheated me; as in such event, he would make him give up what he gained. I told him he need not fear, for I knew what I was about. The game went on, and soon H. said, "Spur up, youngster, I'll bet you a ten spot, this time." "I'll see it, and bet forty dollars, better," I replied. "Don't over bet yourself," rejoined H. My brother assured him that I could sustain any bet I was pleased to make. "Indeed," said H., "then I will bet him fifty dollars, better." My brother became alarmed, and rose from his seat, fearing that H. would impose upon me; but I assured him, there was no danger, and he sat down again to await the issue. The bet rose to one hundred and fifty dollars, better, when H. said, I had better stop, as he was sure of winning. I then showed him my hand, which was a flush, and could not be beaten; he had only an ace, full. I took the money while H. swore and cursed the cards. My brother advised me to proceed no further, lest my luck should turn, and H. gain the advantage. But I continued playing about two hours longer, when the dinner bell rang, and we closed the game, leaving me the winner to the amount of nearly six hundred dollars.

* Stakes put up at the beginning of the game is called "ante."

After dinner, H. requested me to go with him into a state room, saying at the same time, that he did not wish to continue playing in the cabin, fearing that if he should lose a large amount, it might injure his credit.

When we had seated ourselves, he drew from his body a large belt, containing about five thousand dollars in bank notes. Being perfectly satisfied of my superiority to him in the art of gambling, the sight of this money caused my pulse to beat quick with the fever of hope, common to the heart of a confirmed gambler. I imagined the money was already my own.

"What kind of money would you prefer playing for?" asked H.

"I have no particular choice," was my answer.

My brother had intruded himself into our company, and stood an anxious spectator of these proceedings. "United States money," said he, "what kind do you suppose?"

"What have you to do with it?" said H., in an angry tone.

"I have just *so much* to do with it, and you can't help yourself," replied my brother.

H. said he had not come in to play against two men. I requested my brother not to interfere with the game. "I do not wish to interfere," said he, "but like to see fair play."

"Then," said H., "I suppose I am not playing fair?"

"Not knowing, I cannot say," replied my brother; "but it appears, that whether you play fair or unfair, you can't win from this young brother of mine, while I stand by to see that he is not imposed upon."

At this remark H. became incensed. But my avaricious thirst for the money in his possession, led me to use

all the means in my power to quell the storm which seemed raging in his bosom. I appealed in the most persuasive manner to my brother, and with some difficulty prevailed with him not to interfere again at present. H. then laid out before him a large roll of money, and handed me a hundred dollar note to change. I began to count out the smaller notes in return, when my brother caught up the hundred dollar note, and threw it across the table at H., saying, at the highest pitch of his voice—"No ! no, sir ! you don't play off such money on my brother ; he has suffered already too much from the black-hearted villains who made that money !"

H. sprang from his seat, and in a loud and angry tone, demanded an explanation.

"Keep cool, sir," said my brother, "or we will examine the balance of the notes ; and I have not the least doubt you will have to redeem the note you paid in at the office."

H.'s loud oaths brought to the door of the state room the Captain of the boat, and several of the passengers. The former demanded the cause of the difficulty.

"That young man," said H., pointing to my brother, "has grossly insulted me."

"If you are an honest man," replied my brother, "you have not been insulted."

The Captain remarked that he knew nothing of the case. "But I suppose," said he, "this young man has interfered in behalf of this beardless youth, and does not wish you and him to gamble."

"You are right," exclaimed my brother. "I have no objection to my brother's playing a game of poker for amusement ; but—"

"I suppose, then," interrupted H., "I am to infer from

your insinuation, sir, that I am no gentleman ! The insult is unpardonable. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction ; yes, sir, satisfaction, in an honorable way. You shall hear from me," said he, as he stepped toward the door.

"Keep cool," said my brother ; "and as to your demanding satisfaction in an honorable way, I shall expect evidence that you are an honorable man, before your demand can receive attention."

This was to H. too gross an insinuation to be endured, and drawing from his pocket a large flint-lock pistol, he exclaimed—"Retract, villain, or death is your doom."

Clenching the pistol tight, and bringing it down close to his side, and being directly in front of me, I had an opportunity of trying the flint with my fingers ; and finding it loose, I gently removed it from its place, and deposited it in my pocket.

"Draw" said H. to my brother, "and defend yourself, or I will blow out your brains."

"Blow away," said my brother, sneeringly. "Nevertheless, I insist, first, that you shall convince me that you are a gentleman ; and secondly, that it is a gentlemanly thing to fight a duel. When these two things are done, I will certainly act the part of a gentleman in turn, and give you the satisfaction demanded."

The last remark seemed to touch some of the honorable bloods on board, who were valiant advocates of the duelling principle, and great sticklers for the "laws of honor."

The Captain himself was inclined to favor the cause of H., and said he thought my brother ought, in justice, to retract.

"Not one syllable," said my brother.

"Then you are a dead man," said H., elevating the pistol to a level with my brother's head. Clack, went the



trigger—but not a spark of fire was seen. The flint was missing. But fire caught in another quarter—the fire of an honest indignation at such a base and murderous act. H. felt the effect; and falling prostrate, his hand ceased its grasp, and the pistol dropped from it. I immediately secured it, with the wicked purpose in my heart, to use it against H. if an opportunity should offer, though the flint and priming were out. The flint was in my possession, and I thought it would be less trouble to obtain priming than in the first instance to secure the pistol. My heart was filled with malice and revenge, and to prevent H. recovering himself immediately, I secretly gave him a kick under the ear, which had the desired effect. This act was, however, observed by one of the passengers. H. lay on the floor some time, with scarcely a symptom of life. A feeling of sympathy spread through the cabin in his behalf. Threats were muttered, especially against me. “It was the kick that stunned him,” said one. “He is a murdered man,” said another. “Took his money and then his life,” said another still. The Captain said we ought to be secured, for we had at least *badly injured* H. While all this was passing, H. continued motionless; but I kept my eye upon him. At length he uttered a slight groan, and turned on his side. Noticing his hand to move slyly to his pocket, I supposed he had another weapon. But he withdrew it without a weapon, and uttering another slight groan, suddenly thrust it into his bosom. I observed him closely, and thought I discovered something like a roll of the money he had in his possession when we sat down to play. This was not noticed by any person but myself. He soon became restless and appeared to be in great distress. The Captain and passengers demanded that we should give up the state-room for the

accommodation of H. We yielded without opposition. My brother appeared to be much alarmed. Asked me if I thought he was badly hurt by the blow he had given him. I told him what I had done to complete *his* work—that I had kicked him under the ear. “Then,” said he, “I fear he will die; but every dollar of money in those rolls were counterfeit; it was the same kind of money the Browns were arrested for passing in New Orleans. I saw the bills were counterfeit, and was determined that they should not be put off upon you. He gave one of them to the clerk to pay his passage, and received from him eighty dollars in change. But as the Captain has taken sides against us, I shall not apprize him of the fraud. He may discover it himself at his leisure.”

H. remained speechless : and great sympathy prevailed throughout the cabin. Some recommended that the large amount of money in his possession should be taken from him, and deposited with the clerk for safe keeping. Efforts were made to ascertain whether he could speak, but all in vain. The Captain then said there would be no harm in taking the money, and placing it in the hands of some one for safe keeping. Search was accordingly made on the person of H., but the money could not be found. A general search was then proposed. My brother, fearing that I might have been mistaken as to H—— removing the money from his pocket to his bosom, felt somewhat uneasy at the proposal ; but I was confident that I was correct, and his fears were removed. A general search was agreed upon, and a committee appointed to perform the work. They began with my brother, searched him thoroughly, and were satisfied that the money was not in his possession. My turn came next, and they were satisfied that the money was not with me. The search went briskly

on, but no discovery was made. There was an old gentleman on board, whose name was Miller, who had apparently taken but little interest in what was doing, and being free from suspicion, he was left until the last. To the surprise of all, two thousand dollars, in one hundred dollar notes, were found in his possession. It appeared to be of the same description of money as that which had been seen in the possession of H., and strong suspicion of guilt now rested upon him. Much excitement prevailed; and the old gentleman's profession of innocence, and that he came in possession of the money in an honest way, could not allay it. Many conjectures were started. But one that seemed to gain the most general credence, was, that a plan had been concerted between Miller, my brother, and myself, to rob H. of his money; that in the execution of this plan, I had induced H. to play, my brother had managed to produce a quarrel, which, being carried out as it actually was, afforded Miller an opportunity to get the money in the time of the general confusion and noise connected with such a scene. All that appeared necessary to confirm this conjecture was, that H. might so far recover as to identify his money.

At this juncture, H. gave signs of sensibility; he turned himself over, opened his eyes, looked wildly about, asked for a drink, wanted to know where he was, what boat he was on; and finally asked what had become of his two thousand dollars of United States money. Being interrogated particularly as to the kind of money, the precise amount, &c., he described it all accurately. I thought I would let the matter work, and see to what length he would carry his villany, and consequently requested my brother to say nothing about his secreting his money in his bosom. Mr. Miller exhibited no excitement or fear,

and appeared perfectly calm and easy. He was taken to H., and his money was presented to him for examination. On receiving it, he exclaimed—"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness in restoring to me my money;" and on looking it over, said; "Yes, every dollar, I perceive, appears to be here." All this was done in a manner calculated to confirm the company that he was the rightful owner of the money. As he was about to convey it to his pocket, Mr. Miller addressed him, saying, "Friend, do you know what you are about? Are you certain that the money belongs to you? Be careful as to what you do." To which H. replied: "Yes, sir, it is my money; I will swear to every dollar of it." The current of feeling set entirely in favor of H.; and so strong was the excitement against Mr. Miller, that there was danger of its breaking forth in violence upon his person, and that he would be handed over to the cruelties of Lynch law.

How beautiful and dignified is conscious honesty and innocence. The old gentleman was perfectly free from excitement or fear, and in the midst of the enraged cabal around him, as calm and undaunted as if he had been surrounded with tried friends.

It was far different with my brother; he burned with indignation and impatience to disclose the fraud of H., and to visit summary justice upon his guilty head. But the current of feeling was so strong in his favor, that it would have been worse than useless to make any expression of his opinion, and he was restrained for the time.

It was proposed and agreed that a Lynch-law court should be held to try Mr. Miller for the crime of robbing H. A jury was selected, and the court was about to proceed with the trial, when it was proposed that, as it was near supper time, the proceedings should be suspend-

ed until after the supper table should be removed. This was agreed to. H. still kept his state-room, under the plea that he was unable to leave it. I consequently kept myself close at his door, to watch his movements. It was proposed that Miller's two thousand dollars should be taken from H., and deposited in the hands of the clerk, subject to the decree of the court and jury. This was agreed to.

After supper, and things being arranged for the trial, efforts were made by those who sympathised with H. to secure his attendance; but he managed so skillfully as to make the whole company, and with the rest a physician who was on board, to think that he was unable to sit up; and his attendance was dispensed with.

Mr. Miller then asked the court, in what manner they intended to proceed.

One proposed that he should receive one hundred lashes on his bare back, in the presence of H. This, he thought, would bring him to his senses, and make him willing to acknowledge his connexion with the two other villains on board, meaning my brother and myself.

Another proposed summary justice should be executed immediately—and that he, with a stone tied to his neck, should be thrown over-board; and that the same also should be done to his two accomplices.

"Well, Sirs," said Mr. M., "this would be 'summary justice,' indeed! But before you proceed, I shall take the liberty to state, first, that there is not a man on this boat whom I ever saw before I came on board. I have not, therefore, a single living witness here present to testify to my innocence, or the falsity of the charge brought against me, or the fraud of the claim of that man to my two thousand dollars. But, secondly, I am not entirely desti-

tute of evidence." Then, turning to the clerk, he said, "Do you recollect that I gave you a package of papers for safe keeping, when I came aboard?" "Yes, sir," was the clerk's reply. "Please bring them forward, and deliver them to me." His request was complied with. Mr. M., taking the package in his hand, said—

"This package contains four thousand dollars in the same kind of notes; also a certificate of deposit for fourteen thousand dollars in the United States Branch Bank at Louisville; also several letters of credit, with a list of the banks where they are payable, together with the number and dates of each bill. The clerk will recollect that this package was put into his hands immediately on my arrival on the boat, at the mouth of the Ohio river." The clerk confirmed this statement. "I shall now," said Mr. M., "condescend to open this package in the presence of this mock court, being convinced that this is the safest method of satisfying the company of my innocence."

The package was then opened, and every item agreed perfectly with the representation that had been given.

Never did a more sudden change take place in the minds of men than was caused by this development. And that feeling of indignation which seemed but a little before ready to break forth in violence upon the head of the innocent, was now expressed in imprecations against the villain who had been guilty of such an act as the one now in question.

H., being informed of the result of this mock trial, at once put on the appearance of insanity, and some who had committed themselves in his favor, made excuses for him, saying that the injury he had received from me and my brother had made him delirious, and knew not what

he was about when he claimed Mr. Miller's money, and it was probable that we had robbed him of his own.

This renewed suspicion of my brother and myself excited my indignation, and I exclaimed—"He robbed himself, if he had any money to lose!"

"Ah," said the clerk, "he had thousands of money, for I saw it, and my own eyes are the best evidence I can have."

"Thousands of counterfeit money," said my brother.

"Indeed?" rejoined the clerk, "I think you are mistaken, sir; I can show you a sample!"

"Yes," said my brother, "I saw him give you a *counterfeit* hundred dollar note; and I also saw a *large roll* of the same kind. That roll he took from his pocket, and hid in his bosom when he lay upon the floor."

The clerk ran to his office, and returned immediately with the note in question; which on examination was found to be spurious, one of the same kind that the Browns had circulated in such abundance at New Orleans, in 1830.

On this discovery, a rush was made to H.'s state room. He lay apparently senseless. But search was immediately made, and in his bosom were found five thousand dollars, in counterfeit one hundred dollar notes. The clerk also found eighty dollars which he had given H. in change on receiving his passage money. This he took into his own keeping.

Now the current of feeling was entirely changed, and the storm of vengeance which at one time threatened the lives of Mr. Miller, my brother, and myself, seemed ready to burst with two-fold fury upon the head of poor H.; and it was with difficulty that the passengers could be restrained from dragging him at once from his state room, and hanging him without even the form of a mock trial. We

were taking wood; and it was night—one of those dark, rainy nights, so common on the southern Mississippi. I shall never forget the horror I felt at the scene with which I was surrounded. It was too dark for the boat to proceed, and we were obliged to lie by for the night. The enraged passengers were wishing for the light of day, ~~that they~~ might proceed with their lynching H., in an honorable way, as they termed it. I thought his destruction was inevitable. I retired with my brother to my state room, where we reviewed the heart-sickening events of the day, and wept over the fate which awaited that miserable victim, on whom now seemed to centre the hate and vengeance of an enraged mob; for I can call it by no milder name. Though he had shown so much of the hardened and desperate villain, I felt as though I would cheerfully relieve him, were it in my power. But this I knew was in vain to attempt, and I felt that all the miserable wretch could do, was to submit to his fate.

The boat left her moorings before it was really light; and was well under way when the passengers began to rise and leave their state rooms. Four of them found their way to H.'s state room, when, to their surprise and disappointment, they discovered that the door had, during the night, been forced open, and the culprit had made his escape, leaving his counterfeit money behind him, and being destitute himself of a single dollar of good money, to pay his way up or down the river, or through the country.

You who are ignorant of the devices and crimes of the gambler and counterfeiter, think ye that he would remain long in suspense what to do in such a situation? Think ye, that he would hesitate to commit robbery or murder, to obtain the means of pursuing his way, or of carrying

on his nefarious work of gambling? Then be assured that you are mistaken. There is no deed too foul for such men to commit. They hesitate not to adopt any means, however dark and hellish, whereby they can accomplish their wicked purposes.

In 1834, I stopped a short time at Randolph, where I once more saw H. He made quite a show, glorying in his shame. But he was generally considered as a vile wretch. When I saw him, he was in conversation with an old counterfeiter whose name was Spurlock. I understood the business he was engaged in with this man, by the many "*flash* words" (a term used by the craft to signify expressions designed to deceive the uninitiated,) which passed between them.

I have seen H. once since my reformation. He tries to pass himself off as a gentleman. But, alas! what dark hypocrisy is it for such a man, and one who adds to all his other crimes the denial of a God—for he is an atheist—to make any pretension to such a name.

After the events I have here related, nothing worthy of note occurred on our passage until we arrived at Vicksburg. At that time, this place was distinguished above most places, even at the south, for bad morals. It might be called an emporium of vice—a whirlpool of dissipation and crime. In fact, if I may except Buffalo, New York, and Natchez, Mississippi, I have seen no place which could compare with that Sodom of wickedness. From 1831 to 1835, might, as to virtue and good morals, be called a period of Egyptian darkness, as dismal as ever cursed any portion of this heaven-favored land. The moral sense of the people seemed entirely lost in the deep streams of depravity, which threatened to sweep away all that was lovely and of good report. The place was

infested with a horde of hardened gamblers. Murder was of every day occurrence; and when committed by one, was justified by another, as a right and honorable act. The youth who came to the place from other parts of the country, with correct moral principles, were soon made the victims of vice and dissipation, by hardened wretches, who seemed to take pleasure in destroying the fair reputation of all who were better than themselves. Alas! how many hearts of widowed mothers were made to feel the deepest pangs of sorrow by the ruin of sons in whom were centred their fondest hopes.

The following horrible scene transpired soon after my arrival, which I will relate as a specimen of events which were of common occurrence.

Perhaps the reader will recollect the name of Cobbler, as associated with the lynching scene which took place in 1835, when five men suffered summary justice at the hands of the infuriated citizens, who took the authority into their own hands, and strung them up as if they had been wild beasts.

Cobbler, with several others of the same class of hardened villains, decoyed an unsuspecting young man, who had brought a small crop of cotton to the city for sale. They bribed a certain class of merchants—worthy of no better name than the devil's stool pigeons—who infested that city, to induce the young man to drink until he became intoxicated, and then take him to their gambling hell. It was the same that was broken up by the mob, in 1835, referred to above. Here his money, he had received for his cotton, was taken from him by the gamblers. They first induced him to play brag, to prepare the way for the execution of their dark designs. He was led on from step to step, until he found himself at the Faro bank, or

Roulette table. At these two games he was soon robbed of about seven hundred and fifty dollars in money, a gold patent lever watch, and a promissory note, which had been drawn in favor of his widowed mother by a planter who lived not far from the city.

The young man having lost all, became desperate. He walked the room rapidly twenty or thirty minutes, and then called for a decanter of brandy, which was furnished. Having first drank freely himself, he invited his associates to drink with him. A number accepted his invitation in apparent friendship. He continued to drink until he became quite noisy and troublesome. The landlord, whose name was North, the man of that name who was hung by the mob in 1835, ordered him to leave his house. The order was promptly obeyed; and the young man hastened to Cobbler's Faro room, made complaint to Cobbler of the ill treatment he had received from North—against whom he uttered threats of revenge—and requested him to stand by him while he put them into execution. Cobbler advised him to postpone the execution of his purpose until the next day. Disappointed and chagrined, he left the room, taking with him several dissolute young men, who were present. I was at Carrell's hotel, engaged in conversation with my brother, when they came in and asked for liquor. After they had drunk freely they left the hotel, and passed over the bayou, immediately above the city, to a place infested by some of the most depraved of the human race. Here he commenced a riot, which ended in a desperate fight between himself and one of his most intimate associates, who was more intoxicated, if possible, than himself. They were, however, separated by one of the company, who, though intoxicated himself, managed to push them apart, one

falling to the ground one way, and the other another way, and then himself falling headlong to the ground. He, however, falling within reaching distance of a tree, by its aid made out to rise to his feet again, and, supporting himself with his back against it, addressed them in the following manner:

"Friends and companions,—when you are sober, I will acknowledge you to be gentlemen worthy. No, *not* worthy," (making a drunken pause,) "Y-e . . . y-e-s, gentlemen, worthy of your humble servant's particular respect. Yes, gentlemen, worthy as the representatives of a *more* worthy class"—meaning the slaves, as we afterwards learned, one of the company being an "overseer."

"Of a *more* worthy class?" said one of the young sots, "Sir, do you say that I am not an overseer of a respectable and peaceful character?" at the same time staggering forward, and falling upon the offender. They soon all three engaged in a fight again, but were too drunk to injure each other much. When they became satisfied with their mode of vindicating their honor among themselves, they separated, and returned by the way they came, across the bayou, and having found a hotel, drank again until they became *bestly* drunk. After this the young man went to Carrell's hotel and called for a room, into which he entered, and continued there until about midnight, when he left it and sallied forth in search of Cobbler, whom he supposed to be at North's coffee house. When he arrived there, they were about closing the door. On his demand for Cobbler, he was told by one of the black-hearted villains, that he had left and gone to his lodgings on a flat boat, which he pointed out to him, saying he would find him there, as that was the

place of his head-quarters. The young planter went, as he supposed, to where the gambler lodged. On knocking at the door of the boat, and being asked what he wanted, he said he was in search of Cobbler, whom he was informed was there. The boatman replied, that he knew nothing of the man, and that he was not there. He then returned to North's, where he was told that Cobbler was on the boat, and he would find him there. The owner of the boat, he was assured, was a mean man, and meant to deceive him. He should go and demand an entrance; and if it was refused, he should break down the door, and enter by force. Upon this, he returned, enraged, to the boat, and immediately began to kick at the door. The boatman within told him he had better desist. To this he paid no attention, but continued kicking until the door burst open. As it flew open the boatman fired a double barrelled gun, loaded with buckshot. The deed was done. Several of the shot entered the young man's head just below the eye. He fell, and died without a groan. The scene was witnessed by a number of the gamblers, who had resorted to the spot to see what would be the result of the young planter's onset. When he fell, they, in the true character of robbers and assassins, fled from the ground, leaving their deluded victim weltering in his blood. He had, first, been robbed of his money by the Vicksburgh pirates, and then led by them into the affray which ended in his death. Are not scenes like these, the legitimate offspring of the hell-born vice of gambling, enough to make the heart recoil with horror? And should not a practice so dreadfully pernicious in its nature and fruits, demand the united efforts of all the friends of virtue, to banish it from the land. Gambling should be classed among the blackest crimes, and be punished with the se-

verest penalties of law. The gambler should be looked upon as a most dangerous enemy to the good order and peace of society, and cut off from the community by that stern hand of justice which should ever be a terror to evil doers.

When the case before us was inquired into, the boatman stated that he had been annoyed several times by a clan of desperadoes, who, as in this instance, had sent persons to his boat as a place of entertainment; and frequently after he had retired for the night, he had been molested by those who had been sent to his boat by the blacklegs. And that on the night before, when a number had come and disturbed him, enquiring for *Jim Hoard*, NORTH, COBBLER, *Gid Blackburn*, *Cale Williams*, *John Young*, and several others of the like character, who were publicly known as a set of vile desperadoes, he had warned them of what they might expect if they continued to molest him in that manner. "Knowing the desperate character of these men," said he, "I prepared myself for self-defence, and had my gun ready in case I should want to use it. I was determined not to be imposed upon with impunity. When the young man came and kicked against the door, I seized my gun. When it was broken open I fired, not knowing who was the victim of his own presumption. I waited a few moments to hear whether the charge had taken effect. All was silent, save the tramping of feet, and now and then a distant yell of apparent fiendish joy, and once, the exclamation—'I believe the d—d rascal has shot him.' After waiting a little longer, I took a light, and accompanied by several persons, who were with me on the boat, I went to the door, where I found the prostrate body of the young man. Four shot had entered the left side of the face, and came out imme-

diately behind the right ear. He was dead! Not a breath did he draw after we reached him!"

A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict returned, that the deceased came to his death by a shot from the gun of Mr. ———, which was fired in justifiable self-defence.

After this verdict, a scene transpired equally abhorrent to the feelings of virtuous humanity, as what has been already narrated.

The coroner, jury, and all present, were invited into the boat to drink; and the invitation was accepted without reluctance. As one of the jury filled his glass, he called to his associates, saying: "Gentlemen, let us drink a toast. I will give—The health of our worthy landlord, who has so bravely defended his castle against one of the most desperate clans that ever infested the city of Vicksburg." "Huzza! Huzza!" burst forth from every mouth! Another toast was offered, and responded to with "3 times 3." Then one of the jurymen, taking his glass, proposed the following:—"Here, gentlemen, is to the dead, to whom no one can wish harm, and whom we congratulate upon his easy death; peace to his ashes: his friends will have to acknowledge the favor shown to him by our brave landlord, at such an unexpected crisis." The sentiment of this toast was too shocking to meet with a response from even the callous hearts of this depraved company. A dead and solemn silence followed, and no one ventured to utter a word for some moments. This silence was broken at length by the boatman, in the following words: "Come, gentlemen, one more glass at my expense; and while I express my sincere thanks to the illustrious jury, permit me to say, that I shall never be more ready to lay down my life in my own defence than in this; and I trust I may

woman that he had not been hung before he run through with her fortune;" and then called to his companions to return with him to the flatboat to inform the murderer that his victim was neither more nor less than a drunken sot.

The old servant obtained a wagon, and with his mistress left this modern Sodom, bearing with them the corpse of her murdered son,—another of the thousand victims of intemperance and gambling, brought to an early and hopeless end within the precincts of that city—to commit him to a gloomy grave. Virtue sheds upon the sacred spot where rests the ashes of the good and holy, the cheering ray of hope, while she gives assurance of a resurrection to glory, and honor, and immortality. But vice and crime spread over the grave of their victim the gloom of the second death.

The city of Vicksburg at this time, and up to the day the gamblers were lynched, frequently, and we may almost say daily, presented scenes as appalling as the one here recorded. An insult was almost certain death, without the restraint or terror of law. And one of the worst features of this state of things was, those who had been raised by Christian parents, and had received good, religious and moral training, would in one year become the open and strenuous advocates of these bloody principles, and even embroe their own hands in their brother's blood. And had the blow, which routed the gamblers, been struck at any other time of the year, there would have been three to one in favor of the hardened and guilty wretches. The orderly part of the community knew full well what destroyed the quietude and peace of the city. They were urged to desperation. They struck a decisive blow. A dark and dreadful deed it was. A deed to crimson every

American cheek with shame. But the question with them was, what are we to do? Were they to stand still, and see the best youths of the land dragged into the whirlpool of vice, and swept down to destruction before their eyes in open day? Must they continue to tolerate the mock trials, by an infamous court, of the midnight assassins for the robbery and murder of their fathers, brothers, and sons? This was more than could be long endured by such a people. They saw there was no hope from courts of justice, if such they might be called, in which five out of every seven were leagued to protect and justify such bloody deeds. Dreadful were the outrages committed daily by the different clans of desperadoes in the streets, and before the doors of the peaceable citizens, apparently to insult their feelings, and to pour contempt upon their virtuous principles. It could not longer be endured. And there was no remedy, but in the people's taking the work of justice into their own hands. Thus, at any rate, reasoned, and thus thought the insulted and incensed people. Far be it from me to justify the system of Lynch-law, under any circumstances; and I write this more to give a history of the state of things in that southern *Gomorrhah*, at that time, and the provocation to the high handed measures which were adopted, than to justify any proceedings that were reprehensible.

I remained at Vicksburg a few weeks, playing and betting at all kinds of games, sometimes winning, and at others losing my thousands; and often, when I call to mind the career I was running at that time, it seems amazing that I was not smitten down by a bolt of divine vengeance. Surely, my feet stood on slippery places, and fiery billows rolled beneath. Oh, could men but see one of a thousand hellish devices a gambler has to invent to keep up a sen-

blance of respectability, while he pursues his robbing and murderous career, they would rise in the name and majesty of virtue and banish the monster crime from the land.

My poor brother has often stood by me when I was winning the money belonging to another ; and though he were a desperate villain, he (my brother) would remonstrate against my taking and keeping what I gained by this species of fraud. Often have I seen his cheek burn with excitement, and the blood seem ready to burst his veins, as he beheld me gathering up the fruits of my success in playing, and entreated me to desist. Often have I walked with him—his hands folded across his bosom, and his heart ready to burst with grief—while he poured forth upon my ears the most faithful admonitions and entreaties, for me to forsake my evil course ; and I at the same time one of the most wretched creatures in existence. But, alas ! the infatuation of the gambler ! He is like one under the dominion of an evil spirit, from which there is no escape.

I had abandoned all hope of ever becoming an honest and respectable man. The force of evil habit, and the accumulation of guilt, seemed too great to throw off ; and the prospect of reformation, and of rising to a standing in respectable society, seemed to me to be gone forever. No language can describe the degree of wretchedness I often felt. Scarcely a ray of hope shone upon my path. Life was a burden to me ; and I prayed and expected to die a premature death. Yet when my thoughts reached to the scene beyond the grave, that scene was covered with the deepest gloom. Oh, what a keen sense of my guilt often stung me to the heart, and how did remorse prey upon my conscience like a burning fever. "The way of transgressors is hard." But, like the drunkard

who flies to his cups to drown his convictions, and silence the clamors of a guilty conscience, I would turn from these inward reproofs, and seek to forget my gloomy forebodings in the excitement of the card table; and with a mad ambition resolve to excel all others in the black art which I had chosen as the business of my life. Thus, in early life I became not only a pest to good society, but even a dread to the most dissolute gamblers. But, while I made such proficiency in this art, that but very few, even of the Vicksburg gamblers, could beat me in playing, I was often made the subject of intrigue, and robbed of my money in another way. Thousands of dollars have I lost by loaning to those who could not get my money by gambling. This presents another feature of the gambler's character. He is a prodigal, wasteful, reckless being. Hence, often when I have gained a large sum by my superior skill in playing, I have soon lost it by lending to other gamblers, without any security for its payment to me again. Often when I have thus been robbed of what I had taken from others, have I cursed my folly. When my brother would endeavor to induce me to abandon the business of gambling, I would turn him off with the promise that I would comply with his wishes when I had accumulated a certain amount. And the recollection of this promise would often highly aggravate me, when large sums had been swindled from me in this manner. The gambler is dead to the principle of honesty. Prove to me that the swindler, the thief, the freebooter, is an honest man, then will I believe that the gambler may be an honest man, and not until then. Gambling of any description, (and there are many kinds, some practised even by men who bear the Christian name !) cannot co-exist with the principle of honesty. And I entreat the reader

never to listen for a moment to any excuse or apology, come from what source it may, for a practice so repugnant to every thing honest, virtuous, lovely, and of good report. Apologies *are* often made for certain kinds of gambling, by men who belie their profession in so doing, and ought to blush with shame at the words which issue from their lips, and the deeds of which they are guilty. Close your ears against their dangerous sophistry, and fortify your moral sense against their pernicious acts. Avoid, as you would a deadly poison, the first and least beginnings of an evil, which may lead you on to crimes of the deepest dye. Take warning from one who knows by bitter experience, the difficulty of abandoning a vice which poisons the very fountain of the nobler sensibilities, paralyzes every motive to honesty and virtue, and becomes a kind of second nature, which can be purified only as by a miracle of divine power. Even now, when I look back upon my dark career, and remember how near I approached to the very verge of hell, and how hopeless a reformation appeared to myself, my blood chills in my veins, and it appears rather like a vision of the night, than a blessed reality, that my feet are taken from the horrible pit and miry clay; and that *I* have escaped the final doom of the gambler, which scarcely any beside, as far gone as was I, ever did escape.

My brother, from time to time, presented every argument, and urged every entreaty within a brother's power to induce me to forsake my evil course. I would sometimes request him to forbear, for there was no hope in my case, and his kind admonitions and advice were only a source of torment. I was utterly irreclaimable, and his efforts were in vain. But he could not believe me, and would often say, I could, and must, and *would*, yet, reform.

We walked together to the beach on the day the dead body of a physician was taken out of the water. He had been ruined a few weeks previous at North's gambling-room, in that city, and had committed suicide by drowning himself, leaving a wife and two children. The wife died in a few days after, broken-hearted; the two orphans were present when their father's body was found. The scene was enough to melt the heart of a barbarian, and lead any one whose conscience was not seared as with a hot iron, to abandon a vice which produced such results. And when my brother saw that this produced no reformatory effect upon me, he seemed for the time to be discouraged. His spirits sank, and he became melancholy. This I dreaded, fearing it might drive him to his cups. And I soon discovered that my fears were well-founded.

To divert his mind by affording him employment, I proposed that he should purchase a boat load of corn, and take it down to Natchez, where there was at that time a good market for the article. I furnished him five hundred dollars for the purpose, and promised to meet him in three weeks. But it was a gambler's promise. We parted, and I saw him no more until I stood by his death-bed in Louisville, in 1834.

Shortly after our separation, I left Vicksburg for New Orleans, where I remained five or six weeks. During this time I witnessed scenes of wickedness which I have no language to describe. The city was filled with gamblers of every grade, from the genteel Faro-dealer down to the "Trunk Loo No. 4." These demons in human shape might be seen walking arm in arm from morning until night in the garb of gentlemen, and at night in the gambling-hells engaged at their works of darkness, or at places of public resort, picking and cutting off pockets, or in pla-

ces where they could escape detection, knocking men down and robbing them of their money or whatever they might find of value about their persons.

I will here relate one case, to show the degree of wickedness, of which those who considered themselves the most respectable of the vile fraternity were guilty.

"No. 9," was a well known den situated on the old levee. It was a licensed Roulette, where every grade and name of gambling was carried on, upon the most extensive scale. Here might be found men, at all times,—engaged in every species of gaming, from the Faro Bank down to "twenty-one," or "Vingtune." The "*gentlemen blacklegs*," concerned in this establishment, would promenade the streets, visit the theatres, mask balls, and all other places of amusement, with which New Orleans abounds, in search of new subjects of seduction and ruin.

One evening a young planter arrived in the city with about ten thousand dollars worth of cotton. Immediately the fraternity began to devise the most successful method by which they might ensnare and rob him of his money. They naturally supposed that it would take several days to dispose of his cotton and receive the money. In the mean time, the first step to be taken was to gain his acquaintance. Runners were appointed to watch his movements, learn the places of his resort, and his method of spending his leisure hours. It was soon discovered that he was fond of the theatre. Two gamblers, whose names were Morgan and Stanley, the former from Natchez, and the latter from Bayou Sarah, were selected to gain an introduction. For this purpose they were to visit the theatre, where the captain of the boat who brought the young planter and his cotton to the city, (with whom they were already acquainted, he being connected with

several of the gambling houses, and consequently a suitable person to aid them in their dark designs,) was to bring them together and open the way for an acquaintance. I have not the name either of this captain, or of his boat, but think his name was W., and that of his boat, the Belle Creole.

The plan agreed upon was this: W. was, in the first place, to take the young man to the theatre several times, and give him a seat with a class of persons of a suitable character to accomplish the purpose he had in view. Afterwards, he was to wait upon a young female, place her in a box with the young man, then manage to hand her over to his charge, and she was to introduce him to Morgan and Stanley, as intimate friends of hers, engaged in the business of the cotton brokerage.

This plan was put into successful execution. At the time appointed, W. waited upon the young female, seated her in the same box with the young planter, and gave them an introduction. Morgan and Stanley soon made their appearance, and seated themselves in a box on the opposite side of the theatre. In a few moments the Captain remarked that he discovered two of his intimate friends in the theatre, and addressing himself to the young man, said, "they are the very men, sir, I wish to give you an introduction to. I will leave you in charge of Miss Caroline, for a few moments." As soon as he had left the box, she began to speak in the highest terms of Morgan and Stanley. They were very extensive cotton brokers, and were such intelligent and affable gentlemen. She hoped the Captain would succeed in getting them to take a seat in the same box with themselves—they would enjoy the evening so much more for having their company.

Her wish was soon gratified by the approach of Morgan, whose prepossessing personal appearance made a favorable impression upon the mind of the young planter. He was a tall man of genteel address, fair complexion, handsome Roman features, large grey or blue eyes, long eye lashes, dark hair, and about forty-five years of age. Being introduced, and taking a seat beside the young planter, the conversation, as I was afterwards informed by the unfortunate young female, commenced as follows :

"We are to have a splendid play this evening."

"Yes, I have often heard it highly spoken of."

"I doubt not, for Othello is indeed one of our most popular plays."

"True," replied the young man, "but I imagine it is not a play that requires great care in selecting the characters to perform the various parts."

"I believe you are correct," said Morgan, "and that fact makes the play the more interesting, as it makes the whole appear more like real life."

He might have added, Iago is now playing his part with you.

During the play W. and Stanley came several times to the box. Stanley was intoxicated, and seemed rather inclined to improper conduct; but was restrained by the presence of the female, who was seated between Morgan and the young planter, and who behaved with strict propriety. The Captain finally excused himself and his friend Stanley, expressing a hope that the young lady would find herself well taken care of, as he had requested the exchange broker in her company to see her safe to the City Hotel.

When they had left, the following conversation took place.

"My friend Stanley, is a fine fellow," said Morgan,

"but he has taken a little too much wine this evening, and is disposed to have a little spree."

"Indeed," answered the young man, "and the captain seems inclined to follow suit."

"I think as much," added the young female. "I do not know what I should have done, had the captain after bringing me here, taken into his head to spree, and left me *alone* in the midst of strangers."

"O," said Morgan, "he is too much of a gentleman to be guilty of such an act. He loves to take a little wine occasionally,—and who does not,—but he knew you were in good company, and thought he would enjoy himself a little with his friend Stanley. Do not be anxious, you have nothing to fear. Are you not fond of wine?"

"Certainly," said the young man, "I never refuse it."

"I certainly do not refuse it at proper times," said the young female, appearing to be relieved from her pretended anxiety respecting her situation, and expressing confidence in the honor of W.

"I have spent my thousands for wine," said Morgan, but never drink too much myself. From the nature of my business, I am often placed in circumstances which are not congenial to my principles. 'When in Rome, we must do as Romans do.' When I sell or purchase a large lot of cotton, it is my practice to give a dinner, and you know wine is requisite to a genteel dinner. However, I have not done so in the present instance; for Mr. Stanley, for whom I am trying to effect a purchase of some thirty thousand dollars worth of cotton, has been in a spree ever since he came to the city. I begin to fear I shall not be able to fill his order, when he becomes himself again, on account of his delay, as there is at present a prospect of a scarcity of the article."

"I have about ten thousand dollars worth of cotton," said the young planter "for the sale of which I shall be ready at any time to enter into a negotiation."

"It is highly probable," replied Morgan, "that we can make a trade. I shall be glad to see you to-morrow."

Having made arrangements to meet the next day, Morgan left them, making the excuse that he wished to find W. and his friend Stanley.

As soon as he had gone, the young lady began to speak of Morgan in the highest terms—he was a perfect gentleman—a man of great wealth, honorable in all his transactions, responsible as to his transactions, &c.

When the play was over, the young planter waited upon her to the Hotel, where he found W., Morgan and Stanley, and where Stanley with his wife occupied a suite of rooms. All were invited into the sitting room, and when the circle was formed, wine was brought in and drank freely, especially by the young planter, who soon began to feel its effects. When this was discovered, the ladies withdrew, and cards were introduced. It being late at night, a proposition was made and accepted to choose partners, and play for a dinner, to be given the next day. According to this arrangement, W. and the young planter played as partners against Morgan and Stanley. The former won, and it was agreed that they should meet the next day at the City Hotel, at 3 o'clock P. M., to partake of a dinner at the expense of Morgan and Stanley.

When they were about to part, Morgan proposed another game—that Stanley should take either W. or the young planter, and play for the footing of the bill. Stanley chose the latter. They played, and Stanley lost. Morgan and W. began to joke Stanley about losing the game, at which he appeared to be somewhat chagrined, and

said he would like to make another trial, and redeem his character. After some conversation they agreed to have a game immediately after dinner the next day, and then decide the matter.

They then separated, and W. and the young planter departed to take their lodgings on the boat. On their way, they passed "No. 9," a place in which W. professed to be greatly interested. He said he expected to receive several hundred dollars from the managers in passage money, as all the licensed gamblers would travel north in the summer season.

Although it was late, W. proposed to go in. Upon entering, he stepped forward to an old gambler by the name of Grampin, who was seated behind a Faro table counting his doubloons, and addressed him thus :

"Monsieur Grampin, what is the news this evening?"

"Bad news, Monsieur W.," replied Grampin, "bad news; we have lost a great deal of money, sir; ten thousand dollars will not make us even upon this night's play."

"Who beats the game so bad to-night, Monsieur?" asked W., turning his eye where several were then sitting, betting small sums upon the "Roulette," and twenty-one table. The "Sweat-cloth" was also covered with bets. [For a description of the Games, see Green on Gambling, second edition, page 159]

"O, sir, you look to the wrong part of the house for the winner; look to the other corner—then you will see the lucky man," said the Frenchman, grinding his teeth and disfiguring his face with a fiendish grin. "Five hundred thousand dollars, after paying our license, have we made, without ever before sustaining such a loss; and no man ever left this table before so much the winner."

Then he broke out in oaths, imprecations, and curses against the Almighty, for sending him such "bad luck." It was enough to make humanity shudder to hear the blasphemies which came from his polluted lips.

W. turning his eye to the corner mentioned, and seeing a corpse, exclaimed—"What, a corpse here, Monsieur!"

"Yes, a corpse!" said the Frenchman; "I tell you, Captain, God Almighty never permits living men to win so large a sum from 'No. 9.'"

In the corner of the room, upon a couple of benches, were laid two planks, and upon these were the remains of a sea captain! He died while at play!

The circumstances of his death were as follows: He was a man fond of amusement and sport; but was not considered either a drunkard or gambler; he had never been seen intoxicated when in port. But he used to pay frequent visits to "No. 9," when he would sit for hours and bet upon the Roulette. Twenty-five cents, however, was his highest bet. If he lost, he went no higher; if he gained, it was the same. (For a description of the game of Roulette, see Green on Gambling.) On the evening of his untimely death, he came in as usual, and took his seat at the table. The Roulette table has two colors—one of red, and one of black. Betting on either color separately affords the same chance of winning, as the colors are divided equally, and figures correspond. If the ball which is rolled is permitted to fall where it chances, the game is equal; and as the banker also throws the ball, he has to pay an amount equal to the sum you bet. If you bet upon the color, and place, for instance, one dollar on the red, the banker starts the wheel and ball with great rapidity, and as the wheel ceases to revolve, the ball rolls into its color, and the bet

is decided ; and if your bet be upon the same color where the ball stops, he pays you an amount equal to the sum you have laid down. The Roulette tables at that time were constructed on a fairer principle than they are at the present day, and it sometimes happened that the banks were broken by the betters. The wheel is marked with numbers from one to thirty-six, and has three bars placed in its bed, dividing the figures into equal parts ; every twelve figures has a bar, one of which is marked with an Eagle, another with a single O, and the third with a double OO. If, when you bet on the colors, the ball falls into either of these bars, the banker is entitled to all you bet.

The sea captain, having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his head leaning upon his hand, as if to wait the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel started again, but the Captain did not move, and, contrary to his usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth, and fifth, the sum doubling each time. Thus it went on to the eighth time, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud curses, exclaimed—"He wins again!" At this, many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth being the same, one cried out—"He is a fool ! why don't he make sure of what he has won ?" The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, brought the same result, and many exclaimed—"He is mad !" But the game went on, and the Captain continued heedless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth, thousands were at stake, from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seemed fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel-player. Others urged the Captain to

withdraw at least a part of his winnings. *Sixteen thousand dollars* was at stake for the seventeenth. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the Captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger, nor uttered a word. At this juncture, a husky voice, in seaman's phrase, was heard—"Haul in, old Captain! you don't bet all that pile against this set of land pirates! haul in!" and a hand was stretched forth from one at the table, grasping the money and depositing it in a hat. It was the first mate of the captain's vessel. Having thus secured the money, he seized the captain by the shoulder, saying—"Come, you have a full cargo; its time to hoist sail;"—when, horrible to relate, the corpse of the Captain fell against him. He had been sitting with his head upon his hand through all this exciting scene; having died in the act of betting his first quarter. The mate called for water, and dashed it into his face; then for spirits; but all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain. Life was extinct.

The gamblers then demanded that the money should be refunded; but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, put it into the hand of a cabin boy, and charged him to run with it for his life, to the ship, and deliver it to the clerk, and summon the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion were so great, that the boy slipped away unnoticed.

When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating, that as the Captain had undoubtedly died while betting the first quarter, justice required that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied, that the orphan children of the Captain needed the money, and should have it. Force was then threatened, if he

refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded, they rushed upon him with violence, seized his hat, and bore it off, supposing they had thus secured the money; but to their surprise the hat was empty. A large number who were present took the part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house. An assault was made upon the mate. Some cried one thing, and some another. "Down with him!" "Get the money." "Let him alone." "You have no right to rob him"—mingled with oaths, and imprecations, and curses. At this moment twenty or thirty of the ship's crew rushed in, and one word from the mate brought them to his rescue, and the gamblers were soon made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose that the mate had been robbed, and they were about rushing upon *Monsieur Grampin*, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained; but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords. The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what were called among them, "*wharf-rat-Frenchmen*," and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained monkeys. A fracas was, however, prevented, between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate, that the money was safe, and a request from him, that they would return quietly to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the Captain of the watch, that a coroner's inquest must be held over it before it could be removed. He then seated himself by the corpse of his Captain, to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common

work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, the mean while, now and then uttering curses upon the dead body of the Captain.

Before W. and the young planter left the room, they stepped to the spot where the corpse was laid, to take another view of it. "This is a dreadful scene, indeed!" said W. "Yes," replied the young man, "a corpse in one part of the room, and Faro, Roulette, game twenty one, and Chucker-luck, in another."—Here Grampin interfering, said, "I have paid my license, and if it were necessary I would play the game upon the corpse." The young man, shocked at this horrid depravity, immediately left the room, followed by W. "He is the most hardened wretch I ever knew!" exclaimed the former, to which the latter coolly replied—"O, he is only a little excited; had the Captain not died, and won the same amount, and played daily, it would all have passed off as a common thing. In twelve hours he will be as good a man as need be." The reader may be shocked at such an instance of the absence of all moral sensibility. But such was the state of things among the gambling fraternity in the years of 1830-1-2-3-4-5.

An inquest was held upon the corpse in the morning, and the verdict returned was, death by a fit of apoplexy; after which the mate was permitted to remove it. We never learned any further particulars of this horrid incident.

W. and the young planter went to the boat, and remained on board until 12 o'clock the next day, when a note was received reminding them of the dinner party at three o'clock, P. M. They soon went to the City Hotel, where they were received by Stanley and the young lady. Immediately after being seated in the sitting room, cards

were introduced, and the females invited to take part in the game. They however declined, with the excuse that they were ignorant of the game. Morgan then proposed to Stanley to play as they had done the last evening—Stanley and the young planter against Morgan and W.—the game to be whist, and wine the stake. The former losing every game for some time, they began to find fault with each other's playing, and Stanley finally proposed to change the game to that of Euchre. Stanley played poorly, and lost, which led the young planter to suppose that he was the best player.

After dinner, Morgan invited the planter to walk with him to the levee. During their walk, he assured him that Stanley was one of the most extensive traders in the northern or eastern cities—that he also made large shipments to Europe. "But he is a man of high life," said he, "and in order to secure sales to him, it becomes necessary for me to humor him—I have to drink with him, dine with him, play cards with, and visit places of amusement, &c. I was highly gratified to see you play with him. The only objection I have to playing with him, is, that when he becomes excited, he will make one play for money; and when I bet I am sure to lose. If he becomes intoxicated, he will not be satisfied with anything but large bets. This is always repugnant to both my feelings and judgment; and I do not like to engage with him."

"Well," said the young planter, "I could beat him at the game of Euchre, and give him the deal at the commencement of every game. Do you know what a fine player Captain W. is?"

"Yes, W. could beat Stanley with ease."

"With the same ease can I beat W."

"Indeed, I am glad to learn that you can play so well.

You are safe. But I thought it my duty to apprise you of what I have stated."

"I thank you, but my word for it, if Stanley and I play, you will see that he cannot beat me."

After this conversation they returned to the Hotel, and joined the rest of the dinner party. Stanley soon proposed another single handed game of Euchre with Morgan; but Morgan declined. He then gave the young planter an invitation, which was accepted without hesitancy. They commenced by simply betting a theatre ticket. First one would win, and then the other—the young planter saying when he lost, that he was not trying to do his best.

While they were thus engaged, Morgan and Captain W. arose and excused themselves, saying, that as it would be at the expense of the sportsmen, they should be happy to meet them in the evening at Box No—of the Old Camp-street theatre, where they would find not only themselves, but the *ladies* also, to add to the pleasure of the amusement.

As soon as they had taken their departure, they began to converse about the probability of winning the young planter's money. "What think you of it, Captain?" said Morgan.

"I hardly know," replied W. "I made a bad hit in taking him to old Grampin's last night. - We entered just after that old sea captain kicked the bucket, and was there in the midst of the cursed row that followed. But I am glad it was not a sucker* that you and I happened to pick up." (Such was the inhuman indifference with which those two gamblers treated the miserable death of

* "Sucker" is the name the gamblers give to a novice when he is drawn by one into a gambling hell and fleeced of his money, and the rest share the spoils in common.

the sea captain!) "But I think the business is progressing manfully; although I sometimes fear the landlord will have a flare-up with *Mrs. Stanley* and *Miss Caroline*.

"The girls manage about right," said Morgan, "and we are sure of him, if Stanley does not become too anxious. You have managed well to make him believe he is a good player. He says he can beat you with ease at *Euchre*."

"I reckon I have not managed *him alone*," said W. "I have several on hand as ripe for picking as he is; and if they don't get picked, say I am no pope."

"But how is this?" said Morgan, "you never told me you had other birds worth picking."

"I had my eye on this one before the cotton was planted," replied W. "But is it not time for us to join them at the theatre? We must try to-night to beat him out of about a thousand. It will require some management; he will not have a dollar unless I furnish him with it. But never fear; I have all his cotton, and he is as good as gold. I will furnish him with all he wishes, if necessary."

Affairs being thus arranged, they hastened to the theatre, where they found the young planter with *Miss Caroline* and *Mrs. Stanley*. Mr. Stanley had left the box a few moments before. Morgan excused himself, saying he would go and bring him back. This, however, was only a step to deceive. He hastened to the place where they had made an appointment to meet.

"Well, Stanley, what luck with the young man?" asked Morgan.

"Never had better—the prospect is fine. He beat me nine games, and thinks he can give me the deal. It is about a fair game for me to give him the deal. Nothing to fear. He is mine. I am willing to pay for the theatre

tickets. I pretended to be pretty high: and, in fact, I drank enough to make me somewhat so. Capt. W. had better loan him the money to play with. I will get him to play. You had better return soon, and tell the company that you cannot find me, and get W. to go with you in another search; then let us meet him, and see that our arrangements are all complete."

Morgan returned to the theatre, and informed the company that he had not found Stanley, and requested Capt. W. to accompany him in another search. The request was complied with; and the three villains met to mature their nefarious plan, which was as follows:

W. was to seat himself by the young man, and propose betting with Morgan; Stanley was to play with the young man, and lose the game; at which Morgan was to say, that was the way he would like to bet, upon which Stanley was to offer to bet with them both, but they were to refuse. The *ladies* were to take a position where they could look into the young man's hand whenever there was a large stake up, and give signs what cards were in his hand to Stanley. The plan being thus formed, they returned to the theatre together, where they remained until the play was over. Carriages were ordered, which took the party to the City Hotel, where, by previous arrangement, a supper was provided for them. Soon after the supper was over, Stanley ordered a card table, saying, he would soon show the *ladies* that he could, one at a time, beat all three of the gentlemen. W. proposed that Stanley and the young planter should play, and offered to be, Morgan a new coat that Stanley would not win two games in five.

"I will not bet," said Morgan, "for that is my opinion; he (the planter) is the best player."

"Well, gentlemen," said Stanley, "I will accommodate you all."

"I was only jesting," said Morgan, "I had no intention of betting."

"Neither had I," said W.

"Very well," rejoined Stanley, "I will bet this young man a 50 spot, that I will beat him three games out of the first five we play."

"I take that bet, put up the stakes," said the young planter."

"There," said Stanley, coolly, at the same time laying down fifty dollars, "cover it."

"Captain W., loan me some money."

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied W., taking out one thousand dollars and laying it down, "help yourself. Come, Morgan, walk to the boat with me, I have been away all day. I will return with you in half an hour."

They left Stanley and the young planter playing, while the two females sat looking on with great apparent anxiety.

Stanley was the winner the three first games.

"I told you I could beat you," said he, "you are too young to play with scientific players."

"It is nonsense to play, I wish you would stop," said *Miss Caroline*.

"It's fair play," said Stanley, in a tantalizing manner; "he should not bet, if he does not wish to lose. I will bet a hundred dollars that I can beat him three times out of another five."

It was accepted, and the result was the same. And thus to the fourth bet; when Stanley said—"Two hundred and fifty dollars for the next three." Stanley won every game, until the young planter had lost five hundred dollars.

Miss C. professed great sympathy for him in his bad luck.

Stanley cavalierly said he was really sorry he was so unfortunate; but proposed to continue playing, as it was probable his luck would turn. "Come, I will give you a fair chance, and bet you five hundred dollars that you can't beat me three games in *eight* instead of five.

"I will take you up," was the reply.

Morgan and W. made their appearance at the commencement of this game, and expressed great surprise at seeing so much money at stake.

"I can't help it," said the young man, "the fates are against me; I never had such ill luck; but I must try to retrieve my fortune."

"*These ladies*," said Stanley, in a jocose way, "can testify to the truth of what he has said."

Miss C. said she did not know what constituted *good* luck; but if it was winning, he certainly had been "ill favored."*

Stanley took the five hundred dollars; and the young man confessed that his prospects were gloomy. "But give me," said he, "a chance to get even."

"O, certainly," replied Stanley, post up more, and I assure you I shall not be the man to jump the game so long as there is one dollar in sight to play for."

The young planter then turned to W. and asked him for more money.

"I have not the money by me," said W., "but play on, and I will be accountable for all you lose." •

* She was a skilful player, and was stationed by his side to prompt Stanley.

It being about two o'clock in the morning, Stanley intimated that he was fatigued, and wished to retire.

The young planter assured him that his word was as good as his note, and that either would secure the cash.

Stanley said he never played for money unless it was laid down; but he would meet him again the next day; and if the money was forthcoming, he would play with him until he should be satisfied.

Upon this the young planter appealed to both W. and Morgan, and insisted upon their furnishing him with money.

This, Morgan was a close, little-souled man, who would blow like a porpoise,* when he feared loaning; but he finally said—"Well, I'll loan you \$1500, if the Captain will be security."

W. was willing, and, also, offered to add a thousand dollars, which was accepted, and the whole amount paid over. But he advised the young man to hold up until the next day—perhaps he would be more lucky then. But the deluded man would listen to nothing. The gambler's enchantment was upon him. Past losses and the hope of future gain combined to fascinate him, and make his ruin sure.

The Captain remarked he must go to his boat, and invited Morgan to accompany him. The ladies remained, watching the game, Mrs. Stanley chiding her husband for betting so high, and Miss Caroline assuring the gamblers of her intention to remain, and see the end of their highly exciting game; which pleased them both, especially Stanley, who knew that it was by her aid he had won the \$1000 in the early part of the night.

* The gamblers in Natchez used to call him "Old Snorer."

Euchre was the game, and they continued to play, betting one hundred dollars each game, and Stanley winning, at the rate of five games in every seven, until fifteen hundred dollars more were gone. Daylight now began to appear, and the young planter now began to realise that he had lost twenty-five hundred dollars of borrowed money. But the fatal passion had risen to so high a pitch that it was perfectly uncontrollable, and was hurrying him on to ruin.

"True," said he, "I *have* lost a large amount, but Mr. Stanley will give me a chance to win it back again."

"Oh certainly," replied Stanley, while the *ladies* left the room; "but you had better take a bed for an hour or two, and allow your spirits a little time to revive."

But sleep was not a welcome visitor to the young planter's burning brain. Thanking Stanley for his politeness, he left for the boat. With a pale, haggard countenance, he stepped on board, and asking the steward for a berth, tried to get a little rest. But that card table, and its exciting and, now, tormenting accompaniments, were ever before him. Rising, he promenaded the boat until eight o'clock, when Captain W. made his appearance, remarking—"I had not expected to see you so early. You beat Stanley, of course, and recovered what he had won from you when we left, and he got so drunk you could not play with him longer."

"No, he was lucky enough to win the whole fifteen hundred dollars!"

"*Luck* it must have been," said W., "for I am sure you can beat him."

"Yes, indeed; and that *Miss Caroline* said she never saw a man play with such bad luck."

"I suppose," said the Captain, "Caroline sat up very late to see you play?"

"Oh yes, and appeared very much excited. She even wept at my misfortune."

"Oh well, cheer up, my boy; Stanley is good for it all; you can easily get it back again. Let us take a cocktail, and we will talk this matter over on a good breakfast."

The liquor, the warm coffee, and breakfast, made the young man feel better. Hope and self-confidence began to rise, and the passion for gambling to return. W. saw fit. "One more," said he, "and you will feel quite well." And he handed the poor fellow another glass of strong brandy.

Feeling the need of rest, he retired to his berth, giving orders to the steward to awaken him in one hour. But the exhaustion produced by the tremendous excitement of the preceding night, combining with the effects of the brandy, threw him into a deep, though troubled sleep, which continued until four in the afternoon, when the Captain awoke him to go with him to a dinner.

The young man arose, and taking a glass of brandy, left the boat with the Captain, who remarked—"Morgan was down to see you to-day, but, learning that you were much fatigued, would not permit the steward to awaken you. About the time he came, one of my agents called on me for five thousand dollars, a part of which I had loaned to you. So I borrowed of Morgan, and gave him the whole of the draft I had on you. He wishes to purchase five thousand dollars worth of your cotton, and will give you the highest cash prices for it."

"He can have it," replied the young planter; "and I will be obliged to him for his accommodation. It is

necessary for me to effect a sale as soon as possible, for in some ten days I must lift a note at the Bank, of six thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said W., "then you *will* have to make haste. But you will have no difficulty, for Morgan is ready to take half you have."

They had now reached the hotel, where they found Morgan, Stanley, and the two females. Stanley received them courteously, and the party were soon seated at the dinner table, where wine was passed round freely, and all were, apparently, happy.

"I wish to purchase five thousand dollars worth of cotton," said Morgan to the young planter, "and the lot you have on the levee would suit me."

"That lot is worth the sum you mentioned, cash down."

"I will take it," said Morgan, "write a receipt, and I will give you a check."

A bill of sale being made out, a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, and the draft given the night before were handed to the young man. He destroyed the draft, remarking "last night was a dear one to me." "Well," said Stanley "you are among the few that I could ever beat, in playing *Euchre*. I have lost as many thousands as you have hundreds." Then Miss Caroline spoke, "But really, Stanley, you don't mean to insinuate that you are his superior in that game. I never play myself, but I saw last night, that it was his bad luck and not any want of skill that made him lose."

Morgan and the Captain excused themselves, and withdrew, saying they would return in season for the theatre. Another bottle of champagne was brought, but the young man, though a little flushed, declined drinking more, when

Caroline said she had hoped to drink a glass to his health and future success in playing. Then he drank, saying, success I shall have—but I have concluded not to play any more at present.

"That's a wise conclusion," said Stanley, "a very wise one, sir. I can beat any young player with ease, for I have the experience of years."

A second glass increased the young man's self-confidence, and he began to banter Stanley to play *euchre*, for one hundred dollars a game. "Well," said Stanley, "just to convince you that you do not know how to play, I'll beat you a few more games."

The check for twenty-five hundred dollars was now put up, and they began. Stanley won ten games in succession. Another thousand was lost; but the young man all the while drinking freely of wine, proposed five hundred dollars for the best two in three games. They played, and he lost, as usual. The young lady sighed at his *bad luck*. Stanley then changed the check, giving him one thousand dollars in hundred dollar notes, when he offered to stake it all, on the same conditions on which he had staked the five hundred. Stanley won. It was now about time for the theatre, and Morgan and the Captain made their appearance. The youth was frantic with excitement, and wanted to play on. But Stanley refused to play, unless the money was up. The poor fellow then turned to the Captain, and besought him to loan him a thousand more. W. told him he had better wait a few days. "However," continued the Captain, "I have effected a sale of your cotton, and delivered it, as you requested, and have five checks for you, of a thousand dollars each; but you had better let me take care of them till tomorrow, you are so much excited now you would be sure to lose."

This whole affair was one systematised piece of fraud and villany, from beginning to end. The checks were filled up with fictitious signatures; and the bills of sale made out, and the cotton sold and delivered into the hands of those who knew nothing of the planter.

"Let me have the checks," said he. "Certainly," replied the Captain, "please sign the bill of sale." He did so, and, with the frenzy of a madman, rushed to the card table. By two o'clock in the morning he had not a dollar in his possession,—and all claims to the cargo of cotton he had relinquished. He was drunk—doubly drunk, with liquor, and with the rage of gambling. The *ladies* were very cheerful, for they had succeeded to their wishes. They could even enjoy the frantic excitement of their victim. He made such an uproar as soon called up the landlord. Then Stanley tried to quiet him, but in vain. "They will send for the watch, if you do not stop your noise," said Stanley.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" he continued to scream, till the watch were called in, and he was taken to the watchhouse—fairly crazy with liquor and loss.

He had hardly gone, before Morgan and W. returned. Day was just dawning as—having settled their bill—the party left the Hotel, having the neat sum of ten thousand dollars to divide among themselves. The Captain had his bills up to start at ten o'clock, and was off at the hour. Morgan took passage as far as Natchez, and Stanley, with the two females, as far as Bayou Sarah. Meanwhile the dark cell of the watch-house held their victim. The Captain of the watch had received a hundred dollars for promising to keep him there a whole day, before having him brought out for trial. When brought before the Mayor, the young man was frantic, and called for the Captain, for

Morgan, and for Stanley, but was told they had left the city. Then he knew that he was ruined, and felt that he had no right to call upon any man to befriend him. After receiving from the Mayor a strict charge to keep out of bad company while he remained in the city, he was discharged, and went down to the house where he had generally called with the Captain. There he found a letter from the Captain, containing twenty dollars, which, it was stated remained after settling for freight, &c., and informing him that the gentleman who had purchased the last lot of cotton was then in his vessel at the *Balize*, and would soon sail for New York, "and I doubt not," added the writer, "you will find her as pleasant a sailing vessel as any in port." It was some time before the young man could see why this last item should be mentioned; but at length he recollected that, once while conversing with the Captain, he had expressed a desire, after getting through his business, to take a voyage to New York, just to see the place. The whole letter was artfully written, and seemed to imply the writer's ignorance of the difficulties in which the young man was involved.

What could he do? His employers would soon be down upon him. Distracted, and ready to sink in despair, he went to an old negro servant that once belonged to him, but was then living with a wealthy gentleman in the city. The colored man listened to his story, and then said, "Ah, yes, when me see young massa wid *Morgan, de Yankee gambler of Natchez*, and old Stanley, who keep house of ill-fame on Bayou Sarah, me know you be robbed. Me very sorry, but cannot help young massa."

"Can it be *possible*," said the young man, "that I have been so completely deceived!" He then went aboard the tow-boat *Grampus*, which was bound for the Gulf, intend-

ing to go to the Balize. The Grampus met the Lady of the Lake just coming, upon the bow of which stood the young man's father, and two other planters, full in sight. Discovering him, they beckoned to him. But the moment he saw them, he ran and jumped overboard, just forward of the wheel, and sunk to rise no more. The cry "*a man overboard!*" pierced the ears of all on both boats. Melancholy and much lamented was his end; and it was commonly supposed he had upon him the ten thousand dollars. But I heard the whole account of this successful villany from the lips of Stanley. I also heard the young female and the old negro servant confirm many particulars of it, and I saw the unfortunate young man at *the theatre* with Morgan. It was the theatre, and wine, and the like, that prepared him for the card table, where his ruin was completed.

That Morgan—if he yet ~~lives~~—is a man much to be feared. He is said to have amassed great wealth, and to be a kind of gamblers' broker. But every dollar of his cursed hoard, could it speak, would tell a tale of broken hearts, and orphan tears, and suicidal blood.

The same day that closed this tragical scene saw me on board the steamer Mediterranean, bound for Louisville. I found several acquaintances from Lawrenceburgh, Ia., and its vicinity. They insisted upon my taking a deck passage and sharing their mess, as they expected the gamblers on board would annoy them. I consented. It was not long before cards were in use all over the deck. There was quite a number of gamblers from "Natchez-under-the-hill," a hard set, who, as usual, had been to New Orleans to spend the profits of their plunder. Among them were *Daniel Cotton Ham*, *Bill Denny*, *Bill White*, *John Howard*, who was about half mulatto, and some dozen

others of the same stamp. Seeing that the crowd was too hard for me, I told my friends I would go into the cabin. But I found the cabin full of the same kind of men, all from the same den, the only difference being that those in the cabin had been more successful than the deckers. They were all of one brotherhood. I recollect the names of "Jack Perry, John Young, Hanse Hamilton, Jeff. Clark, Tom Circuit, Mose Way, Dave, Henry," &c., and some twenty others.

The passengers had no peace while we were on our passage, for these night-hawks were constantly endeavoring to rob them in some way or other. When we were some twenty miles below Natchez, Way came and told the fraternity he had a plan by which they could easily make enough to pay all expenses. "What is it, Mose?" cried a number of voices.

"Well," said he, "you know I was up to Helena, some two months since, and formed many acquaintances there. What I say to them will be law and gospel. Some of them bet high on horse-racing. Well, there is a man on board with two horses, one of them a swift racer. I will get the use of these horses, as the owner stops at Natchez, and we will have a jockey race, and win a thousand dollars. I have seen two thousand dollars, in bills of five hundred dollars, in the hands of four of these men, and I know I can persuade them to bet every dollar of it." The gamblers were all awake to learn how.

"Leave that to me and *Luss Fig*," said Way, "we'll manage it right."

He then went to the owner of the horses, and told him he wanted to hire his horses to run once round the race-course, at Natchez, and would give him a hundred dollars for them.

"Give me the money," said the man, "and it is a bargain." Way beckoned to John Young, who threw him a hundred dollar bill, which was handed to the man, who was evidently pleased with his bargain. Thus far all worked well. Way went to Luss Fig, one of those in the cabin. "Now, Luss," said he, "here is a fine chance for you and me, as well as some others, to make a fine raise. I have got the use of those two horses on board; and we will make a jockey race. Wild Bill is as swift as a streak, and the raftsmen all know him, and they know that the other horse is only an old hack to keep Bill company. You must appear to be ignorant of that fact, and when the boat stops to wood, I will be praising Wild Bill's speed, and do you step up and say the other horse is the fastest. I will then ask you to back your judgment; and you must say that you would bet five hundred dollars, if you owned the horse, that you could beat Bill with him, with your weight on each. The owner shall stand by and tell you that you can have the horse. I will then ask you to put up—some of the boys will let you have the money—and do you put it up, and then dare me; when I will turn round and borrow two hundred and fifty dollars for forfeit, of one of the raftsmen, which I can easily get by promising him a high per centage." Their plan was thus prepared.

Soon the boat stopped to wood near Ellis's Cliffs. Way jumped ashore, and said he would bet fifty dollars he could beat any man on board *in hopping*, by three feet, in three hops.*

"I'll back him, I'll back him," cried several of the upper-country folks.

* This Mose Way was brought up in Dearborn county, Ia., and, as those who knew him say, could hop forty-six feet in three hops, forwards and backwards.

"Oh yes," says Fig, "who does not know Mose Way can out-hop any body."

"Just my luck," said Mose, "every body is afraid to bet with this Hoosier boy. Wild Bill there, can beat any man's horse once round the track—I'll bet five hundred dollars."

"*That* horse, do you mean," said Fig, pointing to the racer.

"Yes," said Way.

"The horse by his side, there, can beat him," said Fig —"I'll bet you five hundred dollars, for once round the Natchez track."

"I take that bet," said Way.

"And I am in with you," said a rough, savage-looking raftsman.

"I wish I had the money," said Fig, "and could get the horse, and then I would bet, your weight against mine."

"Put up two hundred and fifty dollars forfeit, my boy," said the raftsman.

"You can get the horse, said Mose, —"no bet if you do not."

"You can have any money you want, friend Fig," said one of the fraternity, "to back your judgment with."

"Thank you for two hundred and fifty dollars," said Fig.

"Put up your two hundred and fifty dollars," said Mose to his rough-looking customer. The raftsman pulled out a five hundred dollar note. Up stepped another raftsman—"I'll bet two hundred and fifty dollars."

"I'll take it," said Fig, asking for that amount again.

Hamilton held the stakes. Giving each of the raftsmen two hundred and fifty dollars in exchange, he posted *

the five hundred dollars. Several others cried out that they would bet the same, and forking over their five-hundred-dollar bills, received each two hundred and fifty dollars in exchange—till some fifteen hundred dollars were bet on each side. Then an old man said he would like to bet one hundred dollars; but he had not time to stop, as his timber was all ready for market.

"Well, pap," said Young, "seeing it is you, I will bet you a hundred."

The old man seemed inclined to fly off. He said he had nothing less than a five-hundred-dollar bill, and could not bet. Young proposed to change the bill. The old man, knowing Wild Bill to be a race-horse, and the other an old work-horse, handed over his bill, and received four hundred dollars in change. "Friend Way," said he, "hold the stakes. I want you to keep them, if I win, till I return, as I promised to remain on board this boat."

All things being ready, the next day the horses were brought forward. The gambling fraternity were almost crazy with excitement, and Way was often telling them to keep cool, or the raftsmen would think there was some foul play. Everybody was anxious to bet, knowing that Fig's horse could not run. As many strangers were drawn in as possible; but when any of the citizens wished to bet, the gamblers hinted to them that they had better not.

The plan was for Way to ride *Bill*, and trail the work-horse half-way round; then to pass him on the inside and run against him as he passed; which of course would be given in as foul riding, and entitle the gamblers to the stakes.

The riders mounted, and the race began—Bill being a little in the rear, and in a slow canter. After running about six hundred yards, Way was going to pass on the

inside, as had been agreed ; but just then the old work-horse stumbled and fell, pitching Fig headlong, ten feet or more, which placed our jockey in a sad predicament. But Mose Way was equal to any emergency in rascality. He gave Bill a tremendous jerk, which made him fly the track and run out of the gate ; Way all the while whipping and spurring him, and shouting, "stop him ! stop him !!" In the mean time, Fig's party gathered him up, and he beat the poor animal till he got him round the track, when, as Way had not come in, he claimed the stakes.

"Certainly," said Hamilton, "you have won them fairly."

"Way is satisfied he lost his race handsomely," said many of the fraternity.

"He gives it up like a man," said Fig, demanding extra pay for his fall. "Unlucky enough for Mose," said Hamilton, "but he played his part finely."

Mose having delivered *Wild Bill* to his owner, he thought it necessary to secrete himself till evening, lest the enraged raftsmen should wreak their vengeance on him. He sent word to the fraternity not to divide the spoils till he should come.

About midnight, he stole under the hill to Hamilton's house, where he heard many curses and loud imprecations. They seemed ready to fight among themselves, and he heard his own name mentioned. "Curse him, if he don't come, we shall know how to account for it." He sprang in among them. "All is right ; here I am, ready for my share."

"Yes, and you ought to have it," said one ; "and be tried, convicted, and hung for passing it," said another. Sad was Way's surprise when he learned that every

dollar of their prize was counterfeit. The raftsmen were gone.

I conversed several times with Fig and Way about this affair. They both assured me that Morgan, the broker, discounted these five-hundred-dollar notes—giving them twenty cents on the dollar. But all agreed that, for once, the biters were sadly bit. The supposed raftsmen were a set of river pirates—gamblers of a rough kind. It was several days before suspicion was entirely removed from Way. He was, however, one of the most valuable members of the fraternity, and particularly active in ridding them of those whom they had fleeced.

I have known the gamblers to perpetrate the greatest outrages in disposing of their victims. One day, while the fraternity were lounging in a Silver street* coffee-house, a young man came in and was soon engaged in conversation. He said he had some fifteen hundred dollars, which he would like to invest in some profitable business. They proposed that he should purchase a certain hotel, which, by the way, was the head-quarters of the gamblers. It belonged, they told him, to a man by the name of Clifton. He and this Mr. Clifton were soon brought together, and a bargain was closed. The young man paid down fifteen hundred dollars for the furniture and the kitchen apparatus, and on the following morning was to take possession. Morning came; but what was the surprise of the purchaser to find that Clifton was only a bar-tender, and that he had left the city the night before; having been discharged by the proprietor of the hotel! The young man saw that his money was gone, and frantic with his

* A place as black in crime as the Five Points in Buffalo or New York.

loss, he hastened to tell his *friends* how Clifton had swindled him. They heard his story; and then one of them, with great seriousness, inquired if he had taken possession of the establishment?

"Why," said he, "the man declared the property was his, and told me the sooner I was missing the better it would be for me."

"And you took the hint, did you?" asked the waggish gambler.

"I did," was the reply; "for the man out with a bowie-knife, sixteen inches long, and declared he would whistle that fellow down on my head and cut off my ears."

Seeing they had caught a *green* one, they determined to dispose of him as quickly as possible, and give Clifton a chance to return. So they wrote a letter, signing it with Clifton's name, and sealing it. This was delivered to the young man, as if it had been left for him by Clifton. It read nearly as follows:

Friend Reed,—Owing to certain afflictive circumstances in my father's family in New Orleans, I feel compelled to leave for that place this evening. When you come to know fully the reasons which induced me to take your money, I know you will not curse me, as you now do. Be assured I shall regard the fifteen hundred dollars as a loan, and will endeavour to repay you soon. But if I can persuade you to invest it in a hotel, now owned by a brother of mine, and where you will find me, I shall do both him and you a good service. The hotel is on Silver street. Excuse haste. Come on without delay.

Yours, truly, J. W. CLIFTON.

The young man was fool enough to be taken in again. He started for New Orleans in the first boat; but of his

history afterwards I know nothing. I venture to say, however, that he never forgot *Silver street*, or *Natches-under-the-hill*.

Clifton soon returned. He was a hard case, having hugged the *whipping-post* once or twice before he came to Silver street to graduate. By this last piece of villany, he realized about five hundred dollars. But his good fortune excited the envy of some of the brotherhood, and a plan was put on foot to swindle him out of his money. Clifton was remarkably swift on foot, and prided himself upon it greatly. They remarked that it was impossible for any man to run one hundred yards in twelve seconds. Clifton said he could. A stranger who was present offered to bet a thousand dollars that he could not run sixty-five yards in twelve seconds. Clifton said he would take it, and turned round to find some one to go him halves. A young "hoosier" gambler was ready to do him the favor, and a thousand dollars were put up. Clifton was to run that night, for the stranger said he must leave in the next boat. The distance having been measured to the satisfaction of all concerned, Clifton started and ran; but when he had gone about half the distance, he fell, as if he had been shot dead. In a few moments, as soon as he recovered from the first shock of the fall, he sprang to his feet, shouting, "Five hundred for the man who hit me with that brickbat! Don't give up the stakes, Mr. Stakeholder. I was knocked down with a brickbat."

"No, sir," said the "hoosier" gambler, "no one threw a brickbat; but some of those rascals have stretched a bed-cord across the street, and it is that which threw you down."

The stakes were given up; but there is good reason

to believe the young "hoosier" got his five hundred dollars back, and two hundred and fifty out of Clifton's. Clifton was enraged against the stakeholder, and wanted revenge. He suggested that a *Spanish burying* should be held for the express purpose of chastising the stakeholder. The others approved of it; but the "hoosier" observed, that, in order to prevent suspicion on the part of the stakeholder, which would defeat the whole plan, they must get in some stranger, and have things look as if they were going to whip him. Clifton said he would get in some country chap. He did so, and the ceremony began.

It is necessary that I should here give the reader some description of this *Spanish burying*—as it is called. It is one of those plays, or exercises, which the gamblers use partly to make their victims afraid to give them further trouble, and partly to gratify their own cruel and hellish passions. It is but a specimen of their brutal sports. To play it, requires some ten or twenty men; all of whom join their force against one poor fellow. Some one of the fraternity invites him to play a small game for liquor. If he objects, or says he does not understand it, which is generally the case, the gambler tells him to come and learn. "It is a very simple thing—we shall be sure to beat them; but if our side loses, why, I will pay the liquor. Come, bear a hand." The poor fellow may make all kinds of excuses; but they will scarcely ever fail to get him in.

The play begins by their joining hands and forming a ring, within which is laid, flat on his back, one of their largest and strongest men. A handkerchief is laid over his face, and he is called *the dead man*. Then they march around him with a kind of ceremony, which

neither they nor anybody else understand. Suddenly halting, they say—*Salute the dead*. Each one then goes and kisses, or pretends to kiss, the supposed corpse. But when it comes the turn of the victim of their brutal play to kiss the corpse, he suddenly finds himself clutched fast by the *dead man*, while the rest beat him with their handkerchiefs, which have been tied full of knots on purpose, and twisted so as to be almost as hard as cow-skins. The poor fellow flounders, and swears, and kicks, but all to no purpose. In the course of fifteen seconds, five hundred blows will be administered. When permitted to get up, the enraged man demands an explanation, upon which some mean wretch, a real carrion-crow, will step up and address him in such a strain as this :

“Most worthy brother, I am happy to inform you that, through your expert and manly efforts, the side which chose you are entitled to a gallon of brandy, at the expense of the opposite side ; some of which brandy will be applied to your blistered back. The Spanish Burying Club also wish you to understand that you have just been initiated into their honorable fraternity. Furthermore, that fifteen degrees are due you ; and that if you remain within their reach, one or two degrees will be given at a time, till you have received the whole. Fourteen of the degrees will be conferred in the same manner as the one you have already received, with this exception—in conferring the last seven, the honorable fraternity will tie bullets in their handkerchiefs, and eight of their number will use cowhides, which must be purchased by the candidate. The last degree, which will constitute you a *grand-master* in the honorable body, will be simply shaving off those red ears of yours. We trust you will continue among us a faithful brother, &c.”

During such an explanation, the poor fellow's blood will boil in every vein. His reply will sometimes be one thing, sometimes another; but will generally conclude with his cursing the whole affair, and cutting his connection with the fraternity.

It was by means of this game that Clifton sought to be revenged on the stakeholder. The ceremony began; but when it came Clifton's turn to salute the dead, he was clutched and held fast. The fraternity gave him about five hundred blows, and then let him get up. He jumped to his feet, the tears streaming from his eyes,—“Gentlemen,” said he, “what have I done to merit this foul treatment?” The “hoosier” told him he supposed they were mistaken. “But how could you make such a horrible mistake?” he asked. *The dead man* then came up, and declared that it was a great mistake, and that having the handkerchief over his eyes he could not see; but supposed he was to take the touch of the lip as a signal to grasp the man.

Being satisfied that the mistake was not intentional, Clifton determined to try again, and to have the stakeholder whipped. The young “hoosier” gambler said it would be a great satisfaction to him to see it well done. All things being ready, the play began again. And again Clifton was grasped and held down by the *dead man*. He shouted lustily—“Hold, hold, it is me; it is Clifton;” but the fraternity did not choose to hear him till they had administered several hundred blows. When released, he jumped up, frothing and foaming with rage. The “hoosier” was full of sympathy. “Friend Clifton,” said he, “have they hurt you?”

“I reckon they have,” he replied, “and you are the only man that sympathizes with me.”

"Certainly I am," said the "hoosier;" when at the same time it was the young "hoosier" that had stretched the rope and planned the whole series of Clifton's misfortunes. Clifton immediately left the brotherhood.

Such is the thirst of gamblers for unnatural excitement, that when tired of cards, they often seek it in such brutal sports as this. In order to kill time, they are ready to sacrifice the last vestige of principle, or of human feeling in their hearts. And when their interest is concerned in the result, as is usually the case, it gives their fiend-like sport a double relish. The reader may like to know to what class of gamblers this applies. I have known those who are upheld as respectable sportsmen, or gentlemanly faro dealers, to engage in such brutalizing scenes; and I warn every inexperienced youth to beware how he comes within the circle of their influence.

For the permission of such acts of outrageous villany, the citizens were often to blame. At the date to which the events narrated above belong, steamboat travelling upon our southern and western waters was actually dangerous. Thousands of accidents occurred while the officers were at the card-table. And it is a lamentable fact, that many splendid steamers are still under the command of gamblers, or of those who are in league with them. All the ports between New Orleans and Pittsburg are infested with villains of the blackest dye; who are perfectly at home on board these boats, and whose gambling, and thieving, and other deeds of villany, are connived at by the officers. Sometimes they will be introduced to the passengers as if they were, or had lately been, officers of the boat. In the spring of the year, you will see thousands of men coming up from New Orleans, Natchez, and other southern ports. Ask

them where they are bound, and they reply, to the upper country for our health. In the fall, you see them crowding south, and for their health, they say. There are some exceptions, of course; but, as a general thing, these men are villains, gamblers, and pickpockets. If they cannot swindle, they will rob, and the captains, and clerks, and pilots of many boats are ready to second their attempts. I write from experience, for I have spent years on those rivers, and won thousands and tens of thousands on those boats. It is my decided opinion, that a law ought to be enacted, making the captain and his employers, who permit *fare, twenty-one, roulette*, and other swindling games to be played on board, responsible for the money swindled from the inexperienced. I have known some of the most respectable men in the country basely plundered, with the consent, too, of some of those river captains. To the inexperienced I would say—shun those gambling boats as you would the plague; and, on board of any western steamboat, beware of any marked expressions of friendship from a stranger. Be afraid of "*waking up the wrong passenger*." The first time I heard that phrase used, I well recollect, and will give the circumstances.

I had been in Natchez from the time of Mose Way's horse-race until poor Clifton received his second Spanish burying. I left on board of the *Tippecanoe*, a snug little boat, running in the cotton-trade between Natchez and Princeton, and commanded by Captain Simon Miller, of Louisville. As gamblers are accustomed to do, soon after going on board, I endeavored to ascertain what the prospects were for game. The usual way of doing this is by going around and forming acquaintances among the players in a friendly game of *whist, eucher, boston, seven-up*,

or *old-sledge*. This is done to draw in the unsuspecting, to see who play, and what amount of money they carry upon their persons. Then, if they cannot get the money by gambling, there are but few who will not try to secure it in another way. (See GREEN ON GAMBLING,—the class described as No. 4.)

I soon found that my prospects were dull enough, for I could not start a game, even for amusement. So I took my berth, thinking I would sleep upon it. A curious set of passengers, thought I, afraid to play with a beardless boy. But as I lay in my berth, thinking over the matter, the boat stopped her engines—passengers had hailed her. The yawl was sent out, and two elderly men, planters in appearance, came on board. They were evidently under the influence of liquor. They had scarcely reached the boat before they sung out, "Bar-keeper, have you any cards on board?" Being answered in the affirmative, they asked if there were any gentlemen that would play? The bar-keeper could not inform them; but remarked they could satisfy themselves by inquiry. Upon this, they advanced to where several persons were seated, whom I had annoyed very much, by urging them to play. They all refused again. "But you must play," said one of the old men; "we will have a game." Some one of them pointed to my berth, and said, there was a gentleman there who would probably be happy to accommodate them. He was right, and if they had not called upon me, I would soon have called upon them, to accommodate them with a game of poker. The old man turned round and felt his way along to the berth where I lay, as he supposed, asleep. But "all men do not sleep when their eyes are shut." He gave me a hearty shake, crying out, "Halloo! get up, get up." I affected the sleeping

man, muttered out my surprise, asked him if the boat was sinking, and so forth. He was perfectly deceived, and continued to bawl out, "Get up, get up, and play poker."

"Well, if I must, I must," said I. "Go and get the table and cards ready, and I will be with you as soon as possible." I soon heard him giving orders to the steward to bring a table and cards. While things were making ready, I was very busy in finding and arranging my wearing apparel, and saw, from the run of their conversation, that they were expecting a rich treat, and had agreed to play against me in partnership. (For particulars concerning this game, Poker, see GREEN ON GAMBLING.) Their agreement I overheard. Said one of them, "You, sir, set your foot on mine, and for one pair, kick me once; for two pairs, twice; for three, three times; for four, four times; and for "a full," once very hard. I knew that, with this arrangement, unless I should counterplay, they would soon fleece me. Soon after the game began, I found them feeling for feet, and being of an accommodating disposition, I gave them a foot a piece. Kick after kick did I get, and answer; and soon found myself winner by six hundred dollars, and my opponents in a very disagreeable mood for amusement players, as they assured me they were. We had about forty dollars in silver to play with, and as fast as I won it, they would give me bank-notes in exchange. When I had won the six hundred dollars, and all the silver, they wished to play upon credit. This I refused; and as they were getting very quarrelsome, I determined to close. They objected to this, and insisted that if I did quit, I should leave the silver. I did so, and they soon were playing high against each other. It is a natural consequence that, when two gamblers in partnership have been unsuccessful, they will

turn upon one another. I lay in my berth, well pleased with my night's work. Unpleasant and harsh words passed between the old men.

"You did not play the game according to bargain, Mr. —."

"I not play! Do you mean me, Mr.?"

"I mean you, —."

"Don't say that, Mr. —. No, sir, it will not do to accuse me, when you did not kick me right one time during the whole night."

"Hold! hold! Did you kick me according to the arrangement? Mr. —, we are neighbors, and I thought friends, till this evening's play; but I must confess I am somewhat —"

"Ashamed of yourself, I suppose," said —, taking the words out of his mouth.

"No, sir; one proposition, and leave the balance until to-morrow."

"Propose," said —.

"That we settle our play to-night, and leave the matter of the incorrect kicking to be settled at another time."

"Very willing; how do you say we stand?"

"I owe you one hundred and seventy-five dollars," said —.

"You are a correct man, sir."

"That I am, and this settlement will prove it; but let me ask how you like our night's play?" said —.

"Don't like it at all," said —.

"And the boy that played, what do you think of him?"

"I think just this, Mr. —; I think we *waked up the wrong passenger!*"

"I think so, too; we are perfectly agreed, Mr. —. And now, neighbor —, you know I have a great respect

for you, and hope you may not lose; but I must cast up my account against you, and see how much you are indebted to me."

"Account against me!" exclaimed —; "I will submit to no such thing, I assure you."

"Just look over that list, and—keep cool, friend —, keep cool, sir—it says you owe me two hundred and twenty-five dollars; bringing you in my debt fifty dollars. Is not that right?"

"Too late to rectify mistakes, sir."

"But you are bound to rectify this one. What do you think of that?"

"I think as I did of the boy—that I *waked up the wrong passenger*," said he, at the same time sliding his claim from the table, badly beaten.

Those two old men had come on board on purpose to fleece some inexperienced card-player, while they pretended that *amusement* was all they wanted in playing. I was, probably, the only individual on board whom they could not have beaten. Beware of the men who say they play merely for amusement. Beware, too, of those who advocate such playing; for, while here and there one may do it from ignorance, it is generally done by dishonest, unprincipled men, as a cloak for their own knavery and crime. The only safe course is total abstinence. Touch not, handle not the implements of the gambler. But to return to my narrative.

The boat reached Vicksburg, and once more I found myself in that southern Sodom. The day after my arrival, a highway robber, by the name of Phelps, broke out of prison, with his fetters upon him. He had been tried and was then under sentence of death. He made his escape through the jailer's negligence. Seizing a knife,

as he passed the cook-house, he rushed into the street. A crowd soon gathered around him, but he refused to yield, brandishing his knife, and threatening to kill the first man that touched him. The sheriff came and ordered him to yield, or he would shoot him dead. To this command Phelps paid no attention, when the sheriff deliberately shot him down as he would a mad bull. The corpse was lugged off by some ruffian-looking fellows, who jerked off the fetters with as little feeling as if they had been the shoes of an old dead horse.

North, *alias* Newell, *alias* Wyatt, the convict now in Auburn prison, conversed with me about this terrible affair at the time I visited him in the Auburn State Prison.* I would suggest that the Rev. O. E. Morrill, ex-chaplain of that prison, might obtain some facts from said North concerning an extensive banditti that partially disbanded in 1832. At that time there were many suspicious characters travelling under the disguise of clergymen, and thus preying upon the unsuspecting. Possibly the reverend gentleman might give something from his own experience that would throw light upon this matter. If he should conclude to do so, I hope the better portion of the community will sustain him.

It was February, 1833, when I left Vicksburg for the Red river. I got on board the Mohawk, bound for Orleans, but left her without any thing of interest occurring. Having waited a day at the mouth of the Red river for a boat, I took passage on the steamer Caspian, then plying between Alexandria on Red river, and New Orleans. I

* The reader will find some further information as to the connection of Wyatt and his friend O. E. Morrill, in the "Secret Band of Brothers."

was scarcely on the boat before I was bantered to play poker by three men. Two of these men, one by the name of Tally, and the other, *Hopping* Johnson, were professional gamblers; and the third was a young Frenchman, by the name of Notrip, from somewhere near Little Rock, Arkansas, and then on a visit to Alexandria, on Red river.

The old gamblers had marked young Notrip and myself as victims. We commenced playing the game of twenty-card poker, and Notrip played, as such young gentlemen usually do, without attempting any fraud. He came out winner to the amount of one hundred dollars, and I loser to the amount of three hundred dollars. During the play, Tally got a sight of some two thousand dollars U. S. money which I carried, and he could not rest, for it seemed an easy matter to win it. We soon arrived at Alexandria, where we all stopped. I had purchased a fine race-horse in Natchez, and some two or three common horses, and gave out that I was a trader. For several days Tally, Johnson, Notrip, and myself played four-handed poker, and every day I lost about twenty-five dollars, and Notrip about the same amount. One day, while we were walking together, I remarked to him that we had rather bad luck. He said he thought so too, and said he could never get large hands, as they did. I told him I feared he had not sufficient nerve to play the game. He asked me why not. I told him he was too young.

"I am older than you," he replied. "How old do you think me to be, Mr. Green?"

"About seventeen," I replied.

"You are much mistaken," said he, "I am nineteen. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Yes, near twenty, sir," said Notrip; "no person of your age can beat me. I have won near fifteen hundred dollars since I left home."

"I know I am nothing but a youth," said I, "but you are too young to play with me, too young, sir."

"Suppose, then," he replied, "we try a single-handed 'snap,' that will decide the matter."

I had no objections. We went to the card room, and called for cards and a private table.

"What shall be the '*ante*,' we play for?" was the first question after we were seated.

"One dollar '*ante*,' twenty-card poker," said he.

I told him I thought he had made a very bad selection, both in games and in the man to play with.

"All the better for you," said he.

Tally and Johnson came in and wanted to play. We told them we had seated ourselves to play single-handed.

"What length of time?" asked Tally.

I told him that, from the youthful appearance of my competitor, two hours, I thought, would be long enough.

"You will jump me, then, and quit playing, will you?" said Notrip.

"No, sir," I replied, "not so long as you show a dollar, and have a willingness to play; but, young man, I have no doubt you will quit of your own accord."

"Not until you win twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Is that all? Then, gentlemen, the match will last only an hour and three quarters. I had thought this youth had at least three thousand dollars."

Having provoked him enough to raise his spunk, we began. He won the first twenty "*pots*," that is to say, the stake. His cheek flushed up, and he felt quite confident

of success. "Come, my elderly friend," said he, "don't give out, bet liberally."

"I bet you five dollars," said I.

"Twenty-five dollars better," said he.

"Seventy dollars better," said I.

"One hundred dollars better," said he.

"Eight hundred dollars better," said I.

Trembling and burning from head to foot, he put up the eight hundred dollars, calling me to decide.

"I have four Jacks," said I.

"The money is yours," he replied. "Here are four tens, I am beat. Gentlemen," he continued, turning round to Johnson, Tally, and the others, "hard luck, isn't it?"

They said it was ; but Tally remarked that if he had had Notrip's hand he should have lost double the amount.

"Yes," said I, "but you must remember this youth has not so much nerve as you have."

"Never mind, I have nerve enough for you," said the youth, trembling all the while so that he could hardly tell a jack from a queen.

"Let me play your hand," said Tally, "and I will put in with you."

"I prefer playing my own hand," said Notrip, and as he received his five cards from the table, I could see by the lustre of his eyes that he was again charmed. The blood rushed to his brain ; and that face, a few moments before so pale and sallow, was burning with the fever of hope.

"I bet you fifty dollars," said he.

"Be careful and not over bet, my young friend."

"That is my business, Mr. Green, my money is my own."

"No offence, I hope, I only wanted to sympathize with you for your loss."

"When I want sympathy, sir, I will ask for it. I will take a bet now, if you please."

"I bet you seven hundred dollars better," said I.

"Seven hundred better?" he asked, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"The money signifies my meaning," said I.

His lips quivered, his teeth chattered, and his countenance grew pale as a sheet.

"Call him," said Tally.

"Mr. Tally," said I, "please to let the young man play for himself."

"Certainly," said Tally, "I do not wish to flatter him to strengthen his nerves in the least."

"I want no flattery to bet on this hand," said Notrip, "I am only considering whether I shall call him, or——"

I caught the words from his mouth, and added, "*or run!*"

"No, sir," he said, in great excitement, "I was thinking whether it would be prudent for me to go better."

"Certainly, you can go better on that hand," said Tally.

"Mr. Tally, I bet you fifty dollars by bet that he does not go me better, five hundred dollars that I beat him if he calls me, and five hundred dollars, sir, that I run him off, if he does go me better."

"I take the last two, put up the five hundred dollars," said Tally. I did so, and saw Notrip peeping into my hand. As I caught his eye, he turned his head on one side, but I intended that he should see my hand. I stocked* the cards in such a manner as to let them see. My hand was

* See Green on Gambling.

an invincible. Notrip called me. I told him I had two pairs. "So have I," said he, "aces, kings, with a jack."

"Just beat you," said I, "I have aces, kings, with a queen."

"The money is yours," said Notrip.

Tally gave up his five hundred dollars with evident reluctance. We continued our play for two hours, when the young man found the bottom of his pocket-book, having lost about twenty-five hundred dollars, which, with Tally's five hundred, made me winner to the amount of three thousand dollars.

Notrip's cheeks were bloodless, and his whole face pale as death. I asked him if he was unwell. At that moment I could freely have divided with him, from sympathy and compunctions of conscience. He rose from his chair, while the blood rushed to his cheek, and his piercing black eye flashed the fiercest resentment. In French, he swore some most terrible oath. I asked a man who was standing by, and who understood French, to tell me what he said. The man replied, "He curses all America, and the day his father came to America, and tells you not to sympathize with him, for his father has negroes that have more sense and have won more money than you."

I felt wicked just then, and his French jabber increased my resentment, for it brought to recollection how much I had suffered from Frenchmen in New Orleans, in 1832. But I checked myself, and simply remarked, "An unfortunate thing for the father! pity he did not send his negro instead of his talented son."

Notrip bit his lips when he heard that, and, with more of his French slang, left the house.

"You will hear from that fellow again," said the old brandy-faced landlord; "you had better mind how you talk to the French bloods of the south, Mr. Hoosier."

I told him I had heard the same before.

"That youth," he continued, "belongs to one of the richest families in Arkansas."

I told him I was sorry I had not known it, for then I would have eased him of that diamond breastpin and that splendid ring.

Notrip left in the Caspian, on her downward trip. Tally and Johnson were now eager for my money. Tally said he would like to try me single-handed. I told him I must go and take care of my horses. He asked what they were worth. I told him one thousand dollars. He said he would put up eight hundred dollars, and play for them. I consented, and let him win the horses. This gave him a new hope of winning my money. Johnson likewise was very anxious that we should continue to play. I consented again, and soon we were in full blast, betting very high, sometimes two hundred dollars at a bet. Every time the betting ran high Tally beat me. I could not account for it, as I knew I was much the better player. Supper-time came, and I had lost six hundred dollars. The thought struck me that probably there was foul play, and I concluded to wait over night, and study the plan they had evidently set on foot to fleece me.

After supper, I was walking in the suburbs of the town, thinking over the matter, when I heard a voice behind me, calling "young master." I turned and saw an aged man of colour, partly concealed behind a shed.

"I wants to tell you something, young master, if you will not tell upon me for my news."

I pledged secrecy. He went on,—

"I will tell you, young master. I belongs to the old coffee-house keeper, where you play. He claim me, but he has no title. He stole me from my rightful owner in Georgia, promising to take me to Canada, but he deceived me. Two of my children he bring to this place, and they are now dead. He threatens my life if I tell this, but you can treat me as you see proper."

I asked him what motive he had in telling me about his misfortunes.

"I hates to see you robbed by old masters Johnson and Tally."

"Well, what has your history to do with my being robbed?"

"I will tell you," said he; "they three all play against you."

"How can they play so as to render one another assistance, for you know Tally and I have been playing twenty-card poker single-handed?"

"So much the worse," said he, "it is a game they can win much faster at than at four-handed, where they all play at the same table."

His last remark made me anxious to ascertain its meaning. I then told him not to fear, I would keep his information secret. He then asked me if I had not seen him standing in the room, apparently asleep, for hours since I first played with the young Frenchman. I told him I had. He said he had given Notrip signs from my hand, and correctly too, though I had beat him through his imprudent betting; but Tally was a better player, and he feared I should be beaten. I then inquired how he managed to convey the signs to Tally, or the one playing.

"I stand," said he, "so as to see your hand if possible; then I convey the sign to my old master, or some

one of the party interested, and he conveys it to the player."

I could then understand how Tally had beaten me.

"But, young master, if you play to-night, I shall not stand, as my eye-sight is bad. Old master will walk backwards and forwards across the room, peeping into your hand, and he will convey the signs by the smoke of a cigar, which you will always see him have in his mouth, when he walks the room."

"But he cannot, without some assistance, convey them to the player," said I.

"Oh no, he will convey them to Johnson, who sits by Tally and conveys them to him by a sly touch of the foot. If you have one pair, old master will give one puff; if you have two pairs he will give two puffs; if threes, three puffs; if four, four; and if a full, one very long puff."

"That is very simple, but how do you give the signs?"

"I shows one finger for one pair, two fingers for two pairs, three for threes, four for fours, and my whole hand for a full."*

I handed the old man a ten dollar gold piece, and he left me, apparently satisfied that I would not betray him. I could scarcely believe what he had told me, and yet it seemed very plausible.

The hour for playing having arrived, I returned to the coffee-house, where I found Tally and Johnson seated and waiting. In a few minutes we were playing poker at five dollars "*ante*." In the course of half an hour I had won two hundred and fifty dollars of my money back, and the old landlord had not yet made his appearance. John

* The game of poker is played by pairs, threes, fours, fulls, and flushes. See Green on Gambling.

son grew uneasy, and asked for many things which he knew no one but the landlord could procure. The bar-keeper sent for him. When he came, Johnson asked him if he could not furnish his friend Tally with a different kind of cards. Not till the next day, the old landlord said, and if they were to be procured near by, his tooth ached so as to prevent his going out. "Indeed," said he, "I have no doubt it will keep me, as it did last night, walking the room with a cigar in my mouth all night," at the same time lighting his cigar and beginning to pace the room.

I noticed a new feature in the game immediately. Tally brightened up; Johnson called for glasses of liquor, and they drank. The landlord, being invited, said he would drink, not particularly for the benefit of the house, but to benefit his toothache.

We played, betting high, and I still continued to win, for it was difficult for the old man to get a peep at my cards. I was nearly even with Tally, that is, I had nearly recovered my six hundred dollars. They all evidently were uneasy lest I should quit playing as soon as I had got even. Every time I won, the old landlord would gnate his teeth, and, with a sarcastic grin, say, "Go it, my young hoosier, it does my old tooth good to see you win."

I knew he enjoyed it about as much as he would tooth-pulling. I now lost two hundred dollars intentionally, lest they might suspect I understood their foul play. As Tally hauled the money down, the old man forced out a groan,—"Oh, my tooth! be careful, my young hoosier, won't you? it makes the nerve of my tooth jump terribly. But I am not much afraid; you will get it back soon with interest."

It was almost eleven o'clock, and Tally ordered an oyster supper. We played on briskly, Tally continuing to win, and the old landlord groaning with his toothache. Supper being ready, we held up for that. While waiting a moment at the bar for the others to get their drams, I saw the old coffee-house keeper throw the pack of cards we had been using off upon the floor. This he did to make us purchase new ones. It was his custom to do so, for here was a source of profit to him, as he sold cards for about ten times their cost to him. While going from the bar to the supper-table I saw a package of cards open, and took out one pack, throwing the old servant, who acted as bar-keeper, a dollar to pay for them. I put the pack in my pocket, intending to examine them at my leisure for private marks.

I got through supper first, and, walking out of the house, placed myself directly under the window, near which they were sitting. I heard them talking about the game.

"I tell you," said Tally, "I can beat him playing, but he out-lucks me."

"Yes, and out-plays you," said Johnson.

"I will try him again, Johnson, and satisfy you that he is not only Green by name, but green by nature, and a greenhorn at that."

"You will try and change packs upon him, then?"

"I will; and shall succeed in it, too."

"How do you mean to do it?" asked the old landlord.

"I will take a new pack of cards and fix them, and when it is my turn to deal, I will give him four queens with an ace, and myself four kings with an ace."

"First rate idea!" said the old man.

"The cards were brought, and Tally hastened to fix

them, lest by my return I should defeat the plan. I gave him time, and continued to listen. The old landlord was to be constantly talking to me, while at play, and when I lost he was to complain about his tooth, and when I won he was to say it felt better. He was to top the candle three times, and to be somewhat longer in doing it the third time, when Tally was to change the packs.

Having learned their plan, I thought the pack in my pocket would do me good service. I arranged the cards, and concluded to give him an *ace-full*, and myself a *flush*, and to *deal* the cards into his hand the first time the candle was topped, if it should be my deal.

Again we were seated and playing. Every time I won, the old man assured me his tooth did not ache so hard. I had the pack ready on my knee. We were betting high, and I was now about even with Tally. The old man took the snuffers and darkened the candle. It was not my *deal*, and I had to submit. But fortunately, the second time he did it, it was my *deal*. I changed the packs, giving Tally three aces and two kings, and myself a *flush*,* and dropping the old pack under my feet among a lot of loose cards that were kicking about on the floor. I raised my hand a little, so that the old landlord got a slight look. Satisfied that I had a broken hand, and not thinking that, though a broken one, the cards were all of the same suite—a thing which seldom occurs—he gave the sign to Tally. Tally passed. I bet twenty-five dollars. He bet me seventy-five dollars better. I bet him two hundred dollars better. He paused for another sign from the old man, who signified as before, that I had no pair.

* A flush is the best hand that can be out in twenty-card poker, and an ace-full second best.

He then deliberately bet me five hundred dollars better. I put up the five hundred dollars, and bet him one thousand dollars. He called me. I hauled in the money, and laid down the cards. When Tally saw the hand, he turned pale, then the blood rushed to his face, which in a moment was bloodless again. The old landlord had seated himself, and gazed on the table as motionless as a piece of marble. Johnson forced out a horse-laugh. Tally swore he had been swindled. The old man sat mute. I asked him if his tooth was not done aching? He answered nothing. He was perfectly astounded. So were the rest of them.

The scene was one for a painter. There sat the two gamblers, on either side of the table, the one pouring out the bitterest curses I ever heard, and the other raising a long, swaggering, drunken laugh. The old rum-burnt coffee-house keeper sat as still and as stiff as if he had been suddenly petrified. While in the door leading to the bar stood the old servant grinning, his ivory showing to good advantage, for, when his mouth was open, his head was at least half off!

I put the money in my pocket, stepped to the bar, called the old servant, paid my bill, and left for the hotel, leaving the worthy trio to settle among themselves. I secretly told the old colored man to come to the hotel, after they had dispersed, and let me know how matters stood.

At three in the morning he came, and said they had separated mad with one another, and drunken. I gave the old man one hundred dollars, and left that same morning for the Choctaw nation on Red river; from which place I was soon set afloat, with scarcely a dollar in my pocket.

So great are the vicissitudes in a gambler's life! Tossed



on the wave of fortune, he rises to princely affluence; then sinks, as in a moment, to the depths of poverty and want; then rises and sinks again. One day, he wins his thousands, and perhaps the very next day he has not the money necessary to pay his bills. His life, even in its sunniest period, seems like a dream. And a dream it is, so far as his happiness is concerned. Whether he sports his thousands, or lives on credit, it is all the same. He is a poor man; poor in every thing that constitutes real happiness. There is no reality in his wealth or his pleasure; nothing substantial, nothing to satisfy the cravings of human nature. All is unnatural, and therefore unsatisfying. A man never, never can promote his own present actual enjoyment by becoming a pirate upon all the best interests of society: and such is the gambler. His hand is against every man, and every good man's hand ought to be against him, not to injure him as an individual, but to keep him from destroying others. Yes, and from destroying himself, too; for whither is the tide drifting him, as he rises and falls? Where will his course end? Ruin, certain ruin, for this life and that to come is before him. So far as his own interests are concerned, he is a madman, and society ought to treat him as such, and guard both his individual good, and the public good, by enacting and rigidly enforcing proper laws against gambling. But I must return from my digression.

The spring of 1838 found me travelling through the Choctaw nation, which, at that time, with the exception of the government posts, was a wilderness. Fort Towson, Duxborough, Jonesborough, Lost Prairie, Horse Prairie, Pecan Point, and several other places throughout this wild and newly-settled country, were crowded with every kind and description of people from the States, from the

government agents and contractors to the wild and mysterious refugee—the latter being very numerous, and having settled upon the south side of Red river, to evade the pursuit of the United States' officer of justice, that portion then being considered within the boundaries of Texas. The whole region was one of peculiar debasement in all respects. As might be suspected, seasoned as it was with such a population, drunkenness, debauchery, and murder walked abroad, hand in hand, day and night. Human life was valued no higher than the life of an ox, or a hog, and the heart of the settlement was cold, and palsied to the most remote touch of feeling, and hardened to the recital of brutalities and crimes of the most indescribable enormity. Men talked of their evil doings, their deep, revolting guilt, with the most impudent freedom, and laughed and chuckled over them as though they were the best jokes in the world !

It was in one of the Texan settlements, in this rude, wicked tract of country, that an incident came to my knowledge, quite by accident, which I will relate. The settlement contained some seventy to eighty people, men, women, and children, white and black. I was taking a stroll with one of the settlers among the cabins and huts, he being familiar with the occupants of each, their habits and history. When we passed a spot worth notice, he gave me the character of the owner, his wealth, &c., and although all about the settlement wore an appearance of the most abject poverty, I was surprised to find the wealth which many of the inhabitants of so desolate, dreary, and forbidding a place possessed. We finally came to a small log cabin, at the extreme end of the settlement, apparently about twenty feet in length by eighteen deep, a story and a half high.

"Who lives here?" said I.

"The widow —," replied my guide, whose name was Edmonds—"the widow of —, but—yes—the widow of Dr. —, who was killed a few days ago."

I was struck with my companion's pauses, and thought there was something singular in them, especially as his countenance at the time seemed to change slightly. I soon mustered resolution to ask him who were the murderers of Doctor —, but his reply was simply that he did not know.

"I should like to see the widow," said I; "will you introduce me?"

He declined, stating that he must then leave me, and go along some half a mile further, where some men were at work, chopping down a bee-tree.

"Very well," said I; "I will step in and introduce myself. You have awakened some little curiosity in my mind to know more about the murder of this man."

He left me without making any reply, and I entered the cabin, the door of which was standing ajar. I found, seated near the fire on a rude bench, a female, perhaps thirty years old, whose countenance wore a look of deep dejection, but at the same time betrayed strong evidence of having been once quite attractive. A little girl sat in her lap—two boys of the ages of perhaps seven and eleven occupied a bench at her right—an infant of, I should think, three months old, slept in the cradle, which a little girl apparently about five years old stood rocking. The group was a very imposing one. As I entered, I gave a tap upon the door, which caused the mother to turn towards me; but she did not speak, waiting, it would seem, for me to introduce my business. I apologized for my unceremonious entrance, saying, that I had learned

she was formerly a resident in the states; and that I being also from thence, felt some interest in her and her family. She beckoned me to a seat, and after some time, told me she was born in Philadelphia, but that, having married a Kentuckian, she moved there, and lived some eight or nine years in that state—that her husband, at the expiration of that time, had taken his family to Little Rock, Arkansas, where they resided one year, and that from thence they had come to the place where I found them.

Here there was a pause; in fact, I discovered that the poor woman's voice faltered the moment she approached the subject of her arrival at her present residence. The silence was broken by the child, who stood rocking the cradle, and who said, "This is a bad place, ain't it, Ma? Here the bad men live that killed Pa." At this the mother burst into tears. As she did so, she kindly told the child to hush.

After the mother's tears had partially subsided, I told her to talk to me without restraint; that I had visited the settlement on the other side of the river on government business, which I expected to transact, and leave in a very few days. I here was guilty of falsehood. I had not visited the settlement for government, of course, but to pursue my iniquitous course of gambling with the refugees.

The woman implored me to be watchful; that I was in the midst of the most abandoned description of men that could possibly be conceived of; and that they would make a victim of me the more readily, on account of my extreme youth. I told her that they could want nothing of me, for the simple reason that I had nothing valuable about me. She assured me that it was not always ava-

rice which tempted these men to deeds of blood. They had butchered her poor husband in the very house where we were, within hearing of herself and children, and when all were imploring that his life might be spared. And yet money was not the temptation. She then gave me a history of the cruel murder of her husband, which was as follows :—

Doctor —— was educated a physician in the city of Philadelphia, though a native of Kentucky. He married his wife in that city ; after which he went back to Kentucky, where he settled down in the practice of his profession. It was not many years after he took up his abode in his native place before he became involved, and subsequently being accused of committing a forgery, he concluded it was best to leave his native state. His first stopping-place, after leaving Kentucky, was Little Rock, Arkansas, where he remained until his brother-in-law joined him with his family. Becoming uneasy and unhappy there, he finally removed to the settlement, where an end was put to his earthly career by the band of assassins.

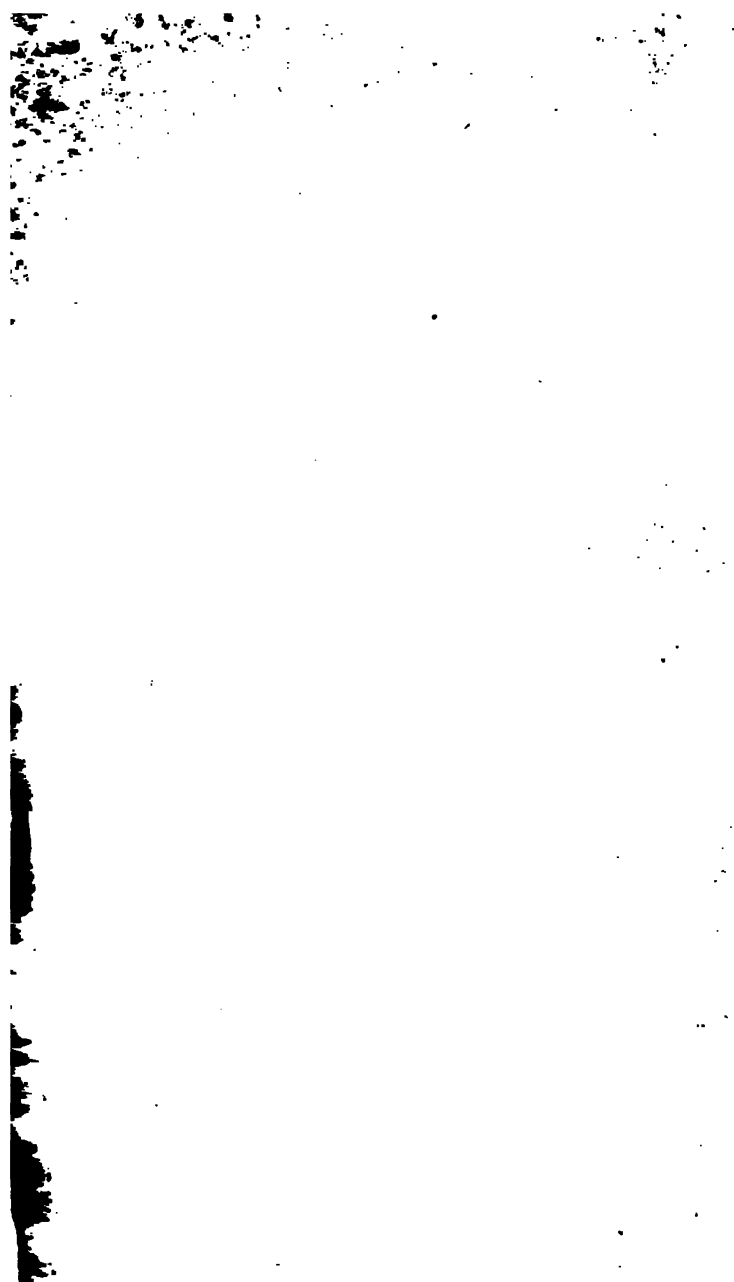
His wife, when she came to this portion of her husband's career, was again deeply affected ; but she soon mustered composure enough to continue the story.

After my husband came here, he proceeded to build this house, and we all moved into it in a very short period after the first log was laid. He was a changed man, and my health had become impaired by the exposures which it was necessary to encounter, in travelling through this wilderness. Doctor —— was a changed man ; most painfully was this the case. He was not only moody and sullen in his temperament, and at times unhappy to the last degree, but he did not seem to take that pleasure

which he once did in the society of his wife and children. Now and then he would drink hard, and become intoxicated, in which case he abused me most shamefully, and I bore all for the sake of the children. Some few days before his death, he entered into a speculation with some bad fellows here, to smuggle spirits through the nation, which they succeeded in doing, and with great profit. About this time, or just after, when in a calm and subdued mood, he confessed to me, that he was not an honest man; that he was a refugee from justice, and a doomed man; that a trap had been laid for him a short time after he was married; that he fell into it; that he was a sworn member of a band of desperadoes and villains, and that he was doomed to be a guilty wretch so long as he lived. I thought he was crazy, but his assurance was in a few days fully verified.

Not long after my husband made this confession to me, he ran a partition across the cabin—making two rooms. In the other department he put two beds, and whenever any of his cronies called to see him, he would order myself and the children into the room. Here we remained while he and his companions drank and played cards—making sometimes such a noise that it seemed as if the very roof would be raised. They often kept it up all night long.

One morning, after one of these frolics, he said to me he wished I was at home with my father; that he never intended to return to Philadelphia himself; but he would see that I was safely taken there. I asked why he was so much inclined to part from me. He stated that that was his business; I must leave him; only the night before, he had been accused of divulging secrets to me in regard to his companions; that he had promised them to





send me home. He added, that I might take all the children but the two eldest boys. I protested against separating me and my children. His only reply was, that his determination on the point was fixed.

That night he ordered myself and the children into the room, in a more angry tone than ever, and barred us in. It was not long after this before his wicked companions arrived and planted themselves down at the table. I listened at the door, and while my husband had gone out of the cabin for some purpose, I heard them whispering busily together. As he entered the apartment, however, the whispering ceased, and one of them said, "Let's play for the liquor first, and decide that point afterwards."

After this, they played and swore, and one would have supposed the room to have been occupied by fiends incarnate rather than by men. At about twelve o'clock, one of the company said, "Well, boys, now is the time; what are we here for?" "Out with the light," said another. My husband now asked what they proposed doing, when, without giving him the slightest notice, the light was put out, and a heavy blow descended. I heard my husband cry out, "Do not murder me;" but the strokes fell heavy and fast, and spite of my screams and the screams of my children—spite of our efforts to beat the door in, the bloody work was kept up until I heard my husband's body fall upon the floor. In a short time his murderers left. I tried to burst the door open, but without success. At last, I raised my eldest boy to the window, and he crawled outside, and ran round, entering the door which led to the room containing his father's corpse. As the child moved towards the door of the room, for the purpose of unbarring it, he fell over the dead body of his father. The door was finally unbarred, and I rushed into the

room where my murdered husband lay. Oh, sir, I cannot tell you what were then my feelings. The lights which the children brought into the room exposed the whole scene, and it was one which I could not describe if I would—my husband's body lying upon the floor, weltering in blood. I tried to lift it up to the bed, but could not. I then, with the assistance of the children, rolled it up in a counterpane, and we sat down and watched it till morning—fearing that, if we did not, it might be carried off by wolves, a large number of which howled about the house until day dawned. Oh, sir, it was a sorrowful night! The next morning several of the neighbours called in, and after expressing their horror at the deed of blood, assured me that they would aid in bringing the murderers to justice; that they knew them, and that they resided on the Sabine river. Would you believe it, sir? Two of the very sympathizers I knew to have been concerned in the murder of my husband.

A coffin was made, into which my poor husband's body was laid, and then the neighbours buried him, but in such a manner that he lay but a foot or two below the earth's surface. I have been afraid the beasts of prey which infest this region would get possession of his corpse; so, with my children, I build every night a fire near his grave.

"Now, sir," added the woman, "I have told you the painful story, and you will see in what a dreadful situation I am. I am here in this dreadful place, with perhaps one hundred dollars in money, and five children, nearly all of whom constantly require my watchful care. Can you not assist me in my wretchedness?"

I told the poor thing I would endeavor to do something for her. I had hardly done so, when Edmonds

passed the door of the cabin on his way back from the choppers. Seeing me, he turned back and said, as I passed out to meet him, "Well, Green, what do you think of the widow?" My reply was, that she was so shy and distant that I could not learn much about her, one way or the other; that she appeared unwilling, or afraid to converse.

"It is well enough that she did," was Edmonds' reply, "she does not know what she talks about. When she does choose to speak, I believe her to be either crazy or foolish, and d—n me if I know which."

Edmonds invited me to go with him to his home. So I went along. I found there a man, named Scoggins, with whom Edmonds got into a very free conversation. I heard him say, "We must send that woman away; she talks to somebody every day; she must be taken care of in one way or the other. She must, Scoggins, she must."

It was not long after this, before Scoggins took me aside, and in a friendly manner advised me not to go to the widow's again; that she was a bad and a meddlesome person withal. I did not visit her afterwards; indeed, I had no opportunity to do so, for the day following the incidents I here related, in company with Edmonds and Scoggins, I left the settlement for Fort Towson—about one hundred and fifty miles east. Our object was to play cards with the officers at the fort, and lighten them of some of their change. We also expected to fall in with some of the half-bred Choctaws, who are not inexpert in the shuffle. Edmonds and Scoggins were ordinary players, and depended on my skill. The former was a shrewd fellow, a Georgian by birth—aged about forty-five; the latter, a Canadian, was about the same age. They had served together during the war of 1812,

and in the same company. Two more peculiar men could not be found. Like a pair of well-trained horses, I saw, very soon after we joined company, they pulled together. They had a negro with them, who was deaf and dumb; and he was one of the best servants I ever saw. He had been Edmonds' attendant for fifteen years, and was, I should think, about fifty years old. This old negro knew every route from Canada to Texas. He would stand and sleep, like a horse, for hours, and seemed to care much more for horses than he did for himself. I thought there was something more than at first appeared about the old darkey. While at the fort, he would, in our company, stand for hours, it seemed to me listening attentively to all that was said, and appearing to understand it. He was very submissive and polite to any one who noticed him, and, from the beginning, appeared to take a wonderful liking to me. At Fort Towson I tried to get rid of Edmonds and Scoggins, telling them I had resolved to leave them, and that I was going to cross the Nation to Fort Smith, about one hundred and fifty miles distant. They appeared to like the route I had chosen, and said they would accompany me. While at Fort Towson, I discovered that both of my companions had a large number of acquaintances there, mixed in among the Indians; and, likewise, that many of the slaves appeared to know them.

We finally left the fort, in company with ten Choctaws. I had purchased; while in the nation, twelve head of horses, two of which were quarter horses, that is, intended to run a quarter of a mile in singularly quick time. I obtained them of a half-bred Choctaw, and they were valued at five hundred dollars each.

We encamped, the first night after our departure, about

thirty miles distant from Fort Towson. The next morning I found that my two valuable quarter horses, with six others of the drove, were missing. I said something about my chance of finding them again, but soon had every hope of the kind destroyed, by being informed that the Pawnee Indians were very numerous in the neighbourhood; that they were great horse thieves, and had undoubtedly appropriated to themselves my valuable beasts. We went fifty miles further, when we again encamped. Here the horses of the dumb negro and Scoggins were missing. They appeared to think their animals might be recovered, and turned back for that purpose, promising to overtake us, if possible, at Fort Smith.

When we arrived at the fort, I disposed of the horses I had left, and took passage on the steamboat Reindeer, for the mouth of White River. Edmonds insisted on accompanying me. I made no objection, of course, but was anxious to get rid of him. It was about the twentieth of May, when we arrived at Montgomery's Point, on the Mississippi. Edmonds, during the passage, frequently sympathized with me on the loss of my horses. He also, now and then, spoke to me about the widow of Doctor ———, commiserated her forlorn situation, and stated that he had a strong desire, and in fact determination, to communicate intelligence of her deplorable condition to her friends in Philadelphia. He asked me if I did not, myself, think of doing something of the kind. I told him that I had forgotten her name, and had I remembered it, I hardly thought that I should trouble myself about her or her affairs. He said, he, too, had forgotten the name, but he could procure it of Scoggins when he returned.

We remained at the Point several days, awaiting the

arrival of a steamboat. Finally, the Chester came along, bound for St. Louis. I took passage in her, and left Edmonds behind, not a little to my gratification. We had not proceeded far from the Point, when the Chester broke down, and I was obliged to get on board of a down boat, and return to the Point. On arriving there, the first person I encountered was the dumb negro, who told me that Edmonds had died suddenly, since my departure, of the cholera, which was raging at that time on the Mississippi, and which cut men down almost without warning. On inquiry, I found the negro had told me the truth, and must confess I was not a little astonished at it. But a few hours previously, I had left Edmonds, apparently well; now he was a corpse! The thought gave me a shade of melancholy, especially as I knew and felt that he had been cut down in guilt; for that he was both a robber and a murderer I could not for a moment doubt.

I made some inquiry about the amount of money left by Edmonds, and discovered that after paying all the expenses of the funeral, the amount of nine hundred dollars would be left, which, according to his request just before his death, was to be sent to his friends in Savanna, Georgia.

Not long after I got back to the Point, when walking out alone, the dumb negro joined me, and motioned me to follow him: I did so, without hesitation. We had not gone far out of the way, when he placed himself near me, and, to my surprise, spoke to me as plainly and distinctly as any one could. He said he knew he would surprise me when he talked like other folks; but he would give me a good reason for having seemed to be dumb. He then gave me a sketch of his chequered career. He was once a slave, but had been a free man

between thirty and forty years. At the age of twenty, he was purchased from his master, at Petersburg, Virginia, to save his life, by a band of outlaws, of which he became a member, in a servile capacity. These men had freed him, soon after they purchased him from his master, and in consideration he had taken the oath as one of their gang, and had sworn, with other things, to appear to be deaf and dumb, so long as he should live—the penalty for any forgetfulness, or otherwise, that should betray that he could either speak or hear, being death! That he had been educated to this end; that the band had men who could converse with him readily by signs, and that he had been so much accustomed to communicate his thoughts in that manner, that it had become second nature. He told me he was now determined to go to Canada, where he proposed remaining for the balance of his life. I asked him how he meant to go? His reply was, that he should make the journey by land; that he knew every foot of the route, and had hundreds of warm friends all the way along. He further said that he could communicate to me a secret, which he thought it would be better for me to keep—and this is the first time I have ever publicly revealed it.

The secret was, that he and Scoggins, after leaving Edmonds and myself, had retraced their steps to the skirts of Texas; that my horses had not been taken, as I supposed, by the Indians, but that hired tools of Edmonds and Scoggins had stolen them. That it was well for me I laid my money out in horses: had I not done so, they would have murdered me, to possess themselves of it. He further assured me, that I had been for three months in the most heartless and desperate region which the country affords, and among my worst enemies. The ne-

gro added, that he had heard hard letters read concerning me since I was in the country. That they were written a year before, by certain men belonging to the same band, whom I knew, but least suspected. One of them lived near Lawrenceburgh, Indiana; another was Goodrich, the notorious villain to whom I have alluded previously in this work, and in "The Secret Band of Brothers."

This negro also told me that Dr. —, who had been murdered on the Texan frontier, was himself a member of a Secret Band, and that he was killed to save many a better man. That he and Scroggins had gone back to see that the widow and her family were removed; but they found, on reaching the settlement, she had left. We had learned, moreover, that when seventy or eighty miles on her journey to her friends, she was taken sick and died, and that she had lost her youngest child before she left the settlement. It was further stated that the remainder of her family were at Little Rock, with a friend of her husband's, who would provide for them till her family could either send for them, or give some directions in regard to their disposition.

The negro advised me never to divulge my opinions in relation to the doctor's death, nor to the history of his family out west. I told him I did not recollect their names, and therefore could not do so if I would. He assured me that it was well for me, perhaps, that it was so; and that it could do me no good if I did. I spoke to the negro about the lively sympathy which Edmonds had expressed for the family, a few days before I parted with him; that he had told me, in case he could procure the name and residence of their friends at the east, he would write them; and that he had asked me if I remembered them. I told him I did not.

The negro assured me that it was well for me I had been so ignorant on the subject; Edmonds was only trying me. Had I appeared to have known any thing, and betrayed any disposition to give publicity to what I knew, he would have prevented me, even if he had taken my life.

I discovered from the negro, that the secret band of outlaws, to whom I here alluded; had a large number of members scattered among the different tribes of Indians; that they are all about the western country, in fact, and that all are true to each other as steel itself. The negro assured me that he could find friends at every turn; yes, those who *would die for him!* He was well off, however, without them, and had determined to pass the remainder of his days in living a life of honesty; hoping that, by so doing, God would forgive him, if man did not.

The negro told me much more in regard to himself and his companions. He said he had been deaf and dumb, in order to find out what was going on. He stood about and heard much said, which would not have been said had it been supposed he could hear, and much, too, that was at times extremely valuable to the band.

I told him that I had often noticed and pitied him. His reply was, that he saw I felt for him, and it was none the worse for me that I did. This very county where we were, was afterwards infested by Murrill and his gang; and it was here that, in 1841, the citizens turned out and put to death, by shooting and drowning, some forty or fifty villains.

But to return to the negro. I told him that his intelligence startled me. He assured me, that while with him I was not in danger; that, to tell the truth, where we then were was not a very bad tract of country. For, said

he, the brethren of Arkansas and Mississippi are not "clear grit." That a few weeks preceding, a man by the name of Jeffries, who had passed counterfeit money, they permitted to be taken and put to death. He had, it seems, got off about one thousand dollars of the spurious money on some river boatmen and traders; who returned when they found the money was bad, pursued the counterfeiter to an island on the river; where, after having stripped him naked and tied him to a tree, they beat him to death! It was true this man was not a member of the secret fraternity; but he would have been had his life been spared.

At this point of my conversation with the negro, I discovered the steamboat HURON near by, so I shook hands with him and left him. Rejoicing at the circumstance, I was soon on board of her, bound for Louisville. We "wooded" some thirty miles distant from Montgomery's Point, and at the wood-yard, I overheard one of the workmen telling about the skeleton of a man which had been found on an island near by; that it was tied to a tree, and that it was the remains of a man who had been whipped to death for passing counterfeit money. The woodman added, that the poor victim's watch and clothes were found hanging near his skeleton. This story confirmed the statement of the dumb negro on this point, and gave me confidence in all he had told me.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

HAVING laid before my readers a pretty full account of the early part of my gambling life, I will be compelled, for many reasons, to condense the latter part of my experience, giving only detached incidents, culled from a series of events, which occurred during eight years, upon which I now look back with unmingled horror. What I have to give, however, I presume will interest the reader; and though of a startling character, I believe they are fraught with moral truth, deserving of his best attention.

INFLUENCE OF GAMBLING.

It is too often the case, that men consider gambling as an evil in reference to the loss of money and reputation which it occasions, as almost the only one which is worthy of consideration. But these are only among the smallest of its evil consequences. It deadens the heart to all the better feelings of our nature, and calls into exercise and carries to its highest enormity every vile and wicked principle which is found among the depraved children of men. Could we lay open the bosom of a gambler, and expose the mystery of iniquity which is hid beneath the deceitful exterior, every virtuous man would start back aghast at the frightful spectacle. That which comes to the knowledge of men in the ruined victims,

the crimes, and debasing influences which he everywhere carries with him, are but the shadows of those demons of wickedness which revel in his heart. The voice of humanity cries aloud when we see the unsuspecting victim about to be carried down amidst this whirlpool of vice, to be thrown a helpless beggar upon the world—a beggar not only for bread, but for every thing which is of good report. But these things being done mostly in secret, good men are not aware of the interest which they have in the matter, and thus make no effort to save him from his fate.

To show how completely a gambler is bereft of the feelings common to other men, let me relate an incident which took place in one of the southern states, and which, though appalling to every serious-minded person, is, to my knowledge, a fact. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in the city of New Orleans, in 1836, hundreds had fallen victims to that fatal malady. Among those who had it, was a young man, of very respectable parents and fair prospects, who had fallen a victim to the seductions of the gambler. He had often been warned of the danger of his position; but had always stoutly denied the possibility of his ever being so debased, while he was yet keeping company with such men, and gradually becoming imbued with their spirit. While thus repelling the idea that he was a gambler, he was seized with the epidemic which was laying low so many victims. His sickness was severe; and upon the ninth day, when the parching fever seemed about to lick up the last remains of life which yet lingered in his body, the physician paid him his accustomed visit. Having made his prescription, he was about going away, when his anxious friends detained him with the question:

"Doctor, do you think he will die?"

"God knows," answered he.

"Is there any hope of his recovery?"

"If he lives till twelve o'clock," said the doctor, "he may recover."

The sick man opened his eyes and said, feebly, "Then you think there is a doubt of my living until twelve, do you, doctor?"

"I do," said he.

"How much," continued the sick man, "will be my bill?"

"Fifty dollars," said the doctor.

"Well, doctor, I will bet you fifty dollars against my bill that I live till twelve; and if you will bet one hundred to fifty, I will also bet you that I get well."

The doctor, astonished at such an exhibition of depravity, under such circumstances, merely said, "I will take the last bet," and left the room.

The man seemed to remember what had taken place for a few minutes, but soon became delirious, and knew no more till twelve o'clock had passed. The fever then seemed to subside, and he recovered his senses: the first word he spoke was to inquire what were the terms of the bet which the doctor accepted; and when he was told he replied, that he might just as well have won the hundred and the doctor's bill, as the fifty.

This incident must show every person the truth of the assertion made at the beginning of this article. Hundreds of instances of a similar character might be adduced, and yet there are those who contend that a man may amuse himself by card-playing, and receive no hurt. Even some who bear the profession of religion will justify it. But all this but proves the truth of the inspired

writer, who says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man ; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Parents, while you suffer such influences to be used upon your children, you are preparing them to take such a step as shall fill your soul with regret, and their lives with misery. You see the boy in eager haste to pluck the marble of his playmate from the ring, and you have the miniature gambler before you. He is taking the first lessons, which will prepare him to filch the money from his neighbor's pocket, and stifle every good feeling in the birth. Its tread is slow and stealthy, but sure. It has destroyed the hopes of friends, and shrouded in darkness the prospects of some of the brightest stars which have ever shone upon society. It has plucked them from their sphere, and thrust them down to death. It has clothed, in sackcloth, homes which otherwise had been the abodes of peace and love. It has beggared children and wives, and sent frantic ruined fathers to the world of spirits. It has brought down the gray hairs of parents in sorrow to the grave. It has, in short, been a fruitful source of misery to all classes ; and could its wretched victims be all called up from the shores of death, they would make an army greater than that of Napoleon.

Nor is it a solitary vice. It carries with it all others. Show me a gambler, and I will show you a man who practises other sins not less wicked than this. The gaming table is the companion of the intemperate and the debauchee ; and could the real character of such men be known, the virtuous of every class would shun them as they would the deadly venom of the serpent. When we realize, then, that the United States is infested by a hundred thousand such men, and that their victims are taken from every class, ought we not, for the sake of our common

country, for the love we bear our fellow-men, seek to stem this awful tide. Patriots! by your silence, you endanger the existence of the happy land which gave you birth. Christians! by refusing to give your testimony against this crying evil, you are exposing your brethren and children to the influence, which has swept down some from the very gates of heaven to the abodes of despair. You are giving this desperate band of men the benefit of your silence, and they go forth, while they have no fear that their employment shall be broken in upon. You cannot be aware of the extent of this evil, or you could not remain in supineness.

To the young I would especially raise the warning voice, and pray them beware how they listen to the counsel of wicked men. I was cast upon the world at sixteen, and drove madly on, without restraint, until I had reached the age of twenty-nine. Could I give you the workings of one gambler's heart, it would cause you to beware how you entered the infamous business—a business so base that language is incapable of depicting it—a vice so vile that Satan himself can sink no lower.

The history I can unfold should be a beacon to warn those who are approaching that fearful path—even if they cherish the hope of remaining only a player for amusement. Consider the difficulties connected with the most honorable business, and what prudence and circumspection are necessary;—immensely greater are those of the gambler. He is without sympathy; and when he loses his property, he has none to care for him; and when he dies, his name rots with his loathsome body. If he has the desire to reform, he is looked upon with distrust, and, till his dying day, he must suffer the consequences he has brought upon himself. But the hope of his refor-

mation is something hardly to be cherished. The deadening and debasing influences of his dishonesty lead him from one thing to another, until he is ready for the highway, or to act as a midnight assassin and burglar. His death is almost sure to be one of infamy and despair. Oh! then, take warning in time, and depart "from the way of evil men!" Indulge not in the game for amusement, lest you be ensnared by the seductions which are sure to be thrown around you; and, ere you are aware, your feet be entangled in the mazes of a net you cannot break.

SOCIAL CARD PARTIES.

I HAVE ever looked upon social card parties as the most dangerous places which a young man can visit, and the use of cards as the most dangerous pastime in which they can be engaged. The evil results which are continually growing out of such pursuits ought certainly to alarm all who lend them any countenance; yet few, very few, look upon this practice as having the evil character which we contend it has. Could I but unfold one crime in a hundred, which is directly or indirectly connected with the social party for card-playing, it would be enough to check the current of this fashionable vice, and would teach parents that while they think their children are merely passing away the time, they are cherishing a passion which shall result in their becoming what they may now despise—abandoned gamblers.

Social card-playing, in its mildest aspect, is GAMBLING, however otherwise it may be viewed. To become a card-

player for amusement is of itself an acknowledgment of readiness for dishonesty. It is consenting to implant a love of gambling in some heart, and every game played by the novice has a tendency towards becoming a dishonest or gambling character.

This idea may be scouted by nine-tenths of those who form these parties ; indeed we expect nothing better from them, although they are men, perhaps, who possess a high sense of honor upon every other subject ; but, with no ill will, we can testify, from a sad experience of twelve years and a deep conviction of the evil of it, that we should greatly err, nay, commit almost an unpardonable sin, to place social card-playing or small gaming under any other head than petty gambling. The press, which is, or ought to be, the guardian of public morals, very rarely alludes to this most abominable practice :—the ministers of religion have become so accustomed to regard it as a thing generally practised, or to be tolerated, that they seem to have lost most of that just abhorrence with which it should always be viewed, and seldom speak of it from the pulpit ; and the consequence is, that it is left to work its evil effect, without an effort to reform the old, or restrain the young. Yet we can see and feel the difficulty in the latter case ; for we see, in some of our churches, some of these very social gamesters, or card-players, on the one hand, and on the other good men, who yet can see only what is apprehended by their eyes, and consequently they discover no evil where it is not at once apparent. These persons see no necessity of dragging to the light of day those things which are done in secret, or condemning that which is not expressly named in Scripture. We should be glad could we bring these two classes to see

the usefulness of such preaching, as laid open by the sinfulness of such practices.

To show the evil effects of such practices, I will recall the memory of a case of suicide which took place in one of our principal hotels, in Cincinnati. I was intimately acquainted with the unhappy subject of it for six years immediately preceding the unhappy catastrophe. The sufferings endured by him were such that could the half be known to the readers of this article, it would be sufficient to make every virtuous person discard every implement of gaming from his social parties. This horrid deed was committed by a foreigner of high parentage, a gentleman of noble feelings, bred in the lap of luxury, and sustaining, till within two or three years of his death, an unblemished reputation. On the morning before his death, he related to me his history. I shall never forget that visit. It was the Sabbath. I had made my arrangements during the previous week to visit a race-course in Kentucky, and was waiting for a hack to convey me and my baggage to the boat, when my unfortunate acquaintance entered the room. I met him as usual, and took him by the hand, when I discovered him to be exceedingly feverish, and so much agitated that it affected his whole frame.

"How do you do?" said I.

"I am not very well?" he answered.

"What appears to be your complaint?" I inquired.

"One which is incurable," he replied.

"Why so?" I asked; "you do not look as if you were very dangerously ill."

"Do I not?" said he, with a look so wild that I cannot describe it. "Green," continued he, "I am a very miserable man. I am exceedingly unhappy, and I have come

to you to tell you my misfortunes. Will you hear me?"

"I am about to leave directly for Kentucky," said I, "and shall have no time at present." He answered, "I will be very brief, and detain you but a few minutes."

With this assurance I allowed him to proceed, and he began as follows:—

"I am, as you know, a foreigner by birth. I came to America about eight years ago. I landed in New York city, with money to the amount of seventy thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of that belonged to two daughters, whose mother I had buried but a few months before I left Europe. The money which belonged to them was a legacy left them by their grandmother, and placed in my hands as their guardian. It was my intention to find some place in which to fix my residence, when I came to the country, and then return for my children. I had been a professor of religion for fifteen years—and here is the letter which I brought with me when I came away."

This he showed me, which stated that he was a member in good standing.

"I arrived in New York on Saturday, and went to meeting the following day. On Monday I called on several of my former acquaintances, whom I knew to be pious men in the old country. I was invited by one of them to dine with him. I accepted the invitation, and was happy to meet two or three others who had resided in the same village with myself for more than twenty years; and, when I knew them at home, were strictly religious and temperate men. A blessing was asked by our host, after which two or three kinds of wine were introduced, which was something new to me. My friend remarked that I must not be surprised, because they had

conformed to the manners and customs of the city: and, to justify himself, related the manner of life followed by our merchants. 'We attend to our business,' said he, 'from nine o'clock till three in the afternoon, when we dine, at which time it is customary to invite some of our customers, who would take it as an insult did we not set wine upon the table.' His apology appeared quite reasonable, and we dined without further remark. I sipped my wine with the rest, little thinking of the consequences which were to follow. I remained several weeks with my friend, making his house my home; and daily used the wine he so freely gave. The evil consequences did not appear until the fourth Sunday after my arrival, when, the cork being drawn earlier than usual, we drank the contents of the bottle, and sallied forth at the usual hour to visit the house of God. But, in place of this, my friend proposed that we should visit Staten Island. I consented; and in place of my usual custom of spending God's holy day in worship, we spent it at that place of dissipation;—and, having dined there, we indulged so freely in the wine bottle, that when evening came we were too much intoxicated to return home, and so concluded to make a night of it. In the morning I paid the penalty of my night's debauch, by being deadly sick; but my friend being more accustomed to it, did not seem to mind it in the least. I felt the truth of the scripture in reference to them 'that sit long at the wine.' I knew that I had transgressed the principles of my profession, and had no further right to the privileges of the church; and being condemned in my own mind, I never presented my letter of recommendation. My next step in the downward course was social card-playing. Spending the evening with a large party, cards were introduced as the amusement to

pass away the time. A young lady, the daughter of one of my best friends, induced me to become a partner in a game of whist. The evening passed cheerfully, and being of a temperament which could not easily withstand temptation, I passed several others in a similar way. The cup, too, added its deadening influence to obliterate the very remembrance of the vows which were upon me as a Christian. Thus a bold step was taken towards what you now see me. I still had no idea of becoming either a gambler or a drunkard; but joined others in doing what my conscience condemned, because I had not the firmness to appear singular. I soon came to the West; and after leaving Pittsburgh, was invited to join a party of young persons on board the steamboat, in a game of eucré. Wine was soon introduced, but I objected to the use of it. Through the influence of a female, at the table, I took a glass, and the effect was, that I became a perfect madman, and remained so till I arrived in this city. When capable of doing so, I looked over my money, and found over two thousand dollars missing. Upon inquiry, I learned, to my great mortification, that, during the insanity caused by the wine I had taken, I had gambled heavily, and, as might be expected, was a loser. But what was my surprise, when I learned that it had been won by the female who induced me to play the first game of eucré. Her husband was a gambler and my partner, and between them I was relieved of my money. The thought was horrible to me, that I should be robbed in this way by one I had thought a lady, and who joined the game simply to pass away the time, which would otherwise hang heavily on our hands. My reflections were of the most unpleasant description; but I soon gave it up, and hastened to a gentleman to whom I had a letter of intro-

duction. This man I knew to have been a Christian in the old country, and I unfolded to him my unfortunate adventure. He told me he was not at all surprised at my experience, as he had known a great many to suffer under similar circumstances. He told me not to despair, at losing my money, but be more cautious in future: that I was in a strange land, and that it would not be known. I told him I did not care so much for the loss of the money, as for the injury which my reputation had suffered. I made him acquainted with my relation to the church, at which he seemed greatly affected, and implored me, by all means, to return to the paths of virtue, and never to touch the cup, whose influence over me was likely to be of such a fatal character, and never to cherish the hope of turning to good account the hours spent at the social card-table.

"I left him with the promise, that, on the following Sabbath morning, I would call upon him and go with him to church. When Sunday morning came, my heart failed me, and I could not bear the thought of going as I had promised. I concluded, however, that a glass of wine would give me the courage I wanted; but its influence was felt in making me forget my promise and all my good resolutions. I disappointed my friend, and, instead of following his wise counsel, became so intoxicated that it was necessary to conduct me to my room. The next morning I left the city for Louisville; and although I remained there several months, I did not form a single acquaintance. Finally, however, I called upon a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction. He invited me to dine with him, and at the appointed hour several merchants came, to whom I was introduced as a foreigner. Every thing passed off very agreeably until the wine was brought in. It was passed to each of the guests, and I

drank with the rest; but feeling its influence, and knowing my weakness, I begged to be excused and arose from the table. They insisted upon my sitting a few minutes longer, to which I consented, and drank another glass of wine. The table was soon cleared, and cards being introduced, it was proposed to amuse ourselves with a social game of whist. The betting was low, but before we arose I found myself the winner of some forty dollars. The party broke up in great glee, and we went to the theatre, a place which I had never before entered. I soon became so disgusted, however, that I left it and returned to my hotel, but with feelings too painful to describe. I frequently met my acquaintances after this, and we often amused ourselves by a game of cards, till I began to think myself quite an adept. My self-complacency was also helped by the flattery of men whom I considered my friends, until I found my money wasting away, and in different hands, from which there seemed but little prospect of recovering it. There were several persons, who had been introduced to me as safe men, to whom I had lent large sums, when under the influence of wine, and I looked to them for the return of that which I had intrusted to them; but when I called upon them, they declared themselves unable to assist me. I then thought I would invest something in steamboat stock. I purchased one boat, and had an interest in two others; but my steamboat stock lost me some money, and growing more fond of my cups, I closed up my concerns and resolved to pay a visit to Texas. During my voyage, I was made drunk, and, while in that state, was robbed of every dollar I had in the world, including every cent of the property which belonged to my poor children."

Here he dropped his head upon his breast and wept

profusely. I told him to cheer up, that I had not been the occasion of his ruin.

"No," said he, "I am well aware you had no hand in my ruin, but others had, and I am here a ruined man, with scarce a friend this side the Atlantic. I came to this city for the purpose of finding a man to assist me; but he who was once my warm friend, now looks upon me as a gambler and a drunkard, and will do nothing for me; but if I am a drunkard, those who take a social glass have made me so; and if I am a gambler, the social card party was what made me one, and to it I owe my dishonor. I wish you, Green, to lend me some money, for I must leave the city, and I wish to do so honorably, but I do not know that I shall ever be able to repay you."

He had now detained me till I was too late for the boat. I told him I would loan him money enough to pay his bill, or at least become responsible for it, as I feared he would lose it if I gave it to him. He plead earnestly for the money, and I gave him sixty-five dollars. He thanked me—returned to his hotel, and paid his bill—leaving him about forty dollars. With this he went to a noted gambling house, which was kept near the foot of Sycamore street, on the west side, where the black-leg fraternity soon fleeced him of every cent. He left this den of infamy, and returned to his hotel, where he wrote a very affectionate letter to a dear friend in Louisville, in which he apologized for the crime he was about to commit, begging forgiveness, assuring her that he was neither a gambler nor a drunkard from choice, but had been ruined by indulging in social drinking and card playing. He said he had lost his money and his reputation, and nothing remained for him this side the grave. He then put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains. The

suicide was noticed in the usual way ; but the deed and its cause being but a poor recommendation for a public house, which dealt out intoxicating liquors, the thing was soon hushed up and forgotten.

Thus ended the earthly career of one who, but for the influence of the social glass and the social card party, might have been an ornament to society, a friend and protector to his children, and a blessing to the world. But instead of this, by the influence of the former, he robbed the latter of their property, which it was his duty to keep for them with the utmost care. He left them without a friend, and rushed unbidden to the bar of God, with the crime of murder upon his soul ! All this may seem of little consequence to the party spending their evenings at the card-table, as they have no idea of doing any thing more than pass a few hours in social amusement. But while it may leave some of them as it found them, others, and especially the young, will become allured to their ruin. The habit of card-playing is much like that of drinking—easily formed, and of tremendous power when formed. The man who indulges in either,—before he may be aware of the extent of its power,—may by it be reduced to a state of perfect slavery. I would say to every person, in reference to both, “touch not, handle not,” lest you be entangled in its toils. Total abstinence from both is safe,—indulgence in either, is not. There are ways in which a company of intellectual beings can pass an evening, without throwing themselves within the charmed circle of the gambler or the drunkard.

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM;

OR,

A WARNING TO THOSE WHO PLAY FOR AMUSEMENT.

THE following incident is one which came under my own observation, while on a travelling tour, and I have thought proper to detail it here, hoping it may prove a warning to all who are in the habit of playing for amusement. I have avoided giving names, as I do not wish to injure the feelings of any. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of fact, and but one among the many sad realities of life it has been my lot to encounter.

In one of the cities of Western New York, there was, some few years since, a happy family, consisting of the parents and four children, three of whom were sons, the fourth a daughter. The eldest son was a young man of high promise. Amiable and gentlemanly in his deportment, and possessing a cultivated mind, he moved in the first circles of society, and gained friends wherever he went. Having been appointed engineer on one of the public works in Western New York, with sincere regret he left the home of his boyhood. His virtues and talents had secured him a highly respectable, as well as lucrative, situation. Every thing smiled upon him; and his prospects in life were bright and flattering.

In a few months he returned to his native place, having added to his good reputation by success in business. His aged and invalid father was often congratulated upon the possession of such a son.

That father's health was such as to render it highly

desirable that he and the family should have those services and attentions which none can render so well as a faithful, affectionate son and brother. The young man listened to the call of duty, decided to remain at home, to gladden the last days of his parents, and to be the companion and guardian of his younger brothers.

In his fondness and confidence, the father placed his earthly all, amounting to several thousand dollars, in the possession of his son. The young man had, likewise, acquired some thousands by his own diligence and enterprise. But he had contracted one habit, which was soon to destroy the happiness of that family. Had a stranger visited them, he would not, probably, have noticed any thing to mar the peace and comfort of that domestic circle. Every thing looked as if years of happiness were in store, and you would have said, surely, the last days of these parents must be their best. But no! beautiful as the opening flower appeared, there was a worm in the bud. The destroyer was already at work.

In the circle of his friends and relatives, and in the parlor of his own father's house, this young man had learned to play cards for amusement. There, unconsciously, he acquired a relish for sports which led him, unawares, into the snare of the gambler.

While on business in a city of Western New York, he was invited to join—what he supposed to be a party of honorable gentlemen—in a game of whist. He had often played this in his mother's parlor, had seen no danger in it, so he consented. At first they played for wine, cigars, &c. Betting for money being proposed, he declined. But, at length, by the earnest solicitation of one of his most intimate FRIENDS, he was prevailed upon to bet. At first he bet only twenty-five cents a corner. He lost

—became excited—doubled his bet—lost—was still more excited—and continued to double his bets and to lose, till he had parted with some eighty dollars, when the game closed. Dissatisfied with himself, but wishing to retrieve his loss, he listened to the solicitations of a false friend, and went with him to a gambling-house.

The two young men were invited to play, and the game of brag was introduced. Totally unacquainted with the game, it was impossible for him to win. That night he was fleeced of several hundred dollars. Here began his career of gambling. His mind seemed to lose its balance, and to become the prey of unnatural excitement. The consciousness of having lost his good character—although as yet his father and friends knew nothing of his gaming—preyed upon him constantly; but it only increased that feverish hope which always burns in the gambler's breast.

Night after night was he lured to the card-table and fleeced of his money. He was fairly hunted down by a set of hardened villains; yet every thing was done under the garb of friendship. Lest he should come to himself, and see things in their true light, parties were formed, and theatre tickets extended to him, for himself and his friends; and all in a way that concealed from his view the fatal snare into which he had fallen. A few months sufficed to ruin him. There he was—his property gone—his character gone—his peace of mind, his hopes for the future, all gone! Every thing had been sacrificed to the cursed vice. Who can describe the horrible condition of his mind, as he began to awake from his dream! How could he meet his aged parents! He would bring them down to the grave in sorrow!

Would to God that I could close here! or that I could add that from this period the young man began to reform,

and that he escaped from the snare of the gambler. But no! the snare was not yet broken. When once the passion of gambling has fired the soul, it is almost impossible to quench it, or even control it. Beware, oh! beware, how you take the **FIRST STEP** in this terrible career.

It was, as I have said, while on a tour through Western New York, and while stopping in the city, where this young man resided, that I learned the facts just related. Feeling a strong desire to see him, and having been introduced to one of his most intimate friends, I at length succeeded in gaining an interview. In company with this friend, I drove to the house. It was a house of mourning. A more gloomy one I never entered. Only two weeks had elapsed since the father had been carried to his grave; the mother, but two days previous to our visit. Both parents had died of broken hearts! The door was opened by a young man of nineteen or twenty, whose pale countenance, hectic flushed cheek, and hollow voice, showed but too plainly what fatal malady had fastened upon his vitals. He conducted us into a sitting-room, neat, but very plain, and wherever the eye rested, it met something to remind us that we were in a house of sorrow and mourning, of no ordinary kind. My friend inquired for the elder brother of the invalid. He was told that he was in the garden, but would soon return. While waiting, I saw a female form, clad in deep mourning, glide past the door several times. The sight was enough to melt the heart of the most hardened gambler. Such a lesson did that wasted form and grief-worn countenance read me, concerning the effects of gambling, that I involuntarily blessed God that my own sainted mother had been laid in the grave long before her son became a gambler.

The object of our visit soon made his appearance. His face was haggard and pale, and his thin, purple lips, quivered from nervous excitement. Fixing his large, dark eye upon his friend, his look of surprise asked why a stranger had been brought to that sorrowful and desolate abode. I was introduced as "Mr. Green, the Reformed Gambler." He said he was happy to form my acquaintance; but immediately fixed his eye upon something in an adjoining room, and remained silent. His friend remarked that it was my desire to have some conversation with him.

"Conversation with me!" said he.

"Yes, he wishes to learn some particulars concerning some gentlemen in our city."

I then invited him to take a seat in the carriage and ride to the hotel. He consented, and we rode in silence. I felt sad, for I saw that I had stirred up the deep fountain of sorrow in his heart. On reaching my room, I handed him a chair. He dropped his head upon his hands, resting his elbows upon his knees, and remained silent, save now and then a deep, heavy sigh. I invited him to drink some water; but he said he was not thirsty. I told him it pained me to see him so melancholy; I hoped he would cheer up.

"Mr. Green," said he, "I am melancholy, and I cannot disguise it. I am a wretched man. I have wished to see you, sir, for nearly a year; but now I fear I cannot command myself so as to tell you why."

He then dropped his head again and wept. At length he rose and walked across the room several times, and then asked me if I could tell playing-cards by looking on the backs. I replied that I could. He wished me to satisfy his curiosity by doing so. I immediately sent for



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several packs, and thoroughly convinced him that my statement was true. He then asked me if a man betting upon the game of faro could be cheated by the one who dealt for him. I answered in the affirmative. He then inquired if I could let him bet as he thought proper, and yet win all the important bets. I told him I could, and, at his request, proceeded to satisfy him by actual experiment. Having a faro-box, checks, and lay-out, I spread them before him. Instantly an unnatural glow spread over his face, and, in the excitement of the moment, he seemed to forget the object for which these implements of gambling were before us. He proposed a bet upon the jack—and lost; then upon the ace—and lost; then upon the sevens—and lost; then upon tens—and lost as usual.

He looked me in the eye a few moments, and then began to talk, partly to me, partly to himself.

"Is this a dream, or is it a reality? Do I really behold a man trying to show me how easily I have been misled, and what a fool I have been? No! not so; but how basely I have been plundered; yes, plundered—basely, but ingeniously, plundered. My poor parents robbed, too, ay, murdered! and I their murderer!"

Here his voice failed him, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. As soon as he could command himself, he continued,—

"Oh, sir, I am one of the most unhappy beings on earth! I have brought the gambler's curse upon my soul; ay, and the curse of Heaven, too. Oh God! what a wretch I am! Who can tell the remorse that preys upon my mind!"

I tried to console him, by saying that we all had an opportunity to make amends for the injury we had done, by

reforming and labouring to expose and destroy this horrid vice.

"Reforming!" said he, "I am no gambler! God forbid that I should ever have encouraged so despicable a practice. I sir, am the GAMBLER'S VICTIM! Mr. Green, believe me, I never won a dollar in my life; that is, I never left the card-table a winner. Is not that a strange fact?"

"No sir," I replied, "you are of that peculiar temperament that insures the gambler game, so long as means can be found wherewith to play."

"But," said he, "I have seen men, novices, like myself, win money, and that, too, from the same persons who beat me at every sitting."

"Very likely," I remarked, "for the professional gambler always understands his business. Those whose temperaments require it, he permits to win, often, perhaps, lest they should lose confidence, and begin to look at the matter in a reasonable light; but with one of your temperament, his great study is to beat you from the start: literally to hunt you down—giving you no rest till your all is gone."

"I see it, I see it now!" he exclaimed; "yes, you are right—it was so in my case. Yes, sir, I can scarcely believe that Mr. ——— would treat me so; why, he is one of our aldermen. He often told me, when he invited me to accompany him to E—— R——'s room, that R. was a very honest sportsman, and scorned a mean act as much as any man in the city. One of the last games we played, Mr. P—— loaned me three hundred dollars to bet on the game of faro. I lost it all, and gave my note for the money in the gambling-room. I told him I thought it very strange that I had no better luck, and that I could not win even a dollar. He replied that I was rather un-

lucky ; but I was young and must not despair : I might soon win enough at one time to make all amends, and if I did not, why, it would be all the same a thousand years hence ! I told him I had already lost my good character, and, if fortune should ever smile upon me, I could never be respected. He said I was altogether mistaken, and that all that a gambler needed to make him respectable, was to have good luck and win. Such," continued the young man, "was the consolation I received from one of the ALDERMEN of our city. I went home. It was but a few weeks before the death of my poor father. I went to bed, but sleep would not close my eyes. Sad and dismal reflections, and awful forebodings filled my soul. A thousand thorns seemed to pierce my heart. Oh ! I thought if I had millions, I would give them all, could I, by so doing, recall the time I had spent over the card-table. I had borrowed a large sum of money from friends who never played ; I had borrowed and lost it, and had no means of repaying them. I had acted a base part toward them. But when they learned my circumstances, they were willing to make all due allowance for my course. Scarcely can I credit it, but they still had confidence in me, and I continued to abuse it, so strong was my cursed thirst for gambling. Oh ! what torments I suffered that night. I wished I had never been born. There was my father's house, the old homestead, I had squandered that—thrown it away—given it to base villains ! All, all was gone ! My father's groans I could hear, and my mother's sweet voice trying to soothe and console him. Alas ! in vain ; the poor old man was delirious ! I had deranged his mind—broken his heart ! Oh ! what pen, or speech can portray my feelings, then ? There, too, were my younger brothers—how had I protected them—how

proved their guardian! The 'slow moving finger of scorn,' would be pointed at them, and the blasts of misfortune sweep over them, and all for me—for my base acts! Oh God! it was terrible, terrible to think of! I had no home—no place to lay my head—and I felt that I deserved none. I had ruined one of the best and happiest of families. I had no friend to whom I dared to open my heart—no one to tell how heavily the yoke of misfortune pressed upon me! Oh! bitter, bitter the thought! I had abused and betrayed the best friends God ever gave. No one can conceive the anguish and remorse I underwent that night. * * * *

"After some weeks of intense mental agony, my father died—yes, died a maniac! Oh God! what a fever fired my brain! It would have been a relief if I could have gone mad! Mental derangement can be nothing to that horrible, indescribable remorse that seemed to burn my very soul, as 'twere with flames of hell! I spoke to none, but suffered in silence. There was my mother wasting away, and my invalid brother. For their sakes I determined to live; but what should I do? They were actually suffering from want—from the want of a little of that which I had thrown away. What should I do? This thought haunted me like a ghost, and tormented me waking and sleeping. What should I do? Sometimes I almost resolved to come out and say I had sinned, but wished to return to the path of honest industry; and I thought I would humbly ask for a situation, where I might earn something to support my mother and brothers; but I never could nerve myself with sufficient fortitude. Many a time while thinking of my situation, have I, unconsciously, betaken myself to the gambling-house, and there stood and gazed upon the play, as much excited as

if I were staking thousands, though I had nothing to stake. * * * At length, I told an intimate acquaintance something of my sufferings, and, also, that I wished to travel a little for my health, but had not the means. He loaned me one hundred and fifty dollars. Just after I received it, I met the alderman, of whom I have before spoken. He told me my plan was a wise one; said I had not nerve enough to play cards—my judgment was too poor, &c. In the meanwhile, we were walking towards E—— R——'s well-known gambling-room. We found R. at the door, smoking. He invited us to enter, and we did so. Scarcely were we seated ere the game of brag was proposed. I objected. But, at length, being bantered and provoked by the alderman, I consented; intending, however, not to lose, at the most, but ten dollars. Alas! before I arose from that table, I had lost every dollar! I returned home and found my mother very ill; in need of some of the most common necessities of life. I knew not what to do. I finally concluded to dispose of a beautiful overcoat; but how should I do it? I had never dawning an article in my life. I went to a gambler and told him necessity compelled me to sell that garment. He was sorry he had not fifteen dollars to loan me—said he would help me dispose of it. With him I went to a pawnbroker, who gave me money for it. I laid out three dollars in necessities, and sent them home. My gambling friend still kept with me. 'E—— R——,' he remarked, 'has a very large game of faro this evening,' and asked me to go there with him. I went. There was no one at play when we entered. My friend proposed to open a little game of faro, at ten cents a check, two dollars and fifty cents capital in bank. I played. In half an hour he had fleeced me of every cent. I went

home. It was night. I stole into the house with a careful step, yet my mother heard me. She spoke. Her hollow voice told me she was near the tomb. She asked me to come and sit by her bed-side. She wished to converse with me. I asked to be excused till next day. She excused me. But, oh! what a look she gave me! I hastened to my room. There my invalid brother told me he had received a letter from a friend who promised to send twenty dollars the next day to supply the wants of his mother and himself. Next morning I watched for the letter. It came. My sick brother permitted me to open it—take five dollars therefrom to purchase the necessities required, and then to bring him the remainder. I made the purchase, and then thought I would get the balance changed to silver. I stepped into a store. The merchant could not change the money. Whom should I meet there but the alderman. He was very kind—told me he could get me accommodated. Taking my arm, he led me to E—— R——'s room. We found him seated at his table pushing^a the cards out of his box, apparently for amusement. He said he would accommodate me if possible. Throwing open the lid of his box, he said he found there only three dollars and seventy-five cents in silver. 'I will give you a deal,' said he, 'and you can win the silver, or lose the one dollar and twenty-five cents, and then I can make change.' I commenced playing, and soon lost the dollar and twenty-five cents, and asked him for the change. He threw it out; but, in counting it, made fifty cents over. 'Win this half-dollar,' said he. I bet and lost—bet again and lost—continued to double and lose, till the five dollars were gone. I then concluded to lose the remaining ten, or win back my money. I lost. Then I

told him the money was not my own. He laughed, as though I had intended a joke.

"I left the room with feelings indescribable. What to do, I knew not. How could I meet that invalid brother? I must in some way raise fifteen dollars. Some eighteen months previous, I had purchased a splendid sofa at eighty dollars. I went to the pawnbroker and tried to sell it. He would give me nothing until the sofa should be delivered. As I left the shop, I met the gambler who first took me there. He said he would give me fifteen dollars for it. I hastened home. The sofa was in mother's chamber. I commenced removing it. She turned her ghastly countenance towards me, and in a feeble voice, said—'What are you doing, my son?' I answered not a word; but continued removing it. She spoke again. I answered harshly—'None of your business!' It was the first unkind word I had ever given her. Would to God I had been struck dumb ere I uttered it! She covered her face with her bony hands and wept! Unheeding this, I took the sofa to the gambler. He invited me to E——R——'s room to get a twenty dollar note changed. I accepted the invitation. After he had paid me, he proposed to play; and, strange as it may seem, I consented! Again I lost all! I had no further resources. How could I meet the eye of my mother? What should I do? I thought I would go and hang myself. Then I thought I would drown myself. During most of the night, I wandered about the city; death would have been welcome. Towards morning, I stole to my bed. I was sick—almost dead. Soon my sister came, and said that my mother was dying. I hastened to her bedside. There she lay—my mother—her frail, wasted form stretched upon the bed. SHE WAS A CORPSE! Oh! that day—Great God!

I never shall forget it. When the hearse drove up to remove her body to the silent tomb, I was little better than a madman. You cannot imagine my feelings—I cannot describe them. Oh! that we had never played cards in my mother's parlor. It was there that the seeds of all this misery were sown. It was there I formed that cursed habit, which ruined a happy family—ruined my peace of mind for ever. Through my whole career have I been misled and plundered, by men who professed to play for amusement, and who are upheld in society as GENTLEMANLY SPORTSMEN!”

As the young man concluded, he buried his face in his hands, and seemed much agitated. After some further conversation, I left him with feelings impossible to describe. I am happy to state, however, that he is now a reformed man—a useful member of society.

In conclusion, I would say to every youth, beware of the gambling-board! BEWARE OF PLAYING FOR AMUSEMENT! IT IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS RUIN!

THE RUINED FAMILY.

In the winter of 1836, I was a passenger on the steam-boat Mediterranean, on her downward trip from Louisville, Ky., to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers of every grade, and to the annoyance of the more respectable portion, were several who were equally notorious with myself, as gamblers. We were industrious, but not successful, until after we had passed Memphis, Tennessee. The boat landed at Memphis, and

while there, each gambler took his station, in order to ascertain our prospects in the way of gaming, the remainder of our passage. I was seated upon the boiler-deck, and while there, I saw a youth, accompanied by an aged servant, with a portmanteau in his hand, making his way to the boat. The servant made a halt when he reached the gangway, and his young master took the portmanteau in his hand and stepped on board. He immediately called for the clerk, who was standing near me. I noticed him as he passed, and thought he might be a young man who would be fond of playing cards. I soon made the matter known to two other gamblers, and we gave him an invitation to take a game of whist, which he accepted with but little ceremony, other than saying he was an ordinary player. Deeming his apologies sufficient, he seated himself at the table, and we soon decided, by playing the two first games, that he and his partner were to pay for the cards. A proposition was then made for a bet of one dollar per corner, to which he ~~did not~~ object. He lost—was asked to double his bet—~~did so~~—and lost again; and continued losing, until what money he had with him was exhausted. The game was then changed to that of brag. The young man left the table, much excited—went to his state-room—opened his portmanteau, and drew out a large package of bank bills, which he opened and took therefrom, and lost about twelve hundred dollars. He appeared maddened with excitement,—the colour would come and go from his cheek, and it was not a hard matter to judge that his very soul was burning within him. We had just made him a bet of four hundred dollars; and before he had time to “call,” the clerk came to the table and asked if he was the gentleman who wished to get off. “I am, sir,” he said; and

with the same breath, told me to turn over my cards, that he "called" me;—the bell rang; he sprang from the table, caught his portmanteau in his hand, rushed to the guard, where he stopped, and cast his eye toward the village of Helena;—his looks, much less his thoughts, pen cannot describe. He turned upon his heel, and told the clerk not to stop the boat, as he had concluded to go to the city. He stepped into the cabin, where we were awaiting his return, with eight hundred dollars undecided upon the table. I reminded him that we waited to hear him tell the "size" of his cards.

"I had two aces and a bragger," said he,—precisely the same which I held; but the "age" giving me the preference, I was entitled, by the rules of the game, to the money. He soon discovered, with grief, his loss, but played on, still continuing to lose. Several of the more respectable passengers tried to get him away from the table, but all their efforts were vain. The passion of gaming had taken possession of his heart, and held him, spell-bound, to the hellish machinations of the gambler. We continued our play until his package, containing five thousand dollars, was all in the hands of three hardened gamblers. When we arrived at the city, it was night. I took a carriage, and went to a private boarding-house, not wishing to meet the unfortunate youth. Several days had passed, when taking a stroll down Canal street, and as I crossed Camp, I beheld the victim I was trying to shun. He discovered me at the same time, but without taking a second look, I hastened down the street, and stepped into an exchange office, hoping by that means to escape his search. I had scarcely reached the door of the office, before he stood facing me. Oh! what a change was there! The youth that, a few days previous, had appeared before

me in all his fine attire, and with a flush of health upon his countenance, now exhibited a pallid cheek, his clothing deranged, and filthy in appearance.

"Mr. Green," said he, his lips quivering, "I am glad to see you—I have been in search of you for two days. I have inquired for you at all of the principal hotels of the city, but none could give me any information respecting you."

I looked at him, and, though at that day a hardened gambler, yet his deplorable condition made an impression upon me never to be erased.

"Those men," continued he, "with whom we played, won my money, my watch, my diamond breast-pin, and stripped me of all—not leaving me sufficient money to buy a meal of victuals. I found they had left me in a suffering condition, and immediately set out in pursuit of you. Two days and two nights I have been seeking you. Oh how glad I am in finding you. I am very sick, sir—I am very hungry—I have walked the streets constantly. The young man who has my watch said I might redeem it and my breast-pin with one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I wish you to loan me sufficient money to redeem them. I will pay you, sir; indeed I will—my father is rich."

Here his voice faltered, and he paused. It was too much for even the most desperate gambler to withstand. "How much will answer your purpose?" said I.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, sir. If you will loan it to me, I will pay it, every cent, in a short time."

The money he asked of me was nothing, compared to his ghastly features. I loaned it to him, not so much to assist him, as to avoid the dreadful lashings of a guilty conscience, which appeared to rend my inmost soul, as

long as my victim was present. I counted to him the money, which he grasped—thanked me—turned upon his heel, and ran down the street, as it were to accomplish some act, upon the issue of which his life depended.

I turned in another direction, and in a short time met one of the other gamblers, who helped to fleece him. Upon inquiry, I learned that the third gambler had won the young man's watch and breast-pin, and had likewise promised to let him redeem them at one hundred and twenty-five dollars; but that as soon as he got the watch and pin, he left on a boat, for Natchez. I did not see, nor hear from the unfortunate young man, until the year 1838. I was stopping at the Louisville hotel, when a gentleman came into the reading-room where I was seated. I noticed something singular about his movements—his eye glanced wildly over the several gentlemen who were seated near the table, perusing newspapers. It finally rested steadily upon me. He advanced a few feet, and looking me in the face, asked if my name was Green. I answered in the affirmative.

"Will you please step into the next room?" said he.

I accompanied him into the sitting-room, and seating ourselves, he dropped his face into his hands and began to weep. His strange actions brought forth volumes of conjectures. Why he acted thus I knew not. For a few moments he wept bitterly—then raising his head, he asked me to pardon him.

"I know," said he, "I am a frail man. I have some serious questions to put to you, and I hope you will answer me candidly. Will you, sir?" looking at the same time as though he feared I would not.

I assured him it would be a source of much pleasure to me, to gratify his desire.

"Did you ever travel on board of the steamboat Mediterranean?"

"I have."

"Did you not travel on her down the Mississippi river, in the year 1836?"

"I did."

"Do you not remember, while at Memphis, that a youth came on board—played cards, and lost five thousand dollars?"

"I do."

"Did you loan him two hundred and fifty dollars, after his arrival in the city?"

"I did."

"Have you ever seen or heard of him, since?"

"I have not."

He paused a few moments, as though he was unable to breathe—then with a voice loud and tremulous, he cried,—

"Do not say no, for God's sake, do not—it is my eldest son I inquire for."

I told him the second time, whereupon he covered his face with his hands, and wept convulsively. While he was in that attitude, I took my departure. It was a horrid sight for man to behold one of his fellow beings in such an unhappy situation. I took the next packet for Cincinnati, to prevent, if possible, the presence of one, among many, whom I had been instrumental in making miserable beings in this world, with little hope in the world to come. My interview with that father I had so sorrowfully afflicted, grated harshly upon my hardened heart. I heard nothing of the unfortunate family, during the remainder of my gambling career. In the spring of 1844, I was on my way to the east. The steamer was

much crowded, and gaming was the principal amusement of many. It was "merely for amusement," as the gambler always says, when undertaking some wily scheme. I was promenading the cabin, reflecting on the sinful effects of gaming upon the character of its votaries, when I discovered an elderly lady anxiously gazing at the multitude of passengers. Her intense anxiety attracted my attention, and as I saw it rather increased than diminished, to satisfy my curiosity, I watched her movements more closely. I seated myself in the ladies' cabin. The old lady was seated near the door leading to the after part of the boat. I had been seated but a few moments, ere two young ladies drew up a side table and began to spread the cloth, talking at the same time about a game of whist. One, however, said she preferred backgammon, which they finally concluded to play. The board was opened, and as soon as the old lady discovered it, she turned her back upon them. I discovered that she had an aversion to gaming, which satisfied me that I might readily approach her.

"There is much gaming on this boat."

"Yes," she replied, "and I am truly sorry to see it."

"I believe they are only 'playing for amusement,'" said I.

"All the same, in my view."

As she made the remark, the young ladies shut the backgammon board, and each took up a book. I looked at the aged female, who had thus rebuked their amusement, and discovered something in that frail form, and countenance furrowed by the rude blasts of misfortune, beyond the power of pen to describe. She appeared to be near fifty-five years of age, with keen black eyes, shaded with heavy eyebrows and eyelashes. Her figure

was tall and slender, yet commanding; not a smile played upon her face. She appeared to be a woman of thought.

I pressed my acquaintance, remarking that I was glad to see her take such a stand against gaming.

"All mankind, sir," said she, "should discountenance a vice so deleterious in its effects. I know, sir, by sad experience," continued she, with quivering lips—"yes, and could I but tell the sufferings I have endured in one night to any reflecting parents, they would never—no! never permit the minds of their children to be led from the paths of rectitude by the fearful vice of gambling."

As she expressed the last sentiment, she arose from her chair and walked several times through the ladies' cabin. At length she seated herself, and I felt anxious for her to proceed, hoping she would reveal something which I could turn to good account. After a few moments, she related the following horrid incident:

"I was born and bred in the state of Tennessee. My father was a clergyman—my mother a pious woman, and both were indulgent to their children. Though my father considered gambling one of the most destructive vices, yet he had nothing to say against 'playing for amusement,' and permitted his children to play in his own parlor. It was at one of those parties of amusement my husband offered his hand, which I accepted; and at a card party we were married. We had a family of four children—two girls and two boys. My youngest daughter died in infancy; and as my other children grew up, their father and myself frequently amused them with games of cards, and often their little playmates joined them. When they were old enough for school, we sent them to Augusta College. Their absence from home soon made it a lonesome place for their father, who had

been accustomed so long to their childish amusements. His temperament required excitement, and having a capital sufficient, he concluded to speculate in lands; and accordingly visited Helena, Arkansas, where he remained a few weeks. He then came home with the expectation of returning in a short time. It was about vacation, and we were daily expecting the arrival of our sons. Their father was very anxious to be with them during their stay at home, and returned immediately to Helena to arrange his business. In a few days after his departure, I received a letter, instructing me to send him, by our oldest son, five thousand dollars. Soon after I received the letter, my sons came home, and I immediately forwarded by my eldest son the required sum. He left, and I have not seen him since. He embarked on the steamboat Mediterranean, where he was solicited to play cards. He played, first the parlor game, called whist,—became excited by being beaten, and was induced to play another game, which I believe they called brag—a game he knew nothing about. He lost, and continued to lose, until the five thousand dollars were gone. I received a letter from his father about ten days after his departure, inquiring why I had not answered his letter, and stating that he had not heard from home since he left. Great God! what a shock it was! I immediately took my youngest boy, and left for Helena. When we arrived, I learned that my son had not been heard from. We remained a few days; the Mediterranean, returning on her way to Louisville, gave us the horrible intelligence that our son had been ruined by a class of men, known as gamblers; and that a few days before she left, he had been on board of her without a dollar; that one of the gamblers had given him two hundred and fifty dollars to pay his expenses

home, and that had been won from him in the same manner by one of the same class, who led him to hope that he might repair his losses. His father, without any delay, took the first boat to New Orleans. I returned home, to wait in anxiety the return of my husband. Weeks and months passed before I received any intelligence from husband or son. At last I received a letter from a friend of my husband's, stating that he had not heard from our lost boy, and with the horrible intelligence, that in despair he had resorted to the use of spirituous liquors. I was mad with grief, and left my home in pursuit of my husband. I arrived in New Orleans in the night. The next morning I saw this friend, who gave me the heart-rending news that my husband had left, but he knew not whither he had gone. The next morning I started for home, but found, on my arrival, that nothing had been heard from either my husband or son. After two years, my husband did come; but, oh! how changed! His frame worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety—his hopes crushed—his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion—his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. His property he had encumbered, and thus poverty was added to wretchedness. He remained but a short time at home, before he left again in pursuit of his lost boy. He found one of the three men who had obtained my son's money, and asked him for information concerning his boy; but received none of importance. He returned home, heart-broken. My daughter, during his absence the last time, was taken sick, and lost her reason; and we placed her in an asylum, that her mind, if possible, might be restored.

But she still remains in the same horrid state of derangement. My boy, too, has been impaired in mind, for four years. His father died in the year 1840, with the delirium tremens, since which time my boy has sat for hours, writing him and his brother and sister letters, perfectly unconscious that they are doomed or dead. I am now residing in a house which once was my happy home; but, alas! I am bereft of all earthly happiness. Nothing have I to cheer me. If at home, the constant murmuring of my lunatic son is rushing through my ear; when abroad, the shrieks of my maniac girl pierce my inmost soul; and when asleep, my slumbers are disturbed by dreadful dreams of my husband's and children's misfortunes, and of gambling scenes, in which I see them ruined.

"Now, sir, have I not a right to dislike gaming in every form?"

I told her she had—arose, and went into my state-room with feelings indescribable; and however great might have been my curiosity, to have heard that broken-hearted mother's tale of sorrow when she seated herself to give me the history, I would have given more money than I ever possessed, had I not learned from her lips that I was one of those three gamblers who had effected the ruin of her son, and thereby destroyed the peace and enjoyment of that once happy family. But I have not riches nor power to restore them to reason and prosperity. The most I can do is to warn others of the abyss, and hope that all who may read this truthful narrative will consider this destructive vice in its true light, and banish it from the land, by training their children for ever to avoid it.

GAMING AND INGRATITUDE.

AMONG the many vices connected with gambling, there are none more prominent than *ingratitude*, *intemperance*, and *licentiousness*. All other vices follow strictly in the wake of the gambler, but he watches them, and frequently tries to prevent their influence upon his relatives and friends—though at the same time he cherishes a spirit of ungratefulness, which he will not acknowledge even to his own mature reflection.

To illustrate a fault so inhuman, and so general as that of *ingratitude*, I might appeal to the testimony of millions—all, all of which would prove the great prevalence of so detestable a vice. Look at its first exhibition in the little boy with his marbles, who, indulged with them by an affectionate parent or kind guardian, plays for a short time without any desire to *pervert* their use; but the *principle of gain* will soon manifest itself in his youthful bosom, and that which was an innocent and amusing pastime, is soon converted into a scene of fierce and angry contention. If the parents protest against the improper use of the marbles, they will discover the evident signs of dissatisfaction upon the face of their hitherto amiable child—the dropped lip, the angry response, evince too strikingly the influence that the *perverted* use of his playthings has already upon him; and often will he renounce the use of them, if prevented by his parents from *playing for gain*! Thus, the incipient stages of gambling, and its direct consequence, *ingratitude*, are clearly exhibited to every discerning mind. Look again at the conduct of those youths who frequent the race-course, ten-pin alley,

circus, theatre, or any of the fashionable places of iniquity. Oath after oath issues from their lips; and when parents and friends remonstrate against the impropriety of their conduct, the utter disregard they pay to their friendly admonitions evinces the ingratitude they feel towards them.

The progressive stages of this vice might be presented to the reader, before it arrives at the state of insensibility which it invariably does in the confirmed gambler. The constant application of his destructive principles renders it as common and as justifiable, in his judgment, as physical or mental action—they are all alike necessary. Though every feature of this detestable vice is plainly manifested in all the dealings of the gambler, yet it is estimated the least of all his offences; and nine times out of ten, persons, when speaking of his better qualities, advert particularly to his gratitude in certain transactions, which conceals from view a thousand faults; not knowing that the gambler is only prompted to the performance of grateful deeds, when he has some *sinister* object in view. That he is actuated by unworthy motives, I know to be a fact from an experience of twelve years. During that period I associated with all classes of depraved men, and found them universally to be ungrateful; but in none was it so strikingly developed as in the gambler. This is attributable to his entire perversion of all moral principle.

An incident in my own wicked career, while a gambler, may not be amiss in illustrating his ingratitude. In the fall of 1835, I was at Memphis, Tennessee, in bad health—this made me somewhat desponding. The unenviable state of being sick was a sore tax upon my reflecting moments. One day, I strolled along the bank

of the Mississippi, meditating deeply upon my helpless condition. *I was a gambler!* All who knew me were acquainted with the fact. I felt the force of the damning vice upon my heart. I felt myself an "Ishmaelite" indeed. There was no relief in store for me. I felt lost! yea, doomed! without a friend on earth! Though I knew that those who practised the dreadful vice of gambling deserved richly the "lash of conscience," and the "whip of justice," yet my ungrateful nature forbade its acknowledgment.

I had not wandered far from the hotel, when I was saluted by a man in the following manner: "Halloa! Green, is that you?" I turned, and discovered a well-known face approaching me. At the first sight and sound of so familiar a face and voice, my heart leaped fairly within me; and for a moment the recollection of the days of my innocent boyhood had full possession of my bosom. But the contrast of the happiness of my youth, with my present guilty condition, produced such a change of feeling as caused the tears to flow freely down my cheeks. My friend inquired the cause of my weeping. I told him I had many.

He insisted upon knowing my troubles—said that he could alleviate my distress—inquired if I had received melancholy intelligence from any friend. I replied that I had not. He then asked me if I was in want of money. I told him that I had plenty for present use—that my health was bad—and that I had been reflecting upon my past folly and the horrible condition in which I had placed myself when I consented to become a gambler. I had scarcely uttered this, when I recalled it with No, *not* when I consented, but when I was forced by a set of men, worse than murderers, to become a gambler. He replied,

You certainly do not mean the better class! I said I knew no difference. The foul spirit of ingratitude was raging in my bosom. I refused to give those who had assisted me, and given me kind, parental advice, any credit—but had placed them upon an equality with the base wretches who had been the cause of my ruin. My friend sympathized with me—told me that if I needed money, he would lend it—that he had, lying at the wharf, a large boat, richly laden with store goods—that he could assist me, and be my friend—that he had always loved me, from my childhood—that though he had frequently heard his parents and friends speak unfavorably of my conduct, yet he had always advocated my cause, and should ever remain my friend, until he had stronger evidences of my dishonesty than card-playing or gambling—that he loved to play cards himself, and could see no impropriety in it, if a man played honestly—that if he played, he would like to win, and wished me not to doubt his friendship—that I had better go along with him, as I might play as much as I pleased aboard of his boat; and as he often lay for several days in company with other store-boats, I would have a fine opportunity. In reflecting a few moments, I discovered, as I thought, an excellent chance, ~~not~~ of making money only by his proposal, but to get ~~what~~ the gambler terms “sweet satisfaction” for a wrong or an insult. I considered that the friends of this young man had slandered me, and that I could have no sweeter satisfaction than in sending him home a ruined man. I agreed to accompany him, and in a few hours we were floating down the Mississippi river. My friend exerted himself to the utmost to cheer and comfort me. He was soon convinced that I was well satisfied with the present arrangement. Our conversation

turned upon gambling. I flattered him with the idea that with his knowledge and a little more practice, he would soon become an expert player.

As it was very common for the store boatmen to visit one another while lying in port, and to gamble, I had a fine prospect of speculating among them. I discovered, in my friend, what I had anxiously desired, a great propensity for gambling. In a few days, we landed at Helena, Arkansas. We received several visits from different merchants of the town—also from the men of the boats that lay there. Among our visitors were two young men—acquaintances of my friend—and introduced to me as such. We commenced playing a game of cards called “twenty-one,” or “*vingt-et-un*.” By my assistance, my friend won from them nearly two hundred dollars. The playing terminated, and they left. My friend remarked to me, after their departure, that he had played with them several times before, and that they had won money from him each time. He therefore considered them much more skilful at play than himself. I assured him that he was mistaken—that his judgment was much superior to theirs.

“Do you really think so?” said he.

“I certainly do,” was my reply.

“Then,” said he, “I can win a great amount of money from them at ‘twenty-one,’ because they are wealthy, and always bet very high.”

I perceived that he indulged much in hope, and though his acquaintances were greatly his superiors in playing, yet the reliance he had upon my judgment and honour completely blinded him.

The next step to take was the devising of some plan by which I could effectually ensnare him. Remember, reader, the situation in which he found me; remember

the affectionate treatment I received from him ; remember his allusion to the days of our youth, and how, from that time to the present, his friendship for me had continued, despite the evil reports he heard of me, from even his parents and friends. Think of the black-heartedness of a wretch who was willing, yes, anxious, to accomplish his ruin. I felt the victim to be in my power. His days of innocence were drawing to a close, without the ability on his part to prevent the performance of my villanous designs.

If I should borrow his money, and lose it intentionally in playing, I would be responsible for the debt. If I were to play in company with him and lose, he might suspect my honesty. The most successful plan seemed to be, to induce him to play with some person whom I would select as being inferior.

His acquaintances, with whom we had been playing, were on board of a boat lying nearly a mile from us. They intended leaving next day for a landing twenty miles below, where we agreed to join them. As I knew they were much better players than my friend, and as they suspected me, at our former play, to be a shrewd gamester, it was all-important for the accomplishment of the object I had in view, that we should meet them at this landing, and have a protracted game.

At that time, the greater part of the Mississippi valley, south of Helena, as far as Natchez, with few exceptions, was a wilderness, settled in some places with a class of rough wood-choppers, who were generally desperate characters. It was at one of these settlements that our two acquaintances proposed we should meet. My young friend being convinced that he could, by his imagined superior skill, win from his acquaintances a large amount of money,

I urged our immediate departure for the landing at which they then lay. The next morning we started—the wind blew high, and it was nearly evening before we arrived in sight of the store-boats, among which were our acquaintances.

During our trip down I matured a plan for the destruction of my friend, which was, that I should have a private interview with the two young men—induce them to play with him; and also to object to my playing on account of my superior skill—if he played alone, to suffer him to win several times, so as to give him increased confidence—and finally, by my assistance, to enable them to win all he had. As the wind blew briskly, I prevailed upon my friend to stop above the different boats. My reason for this was, that I might have a chance to visit the gambling merchants, and detail to them the scheme I had in view. After we landed, I took my gun as if for the purpose of hunting game—my friend remaining at the boat, indulging in the bright anticipations of winning largely from his acquaintances, in consequence of the inducements I had held out. I visited the boat of the merchants—had an interview with them—had no difficulty in prevailing upon them to assist in carrying out the plan as related above.

I returned to my friend's boat. He was building a large fire upon the bank, for the purpose of informing the wood-choppers, who were encamped out, that a store-boat was lying at that point. As these men depended upon selling their wood to the steamboats, and purchasing their provisions and clothes from the store-boats, my friend expected to sell some goods that night. The fire was made—and we watched for visitors, but none came. We braced the boat, and retired to rest. My friend, like an

honest man, slept soundly. I could not sleep. The next day I intended accomplishing his ruin. He was very cheerful during the day and evening. I affected to be so, but was far from it. I was about to commit a bad, a treacherous, a hypocritical act, and the very thought of it burnt my inmost soul, but I determined to accomplish it, no matter what the consequences were. I had made all arrangements with the men who were to play with him. The net proceeds, after deducting one-half from the whole amount, which I had assured them was my property—that he and I were partners, and equally concerned—were to be equally divided between them and myself. By this operation I would get *three-fourths* of my friend's property, and my accomplices *one*.

All was silent except the lashings of the water against the boat. I tried to sleep, but it was to no purpose. A guilty conscience was tormenting me. About midnight the rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled. The awful majesty of nature's doings alarmed me, but as the storm subsided I became more composed—yet I could not sleep. While thus troubled in mind, I imagined I heard voices upon the bank, and knowing that custom at that hour of the night would not be acceptable, I apprehended danger. I raised my head to a crack in the boat, and looked out. The fire was still burning, and I thought I could distinguish voices around the pile. My curiosity prompted me to examine still more closely, which I did by going to the hatch-door, raising it up, and looking out; but, after raising the door, horrible to relate! a creature—awful, unearthly in shape—stared me in the face. I dropped the hatch, and hastened quickly to my bed, wondering whether it could

have been reality, or some phantom of my excited imagination; but my eyes certainly could not deceive me. I did not wish to be considered a coward. What—I a coward! Such a thought I would not harbor. I would go the second time—which I did, but did not get my head fairly above the hatch, before I discovered my unearthly-looking visiter. I really saw his awful face. I fell to the floor, and crawled to my bed. I thought Satan had certainly paid me a visit. What to do I did not know. Finally, I resolved upon one more effort. I would go again, armed with bowie-knife and pistols, and if his satanic majesty made his appearance, I would give him one round, any how. I buckled on my pistols, and with knife in hand, proceeded to the hatch, threw it open—the same horrible phiz presented itself—a cold hand was laid upon my forehead. I dropped upon the floor, forgetting that I had a weapon about me. The cold perspiration oozed out all over my body—the current of life appeared to be frozen. I could not be mistaken. I had felt and seen him. There was no chance for deception. I felt as though I was not far from the gulf of darkness, and that my day of grace was at an end. I prayed with all the sincerity that man could to be forgiven—I promised to sin no more. My heart throbbed as though it would burst.

I finally considered it to be my duty to awaken my comrade, and ask his forgiveness for the injury I had contemplated doing him. I aroused him—asked him if he heard the sound of voices on the outside, as I thought I could distinctly. He said he heard nothing—told me to go to sleep—said that I had been dreaming. I replied that I fancied I heard some one talking; he laughed, and

tried to go to sleep, but I shook him, and got him to listen to my confession. I said that I had entered into a plan to swindle him out of all his boat-load of goods.

After I had related the whole affair, he smiled and said—

“Go to sleep, Green—do not disturb me any more to hear your foolish dreams.”

He then went to sleep. My honest confession had relieved me;—I would leave my weapons, and go once more to the top of the boat. I mounted the ladder fearlessly, threw back the hatch-door, and beheld again the same object; but, upon examining it closely, I soon perceived that it was a *cub bear*, which had been a pet on the boat for some time. He was chained to a block, but had drawn it near the hatch. I had frequently amused myself in playing with him, and when I made my appearance at the hatch-door, he felt like renewing our pastime. Having discovered the cause of my surprise, I went to bed, where I found it an easy matter to sleep.

I felt ashamed, the next morning, of my honest confession. My friend would not believe it, until I solemnly assured him it was true—I told him that I would take passage in the first steamboat. When he was satisfied that a plan to ruin him had really been formed by me, he wept like a child. He said that he had been very much deceived in my character. He wished to know whether I regarded him as a good player? I said no;—that he never could make a good card-player and remain an honest man. I dissuaded him from continuing to play;—in becoming a gambler he would be an Ishmaelite indeed, with “his hand against every man, and every man’s hand against him.” Well, then, said he, I will never play

another card. I told him that it was the best resolution he ever formed.

The boat soon came. I left him. Since that period I have seen him; he told me that he had never played from that time, and he had not the least doubt that the *pet bear* saved him from the *ingratitude* of many a black-hearted villain.

GAMBLING AND INTEMPERANCE.

THESE two evils have spread more desolation amongst the human family than all other causes combined. They have been pregnant with ruin to thousands upon thousands of our fellow-creatures; and fortunate is he who escapes their contaminating influences. It is impossible to estimate the amount of moral degradation produced by such destructive and prevailing agencies. The castle of the prince and the humble house of the day-laborer have alike been the scene of their ruinous operations.

Fashionable society has much to answer for in the creation of these vices. The evil example set by those who are regarded for their wealth, not *worth*, has exercised a pernicious influence upon the poorer portion of the community, who are too much disposed to "ape the follies of the great." This is not as it should be. Because the possessor of wealth, or of power, sees proper to deviate from the strict line of truth and sobriety, it is certainly no valid reason for the man without money or distinction to do so. Vice, though "clothed in purple," must, at the final day of reckoning, be held strictly accountable for all

its misdeeds; and a wicked example will not be among the least.

Spirited and laudable efforts have been made for the suppression of intemperance; and it is a gratifying fact that this alarming evil is on the decrease. But *gambling*, its twin-brother in deeds of darkness, has not received that attention from society generally which its importance, as an agent of evil, demands. Intemperance is frequently the cause of gambling; but invariably, when it is not the *cause*, it is the *consequence*. That is, a man may become a drunkard, and afterwards, probably, a gambler; but when the vice of gambling prevails first, that of drunkenness is sure to follow.

I have seen much of this world, and have drained the cup of sin to its very dregs. I have reflected much upon the *origin* and *support* of crime as it exists amongst us; and an experience of twelve years in vicious practices assures me, that I am not mistaken when I charge the *higher* class of society with being the *supporter*, if not the *originator*, of three-fourths of the moral evils that afflict the civilized world. This may, to some, seem a bold charge; but I firmly believe it to be a *true* one. Who are they that countenance and frequent places of public amusement, the predominating features of which are licentiousness? Who are they that suffer to exist among them houses in which millions of their fellow-beings are destroyed—both body and soul? Who are they that can remove these foul excrescences from the fair face of God's earth? Who are they that can work this mighty change, producing, as its blessed result, the happiness and salvation of myriads? To these interrogations I answer—the higher and better portions of society. What a fearful responsibility rests upon them!

Many persons are indifferent to the prevalence of vice, provided it does not stain their own skirts. They shrug their shoulders, and care for none but themselves. They thank their God that they are not as other men. Their feeling of brotherhood embraces only their own family circle and connections. If they, their children, and relations, are safe from the temptations of sin, their mission is accomplished—their work is done; and they quietly fold their arms, regardless of the tears, the groans, the agonies of an innumerable number of their distressed brethren, suffering—awfully suffering—from the sting of sin. They forget that the whole human family ought to be united together by ties of fraternal feeling; that no selfish distinction of self, or kindred, should induce them to appreciate their own happiness by the wretchedness of others. Often does God rebuke them for thus narrowing down their sympathies.

As illustrative of the fact, that no man's offspring can be considered safe from the allurements of vice, so long as vice exists, I will relate an incident that came under my personal knowledge.

In 1837, I was in the company of a gambler, who resided at B——. We took passage at Wheeling, in a stage-coach for that place. There were several other passengers. My comrade and myself endeavored to make ourselves as entertaining as possible to the rest of the company; by this, we designed finding out the strong features of their characters, and if any proved to be fit victims for the wiles of the gambler, we would, when opportunity offered, pounce upon them. One passenger was so much under the influence of liquor, that we gave up all idea of making any headway with him. He did not seem to know that he was drunk—denounced the use of liquor

except for medicinal purposes—said that he took it solely for the benefit of his health. It was very evident to the rest of us, that he did not take it in *Homœopathic* doses. With the other passengers, we were quite unsuccessful in our attempts to engage them in conversation. We then conversed together upon various subjects; but little attention was paid to us, except that the drunken man would frequently contradict our assertions, or affirm the truth of them, just as his humor pleased. One of the passengers was a venerable-looking man. He appeared to have a great aversion to card-playing, or any thing like gambling or intemperance. We discovered his distaste for these horrible vices by a few remarks made by him. He disapproved of card-playing even for amusement.

I said that “young people must have amusement, and that none are safe from vice—all are in danger.”

The old gentleman denied the correctness of my assertion. He said that “if children be properly educated, there is no danger of their becoming gamblers or drunkards.”

I replied, that “he was right, if he meant a religious education, and that but few have received such—that the rich and fashionable part of the community generally, have neither a religious nor a moral education—that wealth supersedes the use of morality in the rich man—that his gold covers a thousand offences, which, if committed by a poor man, would procure him the censure of the world, and the loss of his liberty.”

Our conversation ended. We reached B——, where I left my companion. In 1840, I visited B—— again. I went to a fashionable gambling-house in C—— street, kept by the gambler of whom I have spoken. A large game of faro was being played. The gamblers were very

successful, and consequently in good spirits. Among the visitors there, I observed a young man of splendid appearance, apparently in his twentieth year. He was accompanied by several others. He desired the gambler who kept the establishment, to furnish him with a basket of champagne. This was done. They retired to a private room to drink it. In the course of an hour they got very noisy, so much so that it was necessary to get rid of them. The game was closed, and they passed through the gambling-room, hallooing at the tops of their voices.

As they left, my gambling friend asked me "if I knew the young man at the head of them?" I said that "I did not."

"Do you not recollect," said he, "the old gentleman who got so offended at you when you and I were coming over the mountains in 1837?"

"I do."

"Well do you not recollect that he got quite out of humor when you talked about the evil influences of card parties, and fashionable places of resort?"

"I do."

"Do you recollect his argument, that a rural education is a sure preventive against vice; that he had but one child—a son—that the principles of morality were so instilled into him, that it would be impossible for him to err:—that he apprehended no danger of his becoming a gambler or a drunkard?"

"I do."

"The leader of that band of young bacchanalians is the hopeful boy, so highly extolled by his father—and that father is the person with whom you had the controversy in the stage."

"Are you not mistaken?" said I.

"No, I am not," replied he.

I was much surprised at his information, and said, "how easy it is for a person to be mistaken. I thought the old man was a minister of the gospel."

"So he was," said he.

I then inquired, "if his father knew he dissipated in this way?"

"His father has been dead a year, and his mother about three months. He is the only child—is quite wealthy and withal, a very clever fellow."

"Does he gamble?" said I.

"No, not yet; he only visits the gambling-room to take his wine sprees; but you know, as well as myself, what will follow in a short time."

I left B—— some few days afterwards, without seeing or hearing from these *promising* youths. In the latter part of 1841, I had occasion to visit B—— again. I met my gambling friend. He invited me to his apartment for the purpose of showing me some changes he had been making in it. The entrance to the room was a dark stairway. We went in, but as it was dark, he desired me to wait at the door until he had opened the window-shutters. The light was admitted, when, to my surprise, I found that I was standing within a few feet of a man, who appeared to be asleep in an arm-chair.

"Whom have we here?" said I.

The gambler looked, and, with a demoniac sneer, said, "a loafer who intrudes himself upon the waiters during my absence. They have locked him up, rather than drag him down stairs; but I intend giving him a lesson that he will remember."

He then approached the sleeper, whose clothing, though

torn in several places, plainly showed that he had seen better days.

"Get up, you vagabond," was the first intelligence the young man had of our presence. He awoke, and seeing who it was that had disturbed him, prepared to go to sleep again.

"Don't you hear me, my lark?" bawled the gambler, at the same time unceremoniously raising the young man to his feet. "I wish to know what you are doing in this room?"

The young man, in a hollow, tremulous voice, said, "Oh, is it you, ——?" calling the wretch by name. "I suppose the boys locked me up, as I was on a spree last night."

"What! you on a spree, you loafing vagabond. Have you been off one for the last two years?"

The young man gave him a look that none but a gambler or rumseller's victim could have given. It was a humiliating, a pitiful, a forsaken look. He replied, in broken accents, "Oh! do not apply to me such horrid epithets." The big tears rolled down his cheeks; and his looks spoke more plainly to the gambler than a thousand tongues. "I am a ruined man!—you are accursed by God and man, for your evil deeds! You ruin one man that you may be better able to ruin another!"

"What do you want to say? you villain!" said the gambler.

"I want to acknowledge," said the poor wretch, "that I am"—his voice faltered—"a loafer. But I was made a loafer in this cursed room. It was here I drank my first glass of wine—it was here I played my first game of cards—it was here I was stripped of a fortune of thirty thousand dollars, left me by my parents. Cold-hearted

villains have it. May God protect the community from its possessors—is the prayer offered by a degraded, ruined man.” He then turned to leave the room.

The gambler, with all the force of a powerful arm, thrust him headlong into the street. His head struck the curb-stone, and he lay senseless. I ran down, raised him from the gutter, and discovered the blood flowing freely from a wound in the forehead. He soon revived, and placed his hand upon his head as if in pain. I gave him my handkerchief, which he refused to take, until I pressed it upon his bleeding wound. He then staggered off down the street.

The gambler observed, “That is the last you will see of your handkerchief—he will pawn it for liquor before an hour.”

I was a hard-hearted gambler—but that scene would have affected the heart of a barbarian. I replied, “You are a cruel man.”

He laughed, and said, “When you see as much of the gambler’s life as I have, you will not think so.”

I felt sick at heart at witnessing the bloody act, and we parted. The next morning the stiffened corpse of that same young man was laid upon P—— street wharf. The coroner was holding an inquest over it. He held my handkerchief in his death-grasp. The clotted blood, mixed with mud, was still upon his brow. The jury’s verdict was, “Death produced by intemperance.” I do not say that the fall given him by the gambler occasioned his premature death. I leave the reader to judge for himself.

This victim was the son of the fond, confident parent, who saw no danger in the dark vista of the future to his only child, though vice in all its diversified forms prevailed extensively in the land.

THE EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE GAMING IN ST. LOUIS.

THE following incident, among many others, will serve to show the dreadful effects produced by the gambling fraternity. This occurred at St. Louis in the year 1848. We forbear in this instance to give the names of the parties concerned, and only narrate the facts as they occurred. Many of the inhabitants of St. Louis, would, if called on, undoubtedly bear witness to the truth of what I say in reference to this horrible transaction.

The victim of these land-sharks, on this occasion, was a young man, who, by persevering industry, and a uniformly correct course in his transactions, had won the confidence of those who were acquainted with him, and accumulated a considerable fortune. He was happy in the enjoyment of the society of his family and friends, and with bright anticipations of success for the future. But while thus prosperous and happy, in an unguarded hour, the spoiler came, laid his snares for him, and was only too successful in hurling him from affluence and ease, to a state of penury and want. Had I the power to present this case in its proper colors, I am well assured that it would serve as a warning voice to those who may hereafter be exposed to this desperate, unprincipled class of men. If gamblers and black-legs would always make their onset openly, and in their real character, there would not be so much danger to be apprehended from them; but they often come under the garb of friendship, and in the most artful way insinuate themselves into the confidence and good graces of those they intend to destroy, and then

make a fearful plunge at their victim, when they once have him in their power.

The following painful narrative, in reference to the individual above referred to, will verify my assertions.

Mr. —, as before remarked, was highly respectable and making money at his business, sufficient not only to secure to him and his family the necessaries, but also the luxuries of life. It was soon found out by some of the black-leg tribe that he had money on hand, and accordingly, plans were adopted by them to get it from him at all hazards; and this they accomplished, to the ruin of the man and his amiable family. I will now describe the course they pursued to consummate their direful purposes. They introduced one of their number to him, stating that he was a gambler, yet perfectly honorable and honest in all other business transactions, and a man whose word might at all times be relied upon. This man acted as a stool-pigeon* to lead on Mr. —, and to prepare the way for a heavy draw upon him.

This honorable gambler, after having been introduced to the broker, (for this was the profession of the man they destroyed,) embraced every opportunity to show his friendship for his new acquaintance; and at the same time the friends of the gambler, who were anxiously waiting to lay their hands on the broker's fortune, spared no pains to get them together at wine-parties, always endeavoring to make their stool-pigeon as conspicuous as possible,

* A fowler will tie his stool-pigeon to the ground and leave it flutter up and down near where his net is laid, and, by the means of a bait and the stool-pigeon, can sometimes draw the whole flock into his net; several hundred are sometimes caught at one draw in this way. The term stool-pigeon is therefore appropriately applied to a certain class of gamblers.

representing him as an honorable business man. Thus time passed on merrily ; strangers would attend that were not at all suspected by the broker to have any connection with the gambling fraternity, all tending to inspire confidence in the villain who was acting the stool-pigeon, and who was to be the principal agent in effecting the ruin of an honest and unsuspecting man. The broker finally believed them all to be his real friends. The gambler commenced calling on the broker for small sums of money, always being very careful to return it precisely at the time promised, and at the same time paying, and forcing upon the broker more interest than was demanded. This he did from time to time, still referring to the men who gave him the first introduction as vouchers for his integrity. These men would embrace frequent opportunities to speak highly of their sporting friend to the broker, telling of his great success in games,—of his wealth, and what a fine fellow he was, assuring the broker that his word was as good as his note or bond, and no man need wish better security than just his word.

The gambler one day called for some three thousand dollars ; the broker hesitated to let him have so large an amount, as he had not been in the habit of dealing in so loose a way ; however, he told him to return in an hour and he should have an answer on the subject. In the mean time the broker called on one of these intimate friends of the gambler, and told him of the application that had been made, and asked for his advice. Certainly, let him have it, said the gambler's friend, and as much more if he wants it ; he knows what he is about. The broker returned, and at the appointed time the gambler came again, and was informed that he could have the three thousand dollars. The gambler then asked the

broker whether he had seen their friend: Yes, was the reply. Where is he? said the gambler. The house was pointed out to him where he was then to be found; the gambler immediately left in search of him, and in about twenty minutes he returned with a check from his friend for five thousand dollars more, which he had left there on deposit. He said that he found the three thousand dollars would not be sufficient for him, and therefore he had called on his friend for five thousand dollars more. The broker took the check, and counted him out the amount it called for, and then, without hesitation, counted him out the three thousand dollars of his own money. The gambler left the office; the next day he was, however, true to his promise; came to the office at the appointed time, and paid back the borrowed money, and then paid one hundred dollars for the use of the five thousand, and seventy-five for the use of the three thousand. The broker at first refused to take the enormous interest for so short a time, but his refusal appeared greatly to offend the sportsman, who said, Sir, if my friend who loaned me the five thousand dollars would refuse to take one hundred, I would never speak to him again, as he knows very well how easy I make my money, and what great advantage it is to me to have such friends, and I ask it as a favor of you, never to refuse taking any thing I may see fit to offer you in the way of interest for money you loan me. The gambler, with these remarks, left the office, and in the course of the day some of the broker's friends, and particular associates of the gambler, passed the office; they were invited in, and among them was the man that had deposited the five thousand dollars. After some conversation, the broker remarked to him that his funds had somewhat increased, giving him an account of the libe-

rality of the gambler, in paying such a heavy interest. Hah! said the man, if he had offered me five hundred dollars for the use of my five thousand per day, I would have taken it, and at the same time I would not consider him the loser.

The company then dispersed, and that evening the broker received an invitation to an oyster supper with this gambler and his friends, which he readily accepted. During the evening they were much amused with a story the gambler told about his day's and night's work, on the day before. All passed off well, and the unsuspecting broker was thus drawn on by the stool-pigeon until the gambler had won his entire confidence. Some time passed away, and still nothing occurred to disclose to the broker the villanous designs of the gambler and his colleagues. They managed to get all the money out of the hands of the broker that they had deposited with him, and then the gambler could go and win or borrow all he had, well knowing that if he failed in the former, he would be certain of the latter. The promptness with which he met his obligations on former occasions was all intended to blindfold the broker, and prepare him to give more liberally in future. The main object was to get the broker's money, no matter how or by what means.

The gambler would call time after time, and use every argument in his power to get the broker to participate in a game. Yet all these efforts were unsuccessful, and nothing could induce the broker to run the risk of losing his money.

Finally, some ten or a dozen gamblers visited the city; soon a report was put in circulation that there was a large amount of money among them. The broker by this time had all confidence in the skill and honesty of his

sporting friend, and took him to be one of those gamblers who rarely, if ever, lost at play ; for this the gambler had prepared him by his insinuating manners, and his apparent integrity and honesty. The gambler soon called on the broker at his office and asked him for a large amount of money, which the broker readily granted him on the same assurance he had done it on former occasions. He soon returned for more, stating that the amount was not sufficient ; he did not wish to attempt to play for so small an amount, at the same time holding out inducements to the broker, assuring him that there was no danger of a failure—that the game he had in contemplation was a certain one—that he intended to give the men who offered to play with him a large hand in the game of poker, and every thing would be certain. The broker let him have some eight thousand dollars out of his office at the two different times during the day, and the hardened villain went to him at night, knowing that he kept money at his house, and told him that he had been unfortunate and lost his money, but told the broker not to fear, his friends would assist him to replace it, but if he would let him have the money he had in his house he thought he could undoubtedly win it back and replace it all himself ; the half-distracted broker let him have several thousands more, with a hope of recovering the whole amount by next morning, but in the morning the gambler returned and declared that he had lost all his money, besides much more borrowed from his other friends, and what was to be done !

The broker found that his own money was gone, besides a large amount deposited in his care by other people ; for some time he was a perfect maniac. The gamblers, no doubt, divided the spoil among themselves, and left the

poor man without any resources. His absence from his office at the usual business hour produced quite a sensation in the mind of his partner, yet he said nothing until he visited him at his house. There he found him walking the floor in anguish, and inquired into the cause of his distress of mind. Sir, we are ruined men! was the reply. In what way? asked the partner. He answered, Our money is gone, together with some of the deposits. The young man who was partner to the broker, immediately set out and called together the principal men who had made their deposits with them. When they met at his house he told them the nature of the case. They then went together to the house of the broker, and found him almost distracted; and all they could learn from him was, that he was a ruined man. His house was very elegantly furnished; he also held some valuable estate; all this he told them to take, and do the best they could with it. They brought an officer to the house to have the assignment acknowledged. The officer told me with his own lips that he had never seen a man, apparently, in more mental agony. He was running about the room like a bear chained, and never, said he, did I pity a man more than I pitied him. But what was still worse, added he, was the scene in the room where sat his wife; she looked as if she awaited her execution, and when it became my painful duty to ask her whether it was her voluntary act and deed to make the assignment, although she looked as if there was not sufficient life remaining in her to speak, yet when she beheld the anguish of her distracted husband, whom she loved with tender affection, she said, yes, and went to the table, and, with a firm hand, assigned all the freehold and household furniture, and done it in such a way, too, that might be understood as much as to say,

Take all—but only leave me my husband ; though I with my three little children may be destitute, yet I may be blessed with a husband and they with a father.

The property, money and all he had, only paid forty cents in the dollar. He remained about the city of St. Louis for some time, and in a good degree stood aloof from society ; some pitied and others blamed him, but he is certainly to be pitied. He was duped by a class of men who professed to be his friends, and who had won his confidence by flattering words and fair speeches until they had him in their power, and then they robbed him of his all and deserted him.

When I was in the city some time after, I asked a gambler how this poor man came on ; he replied to me, " I met him on yonder corner a few days ago, looking very attentively at those houses ; I asked him what he was studying about. ' Sir,' said he, ' at one period of my life I could stand here and view with pleasure every man as he passed by, and say, in truth, there passes a man that has confidence in my integrity and honesty. I could have had the preference of any one of these houses if I had applied for them ; and is it not too hard for me to reflect, that by the instrumentality of my pretended friends I have been deprived of house, home, and credit ; not even my family has any right to put confidence in me after this.' " Here he made a pause, and the gambler remarked, " Sir, you may not believe me when I say to you, that had I the money the fraternity to which I belong swindled him out of, I would willingly have replaced his credit and property. I felt," said he, " at that time, that nothing would have been too much for me to have done for him."

This occurred since my reformation, and I asked this gambler why he followed a business which caused so

much misery to his fellow men? He told me not to interrogate him upon that subject, and turning on his heels, with tears trickling down his cheeks, he left me.

When I was last in St. Louis, I heard that the unfortunate broker who had been ruined by the gamblers, had left the city with a desponding heart and paralyzed energies.

THE PERILS OF THE GAMBLING LIFE.

THE vice of gambling, as it exists, in all its horrid deformities, by the novice is considered but a pleasant way to pass the time. Simplicity is stamped upon its most desperate features, and thus it draws thousands of its victims within its poisonous grasp. If you look to one side of the picture, which presents itself with a fairy-like enchantment, you see, you love, you embrace, without reflecting what ultimately may be the evil tendency of, such a reckless, such a dishonest excitement as it is ever certain to carry in its train. But to consider, also, the domestic evil which this vice inflicts. Who can estimate it? Who can speak of it, in its fulness and its depth? Who can, or who would wish to, if they could, draw with a faithful hand the lonely home of the gamester, the desolate family, the bleeding heart, the tears, the misery. Driven to the extremest verge of destitution—nothing spared for comfort or decency—all swallowed up in this absorbing phrenzy,—and how fearfully does the shadow of the future fall upon the present? Did the gamester but unlock the springs of his heart that he has pressed down as with iron; did he suffer memory and reflection

to do their work, what picture of his domestic life would they paint for him? The first in the series would be one of tranquillity and joy. Not a cloud in the heavens save those tinged and made beautiful by hope. The eyes of love looking out upon him; the dependence of a trustful heart leaning upon him its all. The second scene would change. A tearful and deserted wife, a weeping child keeping watch till the breaking of the morn. Again, and haggard misery would creep into the picture, adding the keenness of deprivation to the sting of grief, pressing heavily upon the bowed, crushed, heart-broken spirit of that wife, mingling the drought of slighted, abused affection with tears of starved and shivering childhood piercing her ear at once with moans for bread, and the curses of disappointed brutality. Again, and there would be a grave, a green and lonely grave, where the faithful heart, that loved him to the last, now rested from all its pangs, and the child that he had slighted now slept as cold and still as the bosom that once nourished it;—a grave where even the wide and distant heaven should be more kind than he, smiling in sunshine, and weeping in rain over those for whom he, in his mad career, never smiled or wept; but whom, on the contrary, he, in his reckless course, had hurried thus early to the tomb! Pictures like these, I say, might memory and reflection paint for the gamester—for scenes like these occur every day in his real life.

Gambling, by many, is thought to be an exciting, as well as an alluring vice—likewise, one which carries upon its face the index of pleasantness and peace. We admit that thousands have entertained the base deception, not to the downfall of themselves alone, but millions tread in their footsteps, and sip, from the fountain-head of bitter

and sad experience, the corroding infamy of all its concomitants. There are no features connected with the despicable vice of gambling which could induce the votary to even indulge for amusement, could he but lift the screen and see what awaits him when he may have reached that acme of the profession which he contemplates will make him happy. Mankind have never—no—never enjoyed the attainment of that flattering hope which has held so many spell-bound to their ever-ruling passion to acquire riches by dishonest means.

To illustrate the contentions and variations of position, which every gambler must necessarily expect, I will relate an incident connected with my own personal experience. Not alone for its wild adventure, have I culled it from so many; but that it is one which bears in its features more mystery than any other incident of my life.

In the fall of 1833, I visited the southern country, not for my health, but to gamble. I was successful in my gambling operations, and accumulated several thousand dollars in cash; and likewise some several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, which I received in Natchez. I left Natchez for Vicksburg, sometime in March, 1834, on board of the steamboat *Ellen Douglass*; which, by the way, was a fine boat, commanded by Captain Ryley, a captain well worthy of the title of a gentleman. The boat at Natchez took on board a circus company, which company, with but few exceptions, were under the influence of wine. Shortly after we left the wharf, there arose a discord among them, which continued for some two hours, when two of the most daring ones came to blows in the social hall, which was situated forward of the gentlemen's cabin. I was standing close by the side of the combatants during the fight, and as soon as I could

get through the crowd of passengers, I left for the cabin, to change my coat, which had been torn during the contest. The difficulty was at length settled, and the passengers dispersed to their usual pastime, at least such of them as saw proper. Although the boat was crowded, it was with a class that are too often to be found trailing after a circus company, and which adds but little to its credit. After the scene just related, nothing of importance transpired until the next day. We were some twenty miles below Vicksburg, at which place we expected to remain but a short period. I was seated in the cabin, arranging my trunks, having three, one of which was filled with costly wearing-apparel and some very valuable jewelry. While I was thus busied in overhauling the one which contained the principal part of my most valuable jewels, I discovered one of the passengers walking back and forth, through the cabin, giving a very anxious look each time into my trunk. His singular appearance led me to mistrust his curiosity was not of an honest character. There was something in his appearance which I thought bespoke dishonesty. He was a man of small stature, of a dark complexion, heavy dull eye, with a downcast look. His age appeared to be about forty, and his general appearance would be sufficient, of itself, to insure a verdict of guilty by any well-informed jurors, who were not personally acquainted with, and knew him to be an honest man. My first thought was that he had some villanous design in view, and I therefore made the same known to my servant. I had taken, as I thought, sufficient care to prevent any loss by a man such as I supposed him to be. We soon arrived at the Vicksburg wharf, and I stepped on shore, leaving my servant to see that my baggage was safely landed. He

brought two of my trunks forward—passed them down to the wharf, and returned for the third—the largest and most valuable—but, lo! it was gone! In vain did he look for it. He immediately ran forward, called to me, and said that my largest trunk was missing. I told him that he had not made proper search; that I knew it was on board, and at the same time hastened on board to satisfy myself. To my astonishment the trunk was gone, but whither I could not divine. The cabin was searched, but no traces of it could be found. The boat had already rang her bell, and hastening to the captain, I told him my trunk was missing, and requested him not to leave for a few minutes, as I thought I could find it—feeling confident it was still on board. The captain gave me every attention that was in his power to render, and in a few moments we ascertained, through one of the stewards, that such a trunk had been taken to a state-room in the ladies' cabin, and I thought that, in all probability, there was some mistake, which would soon be rectified. I immediately hastened to the room, which was occupied by a lady and gentleman, the former of whom was standing by the state-room door—and inquired of her if she had seen a strange trunk in her apartment.

"There is nothing of the kind here, sir, but what belongs to my husband," she replied, without the least excitement.

"You will have no objections to my examining your state-room, then," said I; and at the same time I pushed open the door and beheld my trunk.

"This trunk belongs to me," continued I, laying my hand upon it.

"You lie, sir!" was her quick reply.

"Where is your husband, then?"

"He is here, sir."

At this moment the man whom I had noticed previous to the landing of the boat, as paying such strict attention to the contents of my trunk, made his appearance, and was interrogated by the captain in the following manner:

"Does this trunk belong to you, sir?"

"Yes, sir—that is—no—I have lost—"

Here the captain interrupted him, by asking how he came to have my property in his possession.

"I will tell you, captain," replied he; "during the fight yesterday, my pocket-book was taken from my pocket, containing four thousand dollars, and I had understood that this young man was a gambler, and thought I would try, if possible, to recover it, by bringing his trunk into my state-room and searching it."

The false accusation came upon me like a shock of electricity, and the first reaction poured forth all the hellish depravity of my heart. I thought nothing but his heart's blood could satisfy my almost ungovernable passion. I cursed him for every thing but an honest man, while he said not one word in justification of his proceedings, after learning from my lips the full extent of my wicked design. I ordered the servant to take my trunk to the shore, which he did, while I followed him, nearly blinded with the desire of revenge. The boat was soon under way, and I felt vexed with myself to think that I had not put an end to the man who had thus openly insulted me. The more I reflected, the more I thought of the degrading impositions and contentions the craft were continually bringing upon me. I thought of every imposition which I was liable to suffer the remainder of my days. I had no hope of reformation, no hope of ever being reclaimed from the despicable vice of gambling.

My only consoling reflection was, that I would be enabled, through the art, to accumulate sufficient wealth to carry out my designs, which were such as would make you, reader, shudder to contemplate. I was satisfied that an imposition had been practised upon me, whether by intrigue of the dark personage who had my trunk, or his misfortunes, I have never been able to divine. Time rolled on and I heard naught concerning the man, or his losses, for some two years, at which time I was again on a tour south, in my professional business. Gambling being at that time a desperate business on land, I concluded to try my luck on the steamers, and for that purpose took passage on the Rob Roy. On her upward trip she was crowded with passengers, and ran very slow. I soon had a profitable game made up, and was crowned with unusual success. After having won the larger part of the money of those who chose to play with me, I concluded I could make it more profitable to leave the Rob Roy, and take passage on another boat. We were then nearing Natchez, at which place I had determined on stopping. On arriving at the city, I found that one part the night before, had been laid in ashes, and as the gamblers were supposed to have been the incendiaries, the whole town was, in consequence, embittered against them. When the boat landed, I, without any forethought whatever, had my trunks immediately taken on board of a small boat, running in the Red River trade. Several hours after my arrival on the American, (which I believe to have been her name,) I was seated on her after-guard, reading, when I noticed a band of rough-looking men coming on board, headed by the same individual whom I had every reason to believe had attempted to rob me of my trunk on the Ellen Douglass some two years before.

Great God ! could I but express the horrible state of desperation forced upon me, on seeing this ! As they drew near me, however, they came to a halt, when I made inquiry as to what they wanted. I was answered, by the foremost, that the captain (pointing to the man referred to previously) had been robbed, while a passenger on the Douglass some two seasons before, and that he had taken out a warrant for my arrest. I replied that I had no objection to go with him, alone, but as I saw the company was headed by a man I knew to be a robber, I could not, nor would not, suffer them to arrest me—believing, as I did, their motives were but to rob and murder me. He assured me that I should not be harmed. I then walked with him to the court-room, where the proceedings were a mockery of all forms I ever have witnessed, and twenty-five hundred dollars required of me for bail. I could have given it, as I had the money with me, but I knew it was not safe, for I believed a course of lynching would have been the desperate means the band, which accompanied the captain, would have resorted to—as it was evident they were prompted by inducements held out to them that they might lynch and rob me for their pains. I was asked by the mock judge if I could give bail ;—(his name I have forgotten, and am sorry for it, but think it was Cook ; whether so or not, he was a dishonor to Natchez.) I told him I could not. He bit his lips, in evident vexation, and then ordered me to jail. Accompanied by a mob of some five hundred, I went, and as the prison door grated on its hinges, I overheard some one of the leaders saying—

“Just as I thought ; he has gone to prison, and our chance is all up.”

I then could perceive, as I thought, their object in

arresting me, which was no other than to whip me to death, and then divide my money among them. I found myself in prison, and for what? for being a gambler—a man of bad character. I knew I was imposed upon, but had no means of redress. I believed the world was composed of villains, and knew, by sad experience, that card-players were exposed to all the cunning of desperate thieves, who robbed daily, in a business-like form. I knew there were robbers, ay, and murderers, too, in almost every craft. I was satisfied in that one transaction—and hundreds of others since—that gambling and robbing did not exist alone in the rattling of dice, or the shuffling of cards. Oh! what a night of hopeless anxiety was that one to me! The street was thronged with an enraged people, the whole night. I could hear the hideous yells of the desperate class of lynchers, who were induced thus to act for various reasons; some thought to hide their deeds of villany by murdering; others, who were ignorant of man's wickedness, were led, by the designing party, to deeds too horrid to place upon the records of even a nation of barbarians. It was a long, a fearful night—a night never to be erased by time from my memory. In the morning I was visited by several, who advised me to give bail. I told them I could not. They then proposed to go my bail, providing I would but place one-half of the bond required by the judge, in their possession. This I would not consent to, for I was fearful that a band was ready organized to mob, and murder me; and I have every reason to believe, even at the present day, that such was the course they would have pursued. I remained through choice in the jail six days—during which time I suffered more than pen can describe; and ever since, when I reflect upon those days of iniquity, does it appear

as though I had but just awakened from some horrible vision. I finally came to the conclusion that I would procure bail, and sent for a man who had been highly recommended to me by the jailor, as one who would stand by me. He came, and agreed to bail, and take me in his carriage, after night, twenty miles below the city, providing I would make him safe—which I did. I learned, afterwards, from a correct source, that so soon as I had left the city, my money was divided. I was satisfied, at the time, that I was robbed,—for well they knew they had me in their power. However, the individual recommended by the jailor fulfilled his agreement, and I was set free—a doubly desperate man, in the community.

I heard, nor saw, nothing of the captain, who was the cause of my arrest, until I became a reformed man; and the reader may image my surprise, when I heard that he was a man of high standing, in as moral a city as there is west of the Alleghenies, and has been from childhood considered respectable. I gave the foregoing incident one evening, and the next day the captain visited me, and admitted that my narration was correct—save, as he said, I made a mistake in saying the lady called herself his wife. I have no unkind feeling for him—I feel at peace, so far as I am concerned, with all mankind,—but on my death-bed I will answer, if asked the question, that she called herself his wife.

In conclusion, let this be a warning to all who may think gambling an easy way of making a living—for truly the perils of the gambler are far more horrible than pen or tongue can describe.

CONCLUSION.

THE preceding pages are but a faint sketch of my sad experience, and of the deeds of darkness which are the concomitants of the vice against which I now raise a voice of warning. It would be impossible to give a complete detail within so limited a compass. I hope, however, that in this work, and in "The Secret Band of Brothers," I have so exposed the iniquity of gambling that the practice will be shunned as one of the most dangerous and debasing of vices; and have so unmasked the character of the gambler, that his pretensions to respectability will be disregarded, and if he persist in his career, he can only do it as one marked by the community as an enemy to morality and the welfare of society.

To suppress an evil of such magnitude is an object worthy the most vigorous efforts of every lover of his country's prosperity. It is not too much to say that it is a work of *patriotism*. The institutions of this great nation are founded in the principle that the people possess the intellectual qualifications necessary to self-government. The stability and continuance of those institutions must depend upon the morality and virtue of the people. These are the safeguards of our *present*,—the pillars of our *future* greatness. It matters but little to us what patriotism may be defined to be in countries under the jurisdiction of crowned heads;—here its first, and greatest, and noblest work is to promote the virtue of our citizens. And whatever is demoralizing in the community, or debasing to individual character, should be hunted down as an enemy with greater avidity than should cha-

racterize our brave soldiery in the pursuit of a foreign foe flying before the force of their arms. In behalf of my country's glory I bespeak the patriot's influence to overthrow the unhallowed plots of those assassins of hope and of happiness, that everywhere infest and pollute the heart.

It is a work of *religion*—I wish not to make any reflections, savoring of censure, upon the zeal of those laboring in so *holy* a cause. Yet there is no man who knows and feels this evil as I have known and felt it, but must regret that *so little* is done against this vice from a quarter where *so much* is expected. In the attacks of the pulpit upon the follies of the times, how seldom is this *worst* of all descanted upon! It is never mentioned, it is true, nor can be, *without* censure;—but how seldom is it mentioned!—Ministers of the gospel! here is a work for the sacred office to which, by the Holy Spirit, you have been called. For my own part I feel that so blighting to happiness here, and so paralyzing to hope for the boundless hereafter, is this desperate vice, that the united influence of all the virtuous should be put forth to arrest its tide of death.

And now, one word, before I close, to my former companions in folly—unheeded it may be—successful as you may have been in stifling the claim of conscience,—yet I know *there are* periods when it gains the mastery over you, and before your agitated minds the guilty past is brought up in fearful array. Affright has seized upon your inner man as you have beheld the dark shadows of the past thrown upon the future. And oh! as I know full well, often have you wished in the moment of serious reflection, that the chain which binds you to this practice had been broken long ere you had accumulated for yourself such an overwhelming load of guilt. Well I know it is the

desperation of feeling to which, in these meditative moments, your self-conviction drives you, that sends you,—like the inebriate to his intoxication,—to the card-table to consign memory to forgetfulness—conscience to oblivion. Your efforts may succeed for the present, but they will be vain at the last. You are only laying up in store deeds for the review of memory, deeds for which conscience will lash you into remorse when it may be too late for reformation.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

WE, the undersigned, believing that Mr. J. H. Green's proposed publications will be eminently useful in counteracting one of the most pernicious and demoralizing vices of the age, take great pleasure in recommending it to the patronage of the public.

CHARLES ELLIOTT,
Editor of the Western Christian Advocate.

L. L. HAMLINE,
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

D. K. ESTE,
Judge of the Superior Court, Cincinnati.

JAMES P. KILBRETH.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

JOHN McLEAN,
Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

W. H. ROPER.

THOMAS J. BIGGS,
President of the Cincinnati College.

SAMUEL W. LYND, D.D.

Pastor of the Ninth street Baptist Church.

HON. JACOB BURNETT.

JOHN F. WRIGHT.

H. E. SPENCER,
Mayor of Cincinnati.

[*From the Baltimore Lutheran Observer, edited by the*
REV. B. KURTZ, D.D.]

Gambling Unmasked. BY J. H. GREEN.

This work has just left the press. It is an exceedingly interesting publication, and calculated to do immense good in our country. As it is stereotyped, Mr. Green is enabled to sell it at the low price of 50 cents per copy,

and \$4.00 per dozen. He is engaged in developing the cruelties of gambling, and the impositions and villanies practised by the "sporting gentry" to the pecuniary and moral destruction of thousands of the young men of our country. He is doing his work boldly, honestly, and efficiently, and deserves the countenance and co-operation of all the friends of virtue, and of personal and domestic happiness. His pen is his only source of support, while, for the cause of good morals, he has turned his back upon prospects of princely wealth. Such men and such efforts should not be permitted to languish.

An Exposure of the Arts and Miseries of Gambling; designed especially as a warning to the Youthful and Inexperienced against the evils of that odious and destructive vice. BY J. H. GREEN. *Revised by a literary friend.*

We have read this interesting work with feelings of inexpressible horror for the patient "gambler," and of deep commiseration for his unhappy victims. Though we have no acquaintance whatever, either *theoretically* or *practically*, with the *art* of gambling, yet we have always regarded it as a species of robbery, and a prolific source of varied crime, deserving the universal and most unqualified condemnation of all the friends of virtue, and of all good citizens. But the iniquitous practice, as developed in Mr. Green's book, in all its windings, and deceptions, and temptations, misery, wretchedness, desolating moral tendency, ruin and destruction, both as regards time and eternity, is absolutely appalling, and almost incredible. Mr. Green, writing, as he has done, from sad experience, has produced a remarkable book—which ought to be read by all, and especially by the young and unwary, and which, if it receives but a tithe of the attention it seems to us to merit, will rouse the public from its stupor on the subject of gambling, and bring about an effort not unlike that employed in the cause of the glorious temperance reformation; which will not relax until the hellish machinations and cruelties of

gaming are swept from the land. The history of young C., of Virginia, crowded as it is with the most astounding and thrilling events, is of itself calculated to enlist every bosom, in which a heart not entirely bereft of humanity pulsates, in a manly and fearless effort against this dreadful engine of degradation, and ruin to thousands of the young men of our country. The public owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Green, the noble pioneer in this branch of reform.

We feel disposed to enlarge and dwell at length on this subject; but the following very clear and emphatic remarks from the vigorous pen of Dr. BASCOM, President of Transylvania University, in a letter to the author, render it unnecessary to say any more in relation to Mr. Green's book.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, January 20, 1844.

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I have examined your book on the subject of *Gambling*, and at your further request, hasten to say to you what I think of it. Of the merits of your book, so far as it treats of gambling as a *science*, I am not prepared to speak with confidence, as I happen to be alike ignorant of theory and practice in the case, and on this part of the subject, can only say, that it appears to me entirely certain, from the *internal evidence of the book itself*, that the author understands his subject well and thoroughly, and is as perfectly *at home* in the tricks and mysteries, the windings and duplications of the art, as he is in depicting the graver villainies, the infamy, and misery attendant upon the practice of it. I have always regarded the vice of gambling, in all its possible forms, as low and disreputable in character, as well as utterly base and demoralizing in tendency. My extensive intercourse with society, in all its classes and gradations, during a term of thirty years, had taught me but too much of the nature, extent, and evils of gambling, as one of the most degrading vices of any age or country; but until I read your book, I had no adequate conception of the kind and amount of villany to which every gambler must of necessity become a pander

and a party. Your exposure of the whole subject, in all its complicated deformity, must, I think, operate in the most favorable results, and be productive of a great and of direct and ultimate good. No well-regulated mind, it seems to me, can be made acquainted with the facts you disclose, especially the more attractive arts and practices relied upon by the *initiated of the profession*, without a degree of contempt for the gambler and his felon art, which must exert a corrective, as well as conservative influence wherever it is felt. Before closing this brief notice, I take the liberty, without your knowledge or consent, of claiming for your work *originality*, for I believe no one has preceded you in the path you have chosen. Your book is unique in kind, and must explain itself. Others have *described* and *denounced*; but you have given us the *anatomy* of gambling, *secundum artem*; and as a *pioneer* in this department of *moral reform*, allow me to bid you *God speed*, and wish you and your cause abundant success.

H. B. BASCOM.

Mr. J. H. GREEN, of *Cincinnati, Ohio*.

[*Testimonials from VICE-CHANCELLOR WHITTLESEY,
and other citizens of Rochester, N. Y.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21, 1845.

Mr. J. H. GREEN has spent two or three weeks in Rochester, not only lecturing against the seductive vice of gambling, but giving great effect to such warning, by exposing the arts employed to betray the unwary victim to certain ruin. His developments and demonstrations must convince all that no one can indulge in the exciting amusements of the card-table, or any other species of gambling, without a certainty of loss. The possibility of gain, when exposed to the arts of professional gamblers, which throng every gambling place of amusement, and every considerable town, is absolutely hopeless.

We believe that the developmients made by Mr. Green are calculated to startle the community, and to warn and deter from practices which have been the ruin of thousands. Believing that the exposures of Mr. Green are calculated to benefit the public, by inducing reform in habits, but too prevalent as they are—too lamentably ruinous—we commend his efforts to the favor of the philanthropic in other places.

F. WHITTLESEY.

The undersigned fully concur in the opinion expressed by Chancellor Whittlesey.

WILLIAM PITKIN,
W. W. MUMFORD,
D. B. BARTON,
JOHN F. BUSH,
J. W. BISSELL,
L. STARR HOYT,
J. K. LIVINGSTON,

H. K. JEROME,
L. B. SWAN,
L. W. JEROME,
E. D. MILES,
A. CHAMPION,
S. G. ANDREWS.

CLEVELAND, August 4, 1845.

J. H. GREEN, Esq. :

Dear Sir,—As you have brought your labors to a close in this city, we have thought it might benefit the great and important reform in which you are engaged, as well as be an act of mere justice to yourself, to express our confidence in you, our sense of obligation to you, and the very high estimate we place upon your efforts, under God, for the suppression of the ruinous vice of gambling. You have the same advantage in this reform, over ordinary laborers, that the Washingtonians have in the temperance reformation. And the easy transition from games of chance, for mere amusement, to the worst species of gambling—as appears from your recitals—will make all considerate listeners total abstinent from these dangerous pastimes.

The impression you have produced here is great and salutary—owing not only to your thrilling recitals, but

also to the fact, that all our clergymen, of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist denominations here, as well as most of the members of their churches, took you by the hand, sustained you by their influence, and opened their houses to your lectures. And wherever a similar course shall be pursued, we believe an equally favorable result will be produced.

In short, we fully concur in the letter you have received from Chancellor Whittlesey and citizens of Rochester, New York. This would be cheerfully signed by great numbers; but as it is written just as you leave us, few names will have an opportunity to be appended.

Very truly, yours,

JOHN A. FOOT.

S. C. AIKIN,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

J. H. WALDEN,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

SAMUEL GREGG,

Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

JOHN E. CARY,

President of the Anti-Gambling Society of Cleveland.

J. W. GRAY,

Editor of the Plain Dealer.

E. W. COWLES.

[*From ROBERT MORRISON, Superintendent of the Boston Farm-School.*]

BOSTON FARM-SCHOOL, December 20, 1844.

MR. J. H. GREEN:

Dear Sir,—I have perused the two volumes which you were so kind as to present to me, and have read portions of them to the boys under my care.

The volume, "Gambling Unmasked," shows the dangers to which a youth is exposed, who has no guardian to control him, and the great risk he runs in mixing with bad associates.

I consider your other work, "Green on Gambling," to be highly useful to young men, especially to those who design to travel south or west. It will serve as a monitor to warn them against the dangers which lie in their path, and make them acquainted with the artifices practised by unprincipled men to the ruin of many an unsuspecting youth.

I am, respectfully, yours,

ROBERT MORRISON.

[From *Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.*]

Gambling Unmasked, or the Personal Experience of J. H. GREEN, the Reformed Gambler. Written by himself.

We perused this work with the most intense interest. We have heard something of the iniquities of black-legs, but were not aware of the extensiveness of their combination, the greatness of their numbers, and the deep hellish plots which they lay to allure and entrap the unwary, and the cold-hearted depravity they exhibit as they triumph over their victims. Fathers, if you wish your sons to despise gambling, obtain this book for their perusal. It will be found to attract their attention more completely than the most fascinating novel.

[From the *Louisville Journal*, edited by G. D. PRENTICE.]

Green on Gambling.

We have the best authority for saying that Mr. Green thoroughly understands all the mysteries of gambling. He knows, for he has practised the tricks by which the unwary are swindled out of their money by the accomplished gamester; and he has completely exposed them

in his books on the subject. All who are anxious to understand the depth of the infamy of gambling, as it is practised, should read these pages. No man, once made acquainted with the kind of swindling to which he is exposed, would venture to play a game with a professional blackleg. Mr. Green has proved to the satisfaction of many in this city, that by glancing at the backs of cards, he can tell their faces—whether the backs are plain or figured. The experiment has been tried here repeatedly, and in every instance he designated the various cards that were offered him, by merely looking on their backs. What he knows is known to the class to which he belonged. Hence, no man can play with those who understand the mysteries of gambling without losing.

Mr. Green deserves the thanks of the community for unveiling the iniquities of gambling. He has been successful in forming anti-gambling societies here and elsewhere. He proceeds hence to the west and south, where we hope he will meet with the success he deserves in his efforts to banish this stupendous vice from the land. He carries the highest testimonials.

[*This recommendation was given by the REV. MR. KIDDER, Editor of the New York Sunday-school Advocate, having had the loan of an engraving to insert in that valuable paper, taken from one of these works.*]

We are indebted for the use of this engraving to Mr. J. H. Green, known as the Reformed Gambler. He, when young, was enticed by wicked men from one sin into another, until he became a professional gambler. By a miracle of grace, he was rescued from this dreadful course of life, (a thing which very seldom happens to the gambler,) and has become a professing Christian. He now devotes all his time to the task of exposing the guilt and consequences of gambling, in its different forms. In this enterprise, he deserves the encouragement of all good men, and should receive the thanks especially of parents

and young persons. He has published several interesting and instructive books, for the purpose of illustrating the character and tendencies of this vice. They ought to be universally read, being perhaps the only books in the English language which delineate fully, and prove from experience, the dangers of the young, and the miseries inseparable from their learning to play at games of chance. His "Gambling Unmasked," "Arts and Miseries of Gambling," and "Gambler's Mirror," are filled with the most thrilling incidents, many of which occurred under his own observation, and all of which are the legitimate and painful consequences of this monster vice.

[From the *Broadway Journal*, New York City.]

Now we maintain that the *press* has the victory over this vice (gambling) within its own hands. If Mr. Green *fails*, the press only is responsible. He has done his part with a courage—with an unflinching resolution, to be estimated by those alone who have opportunities of knowing the desperate animosity of the class whose profession is thus to be overthrown. If the press now come to his aid—if it give publicity to his efforts—gambling will be more thoroughly eradicated than ever has been intemperance, through the exertions of its opponents. It may be said Mr. Green's object is to make money. And what then? We have nothing to do with his private object; nor will the public object be one iota the less attained, because, in attaining it, the public puts money in the pocket of Mr. Green. He has been at much trouble, and encountered great danger, in effecting a purpose which cannot fail of being highly advantageous to mankind. He has labored, and is worthy of his hire; this, altogether independently of his immediate motives—which nevertheless we believe to be commendable. He seems actuated by a sincere desire to render the public a service, and by a very profound, and certainly a very natural *disgust* to the fraternity he has abandoned.

We call, therefore, upon our brethren of the press to aid Mr. Green in his efforts.

His books are, "Gambling Unmasked," "The Arts and Miseries of Gambling," and "The Gambler's Mirror."

Independently of their value, as affording not only very full, but the *sole-existing* expositions of all the arts of the blackleg, these publications have the merit of presenting numerous vivid pictures of the wretchedness wrought by the vice in question. These pictures are clearly from nature—from life. They bear with them distinct internal evidence of their truth. The volumes have often, too, a less painful interest, and are sometimes exceedingly amusing.

[From the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.]

At a meeting of the Cleveland Anti-Gambling Society, held in the Stone Church on Thursday evening, July 31, 1845, JOHN A. FOOT, Esq., presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

1. *Resolved*, That we tender to Mr. Green our sincere thanks for his efficient labors in this city, in exposing the enormity of the dreadful evils consequent upon the practice of gambling.

2. *Resolved*, That among all the startling revelations of this Reformed Gambler, none of them have more painfully affected, or more highly excited, this community to commence a system for the suppression of gambling, than the fact which he has made so apparent, that the great and dreadful army of gamblers are almost to a man recruited from those who indulge in games of chance at the fireside, and in the social circle, and we earnestly entreat every Christian, Philanthropist, and Patriot to discountenance these practices.

3. *Resolved*, That we cordially recommend Mr. Green as a most efficient laborer in the anti-gambling cause, and bespeak for him the countenance and support of the good in every community.

The society have had only two meetings, and it now numbers more than three hundred members.

A. S. FOOT, Sec'y.

[*Interesting Presentation at Rochester.*]

MR. GREEN, the Reformed Gambler, lectured on Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Washingtonian societies. Minerva Hall was well filled—at least a thousand being present. Mr. Green's expositions were interesting, and attentively regarded.

In view of his services—he having given eighteen or nineteen gratuitous lectures—the gentlemen presented him a silver goblet, and the ladies with a set of silver spoons. Mr. Bloss delivered a very effective presentation address, which was handsomely replied to by Mr. Green.

The goblet was inscribed, "Presented to J. H. GREEN, the Reformed Gambler, by the Washingtonians of the city of Rochester, May 29th, 1845."

The spoons bore this inscription: "To J. H. GREEN, by the Lady Washingtonian Society of Rochester, N. Y."

Mr. Green leaves to-day for Batavia, where he lectures to-morrow.—*Rochester Democrat.*

[*From the Western Literary Messenger, Buffalo, N. Y.*]

The Arts and Miseries of Gambling is the name of a book of three hundred and twenty pages, which has been laid on our table by Hanks, of the post-office. It is written by J. H. GREEN, and revised by a literary friend, and fully exposes the evil devices, and the horrible miseries of the gambler. As a common practice, the recital of crime ought to be avoided. The author of the "Criminal Calendar" should have been imprisoned for at least half a lifetime. This book, however, is written in such a style—with so many timely warnings, and excellent moral reflections, that we conscientiously recommend it to the public.

DETROIT, August 29, 1845.

MR. J. H. GREEN, somewhat extensively known to the public, and familiarly denominated the *Reformed Gambler*, has recently visited this city, and lectured some five or six times on the subject of the danger, and frauds, and miseries of gambling. He occupied at different times the Methodist Episcopal, the Baptist, and the Presbyterian churches. We cheerfully give him this testimony of our confidence in his sincerity, and of his ardor in attacking the vice by which he was once enslaved. We believe that his visit to this city has been attended with good, and we wish him success wherever he goes in his efforts to awaken public attention to the horrid evils and dangers of a practice widely prevailing and powerfully supported. We think no man could hear Mr. Green's plain, unvarnished, and unaffected statements, in his own plain, unpretending way, without being convinced that the virtuous, and philanthropic, and every friend of his country and humanity should exert their influence to expose and counteract the frauds and ruin perpetrated by the gambler's arts.

We have been gratified with the course pursued by Mr. Green while in this city, and believe that wherever he is countenanced by the respectable citizens of a place, his labors may be made very efficient in exposing and counteracting the ensnaring, and to many the fatal practice of gambling. It will give us pleasure to hear of his success and usefulness in other places which he may visit, to tell the story of his own reformation, and to put the people on their guard against the tricks and knavery of those who indulge in the gambling arts.

GEORGE DUFFIELD,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit.

JOHN HULBERT,

E. P. HASTINGS,

B. F. LARNED,

HORACE HALLOCK,

E. BINGHAM,

DAVID FRENCH,

H. BRADY,

United States Army.

[*A Card from the Citizens of Louisville.*]

We, the undersigned, having witnessed Mr. Green's exhibitions of the frauds practised by the gambling fraternity upon the unwary, have no hesitation in certifying the importance of his disclosures, and the very salutary influence which must result to the community from their developments. They feel persuaded that it is only necessary to witness Mr. Green's illustrations of their foul practices, to deter any of the most credulous from participating in any game with which a gambler may be connected.

W. N. CARTER,
H. D. NEWCOMB,
WILLIAM SINTON,
HENRY LAZERUS,
J. D. SWIFT,
JOHN JOYES,
A. THROCKMORTON,
ROBERT K. WHITE,
S. S. KENNEDY,
J. I. JACOB, Jr.,
G. D. PRENTICE,

Editor of the Louisville Jour.

W. N. HALDEMAN,

Editor of the Louisville Cou.

N. HAYDON,
HENRY C. POPE,
J. T. GREY,
H. BRIDGES,
H. W. COOD,
L. A. PRATT,
W. RODGERS,
T. F. VANMETER,
J. H. THROCKMORTON,
ISAAC EVERETT,
JOHN M. MONOHON,
SAMUEL BEALL,
B. H. HORNSBY,
C. F. VERNON.

THE END.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

1967

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